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Notes of the Week

By Sea, Air, and Land

GERMANY no doubt imagined she was sending us lively Christmas greetings when she despatched airships to Dover and Sheerness, which accomplished nothing. We, eager to reciprocate, went one better on Christmas Day in arranging for a surprise visit to the waters of Heligoland and the town of Cuxhaven. Extraordinary things have happened in this war: it will be long before the combined operations of cruiser, submarine, and seaplane are outdone. Of the seven devoted airmen who left the cruisers off Heligoland for Cuxhaven, six returned in safety: the seventh, the gallant son of Mr. Maurice Hewlett the novelist, unhappily disappeared, and it is to be feared sacrificed his life in this unexampled exploit. Apart from the unique and heroic character of the attack, the most interesting phase of the affair was the ineffectual attempt of the opposing Zeppelins to drop bombs on the cruisers and their inability to withstand the cruisers' high-angle fire. A fine and skilful performance by sea and air. On land all goes satisfactorily. In the West the Allies have made further notable advances, having secured St. Georges to the east of Nieuport and various positions held by the Germans right away south to Alsace. In the East and South-East, Russia has inflicted heavy chastisement on the Austrians advancing from the Carpathians, and, so far from the Germans investing Warsaw, Cracow is again the objective of Russian movements. Russia has taken 50,000 Austrians prisoners in a fortnight.

The American Protest

America has sent a note of protest to Great Britain on the treatment to which her commerce on the high seas is being subjected. She demands, in terms none the less firm because courteous, that her ships should not be stopped and overhauled, and her business delayed because England chooses to suspect them of carrying contraband. How far the protest is intended as a sop to American opinion it is impossible to say: the American Government knows perfectly well that the last thing the British Government desires is to subject any neutral country to unnecessary inconvenience. But neutral

Powers cannot live in a world a third of which is at war and enjoy all the freedom of movement which peace ensures. It is unhappily only too certain that whatever the American Government may decree there are many Americans eager to seize opportunities in a manner which Great Britain at least cannot allow. President Wilson does not seem very happy on the subject, for he warns traders that the Government can "deal confidently with the question of contraband only if supported by absolutely honest manifests." We have only two remarks to make on this protest: One, that the Americans may be thankful Great Britain, not Germany, commands the seas; two, that of the countries now making vast profits out of other peoples' troubles America is unquestionably making most.

Educating the Americans

No nation ever made more heroic efforts to influence public opinion in another than Germany has made in the United States. At the beginning of the war she started a weekly paper in New York to support the views which Dr. Dernburg and Count Bernsdorff have propagated with industrious futility. Americans are blatantly flattered in the hope that they will more readily agree to an indictment of Great Britain. England, tyrant, barbarian, and humbug, dares call in question the honour and the humanity of Germany. In this precious organ of "fairplay for Germany and Austria-Hungary" it is a little disconcerting to find six columns of excuses for Germany advanced by the historian Dr. Otto Seeck. We hope some of his history is more securely based than his assurance that the despatches of the German General Staff are "sources of unimpeachable veracity." To so impartial a mind Mr. Alfred Noyes' view that the Germans are not only losing their lives but their sanity will appear as only a wanton libel. All the same, Mr. Noyes, mere British poet though he be, appeals to Americans as neutrals to make Germany understand that she is "battering the ramparts of civilisation itself." How obtuse we British are!

Honour in the Second Degree

The war is exploding one superstition. For years we Britons have had German initiative and achievement in letters, music, science and the rest of it dinned in our ears, even more persistently than their militarism. We have now awoken to the fact that German initiative is a rather slender quantity. What Germany has really done with rare exceptions is to appropriate other people's discoveries and improve upon them. When she makes discoveries for herself, we gather from Mr. John Trowbridge in the *Atlantic Monthly*, she leaves others to apply them. Every credit must be given to her on that score, but the real honour belongs to the originator not the adapter. German work in science and art undoubtedly demands the grateful recognition of civilisation, but the gratitude should be in the second degree. Professor Sayce, Sir Henry Morris, and Sir E. Ray Lankester have started a discussion which will

be maintained with some warmth. They call in question the German title to honour in the first instance. Britons and Frenchmen have too long been sitting at the feet of the Germans. Take Robert Koch as a case in point: all that he did in bacteriology was founded on the original work of Pasteur. Sir E. Ray Lankester says Professor Huxley often remarked to him that German learning and scientific work was exaggerated. Certainly Prussia, which was responsible for the war, can claim little credit, whatever Germany, which she now dominates, may do.

Megalomaniac Culture

One of the most vigorous contributions to this debate on the triumphs of German culture comes from Sir Thos. G. Jackson. He is prepared to admit Germany's supremacy in music, but in all else on the side of the arts her claims, loudly trumpeted till we have begun more or less to accept them, are "simply amazing." She has, says Sir Thomas, in his letter to the *Times* on Tuesday, "produced but two really great painters, both of them, be it remarked, South Germans; no great sculptor, the admirable metal-work of Peter Vischer being all on a small scale. Their Gothic architecture was all borrowed from the French and spoiled; and their Renaissance work, when not verging on the grotesque, is commonplace. The best architecture in Germany is Romanesque work, which was borrowed from Lombardy." Cologne Cathedral is based on Amiens—a point that opens up a pretty field for speculation—but "like most German work, it is afflicted with megalomania." For instance, "the monstrous pair of steeples" on Cologne Cathedral or the "hideous monumental structure that vulgarises the meeting of two beautiful rivers at Coblenz." From such "culture" Sir Thos. Jackson prays Heaven to preserve the world.

Goths Still

Ruskin and Verdi both knew the German spirit better than some of us who have paid tribute in recent years to the work Germans have done in research, experiment, and the arts. Mr. J. G. D. Campbell, a fortnight ago, published an extract from "Fors Clavigera," in which Ruskin in 1874 said, "Blessing is only for the meek and the merciful; and a German cannot be either. . . . In that is the intense irreconcilable difference between the French and German natures." Verdi, too, in 1870, wrote that "the old blood of the Goth is still running in German veins; hard, intolerant despisers of all that is not German. . . . Men of brain but heartless, strong but uncivilised." What Ruskin and Verdi said forty years ago unhappily remains true to the letter to-day. All the more significant is it, therefore, to recall that Ruskin somewhere wrote: "All the great and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet was born on earth but amongst a nation of soldiers." Bernhardt might take that as his motto, though he would mean something very different from what Ruskin meant.

Special!

This is the season of plum-puddings and the time of special constables. The average Briton loves both, though his morrow's gratitude may not be equally distributed. Their association just now is illustrated by a story which reaches us. A popular actor—we wish we might mention his name—is a special constable. On Christmas night he was going on duty. He carried a mysterious-looking bundle which it was alleged he had found. He handled it with a respect wholesome but obvious. Arrived at the West End police-station where he would take up his arduous duty of civil guard whilst the citizen slept (or indulged in revelry), he drew attention to his discovery. The chances that it was a bomb or an infernal machine of some sort quickened the interest of his fellow-constables. They carefully prepared the way for an examination, and undid the parcel, only to find a plum-pudding! The actor, incorrigible joker, was forgiven on the ground that he lives only by making things seem something they are not.

To Albert, King of the Belgians

WE watched you, Sire, when Death's o'ershadowing wing

Sweeping o'er Leopold, you attained the throne,
A prince beloved and honoured, yet a king

Unknown.

The sun of fortune shed its smiling rays
On Belgium's plains, where spinning-wheel and plough
Turned peacefully. Sire, those were happy days—
And now—

Now winter skies hang dark above the grave
Of martyrs, whose fair names alone remain,
And round the ashes of your throne the brave
Lie slain.

Yet, but for this, your glory had not been
Revealed to all men, for a hero's star
Shines clearest amid darkness and is seen
Afar.

A victor's palm awaits you on the morn,
But, Sire, you bear a nobler emblem now
In those immortal laurels that adorn
Your brow.

No symbol of your empire over men
In happier times spoke greater might, nor were
The brightest gems that decked your diadem then
So fair.

The smoke rolls thick around the battle lines
To-day; yet where you stand the clouds have paled,
For o'er the crimson mists your glory shines
Unveiled.

CATHERINE G. ADDY.

Mother-Women

BY COSMO HAMILTON

THEY were buried away in the country. No sound of the excitement of war came through the fast-yellowing leaves of the oaks and chestnuts that fringed the old worn walls of their park. Outwardly, since the land had been shocked by the declaration, and an instant later had closed up shoulder to shoulder, nothing had happened to jar the monotonous peace of the village. The golden harvest had been gathered in, and the plough was at work again turning up the stubble. Opulent ricks stood almost too close together in farmyards, holding up their pointed, thatched heads proudly to the sky. Swallows gathered on telegraph wires, waiting for the signal to wing away south. Children were born, men and women were married, and old people were laid to rest among their cronies and neighbours. The tongue of the old church bell gossiped as garrulously as ever. The days came and departed with the same measured tread and kindly manner, and the only faint wash of the great stir away in the towns that had reached that quiet corner had touched the village post office. On its windows were stuck notices that made women's hearts turn. "Men Urgently Wanted." "Your King and Country Need You. . . ."

But since the day when two strong arms had drawn them to a uniformed chest, and a gay voice had sung out, "Will write when I can; God bless you both!" two women up at the big house had drawn a little coldly away from the morning paper, neatly folded on the breakfast table—the mother and the wife. Not married a year, the son's call had come during the last quarter of his honeymoon. The mother had come back to the house from which the wife, in the old, unalterable order of things, had driven her. She was needed again. The son had asked her to mother his wife.

And so the days found these two women waiting. With chins held high and a sense of pride warming their hearts, they spent their hours together at needle-work, making things for the men who had the honour and the glory of the nation in their hands. And as they worked, talking of everything but the war, they waited and waited. Both knew what was inevitably to be expected in the case of the young soldier who had gone off as though to a game—he must be reported among the missing, wounded, or killed. He was one of those men who are never left out.

But in that quiet house so far away from the remotest echo of marching feet, framed so peacefully by oaks and chestnuts, set down in what was surely one of God's favourite gardens, the longest and oldest and most perpetual of all wars was being waged—the fight for a man by two women, one the mother and one the wife. It was determined and hard-fought, but never a word was said. Both were well aware how fierce it was by the sudden fire in the other's eye and by the erection of blockades in the secrecy of the night. Each held in a death-grip to the righteousness of her cause. This man could not be divided up.

When the mother sat down one evening after dinner to sew buttons on her son's shirts, the wife, to whom the very word button had never occurred, moved up her forces for a return blow. She went upstairs to her husband's dressing-room, locked the door, and hid the key. Not to be beaten, and to get a little necessary comfort from something that her son had touched, the mother, some nights later, mentioned the word headache and went up early. All on the *qui vive*, the wife suspected something, and so presently, mentally unable to remain inactive, she rose up, and, with the uncanny instinct of her sex, went straight to a little room at the end of a seldom-used passage which her man had fitted up as a workshop. She opened the door. The room was in pitch darkness. She put out her hand and touched the soft grey hair of the mother. Civilisation demanded a little laughter, a few light words; but the wife remained until the mother evacuated the position. That door, also, was locked.

And so the fight, to men so unexplainably foolish, to women so wholly natural and right, went on from hour to hour, from day to day. By every conceivable suggestion the mother laid it down that the son of whom she was so proud was hers, her property, her flesh and blood. By every ingenious counter-stroke the wife refuted the claim and drove the mother step by step from all her positions.

Finally, as in all warfare, civilisation was thrown aside. A despatch from one of the war correspondents, in which it was suggested that the young soldier's regiment had been cut to pieces, was permitted to appear. The two frightened women, refusing to believe that Death, in his helpless indiscriminacy, had laid his hands upon this very man, stood up and faced each other and spoke.

"You've locked doors and put forward your puny claim, but he's mine now, just as he was mine before he looked upon the world. Give me those keys. I will take my place among his things."

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"He's not yours, he's mine. I'm his wife, his love, his mate, his woman. He ceased to be yours when he found me. He is mine. You can't take my place."

"You have no other place than that of the woman who is to mother his children. I am first. I am the cause, the reason, the instrument. He and I are bound by indissoluble ties. Wait until you have *his* son and that son marries. It's the mother who counts, the mother, the giver of life, not the wife or the lover. I tell you he's mine."

Staggered with the irrefutable truth of the mother-woman's words, the sudden knowledge of the old, great, tragic, and beautiful fact that in all her phases, as wife, as mother, the woman pays for her gift and lays her love and her agony as a sacrifice on the altar of the next generation, the wife paused to reply, and in that pause was handed a telegram that made her flaming face as suddenly ashen as that of the elder woman whose eyes saw through the envelope.

"We regret to inform you that Lieutenant . . ."

The mother and the wife went into each other's arms. Their fight for possession of the man was over. He was not theirs. His mother country had claimed him.

And so they wept together and gave praise, for they had fought for a man.

The Mystery of Birth

THE old year is dying fast; soon we shall welcome in the new with a sigh of relief. It has been a year of trial, of restless uncertainty, and of sorrow, loss, and death that are only too sure. It will be good to turn our backs upon it, to open a fresh account, to turn over a new leaf, to begin again to write upon the scroll of life, to hope for better things from the days that are coming.

These divisions upon the calendar of time are purely arbitrary, and, in the eyes of the uninitiated, ill-chosen. Left to ourselves, we should open the New Year on the day that the first bud breaks from its sheath, or when the song-bird gladdens our hearts, when the feelings of birth and renewal and the stirrings of sentiment are abroad on the spring air, when the soul stretches out weary arms to the great Earth-Mother and cries, "Enfold me, renew me, awaken me to the new life of the young in heart!" But whatever the time chosen for the commencement of another year, the truth it expresses remains the same. Without these opportunities for renascence, for fresh beginnings, existence would be insupportable. What is sleep but the kind closing of weary eyes to one span of life, and waking but the birth of another day, the constant renewing of hope which alone renders life possible? What are the divisions of time but the closing of one door upon a past that is irretrievable, and the opening of fresh portals veiled in the mist of an unknown future? There are three supreme ecstasies in life—the joy of the mother in the birth of her first-born,

the rapture of the lover in the first dawning of love, the ecstasy of the artist in the moment of creation. In each of them is enfolded the secret of the mystery of birth, the principle of the perishable and the immortal, the giving of the one that the other may come into being.

The old year dies, but it has contributed its quota to the chain of Being; only because it has existed is the new year possible: our lives burn and flicker and wane like the flame of a candle, but it is a sacred light from which the lamp of all the ages yet to come is lighted, so that in reality its radiance is never quenched. The feast of Christmas draws to a close as the old year perishes, but before the year passes on its sceptre to another it has lived to see enthroned a little Child, the Incarnation of the principle of life eternal. The comprehension of this truth lies at the service of joy. The great festivals have been those which celebrated birth, or in other words the continuity of life. The joy of seedtime and harvest, the keeping of natal days, the feasts of the Church, have all been full of it. The existence of man is only comprehensible as he takes his place in the endless chain of life, as he realises his spiritual unity with the forces of birth and death. The weakening of nations, of civilisations, has always accompanied the darkening of that knowledge; when materialism takes the place of spiritual sight, joy languishes, energy perishes, hate usurps the place of love, and decay sets in.

The days of the Middle Ages were the most wonderful, and at the same time the most joyful, days of which we have cognisance. We call them by the name of the Renaissance. In them men and women formed themselves into bands who marched through the streets of the cities singing and bearing flowers from sheer gladness of heart. To-day a street procession is an almost invariable sign of the discontent of some portion of society, parading in the hope of betterment. These people of the Cinquecento had made a great discovery. They had found out the wonder of life, the power, the beauty, the romance, the infinite capacity that lay within the reach of the individual. It was a re-birth to the miracle of Life. Their art is full of it.

The greatest men never tired of painting the tiny babe lying on his mother's lap, her eyes dreamy with all the mystery of birth and motherhood that are woman's reward for the travail of giving life to her child—the babe lying with the introspective gaze of infancy, his sight not yet withdrawn from the spiritual realm whence he came, not yet focussed on the visible signs of existence.

Like the passing year, we have grown weary with the weight of knowledge, of experience. Our writers, our painters, our preachers, have lost the secret of joy. Problems obsess them, the mantle of learning hangs heavy on them, the heart of the little child is lost in the maze of human experience. But even now on the horizon the Birth Star is rising.

Men have shuddered at the red hand of Nature, at the cruelty of pain, the wantonness of death. In their

shadow the beauty of life has been dimmed. Fear has hung like a pall, hiding the sun of life from the majority of intellects in the recent generation. Faith has been lost in the terror of the unknown. Now, face to face with these things in their elemental shape, men are finding how little power they have over the spirit of life which is unquenchable. The most cheerful people in the world at this moment are our soldiers. Death and life and suffering have attained for them their true perspective. They have reached the other side of fear, have got beyond self-seeking or self-interest. Like the mother in her moment of anguish, they can rejoice in the giving which means the birth of another life. In the instance of the soldiers it is the life of an Ideal for whom they are laying down life, for the birth of freedom and honour in all lands and classes. Out of death cometh life, out of the old year comes the new, from the pangs of suffering comes the birth of new life and love. It is a mystery, but the quality of all beauty, whether moral or physical, is mysterious, and its secret is known only to those whom it concerns.

REVIEWS

The First Christian Emperor

Constantine the Great and Christianity. By C. B. COLEMAN. (Columbia: The University. London: P. S. King. 8s.)

AT a moment when the city which bears his name may again be about to fall into Christian control, any inquiry that seeks to put knowledge of Constantine the Great on a firmer basis has an added interest. About the Emperor who achieved the most momentous spiritual revolution in history has grown up a veritable jungle of legend through which many earnest students have sought in vain to make their way to truth and light. Constantine in his relation to Christianity is a profoundly fascinating figure, and Mr. C. B. Coleman, Professor of History at Butler College, Indianapolis, in one of the latest of the remarkable series of volumes published by the Faculty of Science of Columbia University, has laid scholars under a considerable debt by his investigation of the stories associated with the Conversion. His study divides itself into three sections, and the first Christian Emperor is regarded as having had "in European history three distinct spheres of influence, occupied respectively by the real, the legendary, and the spurious Constantine."

In Mr. Coleman's view, "the time has passed for the kind of history that is made up of unsupported traditions or that fills in its vacant spaces and obscure origins with untested stories." To eliminate legend from history is neither possible nor perhaps wholly desirable; a certain element of the legendary imparts colour and atmosphere, and after all probably brings us as near the truth as hard fact which cannot be quali-

fied and interpreted by attendant circumstances. The scientific historian, however, naturally refuses to accept anything which borders on the miraculous or is open to suspicion as a fraud. Constantine's conversion would in itself seem to be so momentous and in a sense romantic an event that it needed no embellishment to impress it on the world's imagination. Under his predecessors, "the Roman Government bent itself to the task of exterminating Christianity as an alien and hostile power. Under him and his immediate successors the resources of the State were often put at the disposal of the Church. The Empire, in addition to its already crushing burdens, took up the support of the Church and made itself the vehicle upon which the once persecuted religion rode in triumph to its task of establishing the 'City of God' upon the earth." Therein surely we have a fact beside which legend itself may be commonplace. A man's view, by whatever means, changed and a Pagan world became Christian with all that Christianity implied.

Into all the evidence as to this religious revolution of the fourth century it is impossible to go now; but Mr. Coleman's survey of the time and examination of such documents as are available and of the legends which have grown around the relation of Constantine to Christianity make an absorbing and illuminating study. The genesis of the legends, whether as to the man himself or as to his conversion, given in the narratives of James of Sarug and Moses of Chorene is not difficult to understand. "Historical writing among the Christians was as unreliable as among the pagans of the Empire. Forgeries, present in the religious writings of the heathen, were equally numerous in Christian writings. Even the leading bishops were 'ready to prove the truth of their faith by lies,'" says Mr. Coleman, on the authority of Seeck. Legends, like the good stories told in the smoking-room, seldom lose anything by repetition, and as Mr. Coleman neatly puts it, "men of the Middle Ages were skilled harmonisers of discrepancies." When we pass from the legends surrounding the conversion to the *Constitutum Constantini*, the Donation by which the Emperor was supposed to give land, privileges and authority to Sylvester as Bishop of Rome and Pope, we pass to a document which Mr. Coleman in the body of his work hardly knows whether to call "forgery or romance." As in his introduction he says "it has filled so large a place in the thought of Europe that we can justly call it the most famous forgery in history," we are in momentary doubt whether his "scientific criticism" is quite as scientific and conclusive as it seems to be. The doubt is merely momentary, because, after all, he only marshals in the ablest way the evidence which the research of others has provided.

How, by whom, and when was the document forged? The evidence points to eighth-century and Roman origin. "The forged document," says Mr. Coleman, "has become recognised as a composite resultant of ideas and forces lying deep in the life of the Middle Ages, with a history obscure and difficult but intensely

interesting. The materials for an understanding of this history are embedded in scores and even hundreds of documents surviving from the eighth and the ninth centuries, in peculiarities of style and vocabulary of various writers and of various chancelleries, in political and ecclesiastical crises which might have spurred men on to the creation of false evidence." It provides an excellent problem for sharpening the wits of scholars, and its importance is not merely one of history. It affects the status and the claims of the Holy See. For the student Mr. Coleman may not have much that is new to reveal, but he presents his material in such admirable literary form that we are constrained to regret it is not more readily accessible to British readers than is possible in a series issued by an American University.

Eton Memories

Eton in the 'Eighties. By ERIC PARKER. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

PLEASANT hours, tinged with wistfulness, are those we occasionally spend in recalling the events of school-days—the days of first steps in life, initiations into the laws of honour and "good form," and, possibly, into the most convenient way to break certain other laws which were made for our good but which did not appeal to us. School friendships that seemed so firm have vanished; our chums are doing their duty in other parts of the world; some have tried to keep up an intermittent correspondence, but cares of business and new ties intervene, and letters become fewer. So we fall back to dreaming, and call up the memories of those light, happy, irresponsible times. Not all our recollections are worth publishing for other people's entertainment; but Mr. Eric Parker has such a fine field to cover that his book needs no excuse. Eton is a national possession; the country has a right to know of its complex life, and here, complementary to "Eton in the 'Seventies," we have a full account of all aspects, from "fagging" to the characteristics of the various masters.

Humour abounds throughout these pages. The picture of twenty boys making toast—toast that was urgently wanted—round a huge fire is very amusing. The too-eager toaster found his slice either burnt or tipped into the ashes by resentful neighbours. "After that there were two alternatives, both with serious disadvantages. One was to cut a substitute slice from your own order of bread, which meant delay and consequent inquiry; the other, if the fallen slice was not entirely converted from bread into ash, was to brush, dust, and otherwise clean it, in the hope that it would be accepted without comment. There was generally not much hope." Episodes of filling the baths by arranging heavy books on the taps are related with gusto—"the danger, of course, was that you might forget that you had left the lexicon; this happened on several occasions, with diluvial results of a singularly complete nature." The chapter on the College "Books

and Magazines" makes excellent reading. The *Chronicle* gravely criticised the first number of the *Rambler*, and the editor of the *Rambler* cheerfully admitted that the whole of that number was written by himself. Other editorial experiences which caused considerable suffering were the efforts of the compositors to improve the poetic contributions—as when the lines—

The tall elms stirred, and stirring sighed,
And tossed their lusty arms on high

—appeared in print thus:

The tall elms stirred, and stirring sighed,
And tossed their susty grms on high.

The music of the College, under Barnby, was of a high standard. Previously, "the paid choir," says Mr. Parker, "was willing and skilled, and sang in tune, except when the choir-boys had been supplied before the service with nuts."

We have emphasised this aspect of the book because a delightful vein of boyishness runs through the whole; but it has its full share of serious reminiscence. On February 24, 1881, Major-General Sir Frederick Roberts, who had just returned to England after the relief of Candahar, visited Eton, and was presented with a sword of honour. "It is as an Etonian among Etonians that you are with us here to-day," said the Captain of the Oppidans in his speech. "We give it to you, every one of us, as our best to our best." "As a soldier I have spoken to those who hope to be soldiers," said Roberts in reply. "In a few years I hope my son may be enrolled among you, and it is my fervent hope that he may prove himself worthy of Eton, and that you in return may receive him with kindness as you have his father with honour." A splendid memory, heightened by our knowledge of later years!

Many names now familiar to us in the spheres of politics and literature occur in these pages, but we have no space to linger upon details. The masters, the old customs, the games, the "Fourth," all provide material for Mr. Parker's lively thought and busy pen. It is all in the best of taste and the best of cheer, with the note of sadness very lightly touched; whether a man be an old Etonian or not, he will be able to read this book with interest and pleasure, knowing that he is sharing first-hand information gathered and dispensed by one to whom "Floreat Etona" is as dear a wish as it was in the bygone days.

Artist and Realist

The Mason-Bees. By J. HENRI FABRE. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS, F.Z.S. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.)

THERE is only one thing more interesting than great fiction written by a master, and that is fact, viewed through the medium of an equally masterly mind. To this latter category belong the books of Henri Fabre. They contain evidence of that form of genius which is the prime asset of the naturalist—the capacity for

taking infinite pains; and the record of the results of that capacity, written by a man who is at once an artist and an optimist—an extremely rare combination.

There are two classes of books on Nature. The first, where the writer makes her to speak through the language of science, where the principles of induction and deduction bring the whole into an orderly sequence, conforming to the laws which science has drawn up in a vain attempt to make Nature logical; the second and less frequent, where writer and science stand aside and let Nature speak without making the effort to interpret her in the light of intellect. These are the really great books from the point of view both of truth and of artistry, and to them belong the works of this French naturalist. Recently another volume has been added to the number which enrich our possessions, admirably translated and arranged by Mr. Alexander de Mattos. It deals with the mason-bees, and in particular with the homing instinct in them and in other animals, essays on which are included within its covers. But that is among the least of the trains of thought it lays open to its readers. Like a great picture, its value lies far more in what it suggests than in what it actually expresses.

It is a fascinating book, on account of its atmosphere, to read in our wet, grey, English winter. One senses the heat, the sun, the scents, the hum of the busy insect-world of the South; one basks on the river banks and delights in the gardens and widespreading flower-decked plains where the wild bees fly. One is warmed and comforted and enthralled.

In the book there is magnificent optimism. At the very moment of tragedy, when the ruthless hand of Nature asserts itself, when the edifice of the insect, the work of a lifetime, meets with destruction at the hand of another, when the very object of life itself is defeated, Fabre does not try to find a reason, to palliate or minimise the disaster, but says with another great poet and humanist, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world"; and this conviction no amount of showing up the apparent futility of things can shake.

It is a remarkable commentary on the present. In the tiny workmen of the walls or pebbles, artists and architects as they are, we see the builders of Rheims, of Louvain and Ypres, raising up stately edifices, stone upon stone, statue by statue, not for themselves, but for generations yet to come; storing them with the honey of their genius, with the pollen of beauty and wit gathered from the treasure-houses of the ages. As with the bees, the enemy descends, the devastator, and overthrows that which he can never replace. Shall we apply to it the philosophy of Fabre, the man who has lived closer to Nature than any of whom we have knowledge, and whose faith in the ultimate Right has survived all the tests of a long and for many years unrecognised life? The optimist is the man who has imagination and faith, and his is the work which leaves an indelible mark on the world. Of such is Henri Fabre.

The Musical Future of Russia—I

BY D. C. PARKER

THOSE who know Russia best expect the war to have a profound effect upon her culture. To many people in England, Russia was for long a remote country of which they knew little. The gradually extending fame of the great authors Turgenieff, Dostoievsky, Tolstoi, and Gorki did much, however, to enlighten us. Then came the ballet and the opera, reminding us that the nation which owned an original and fascinating literature possessed also a new art and a school of notable composers. All those who love variety and believe that the different races of the world have a legitimate right to develop their culture according to their light hailed the artistic arrival of Russia with joy. Could it be that the great white empire of the Tsars had something to offer the older civilisations of the West? Could it really be that this music acted as a stimulant to those nourished upon Beethoven and Schumann, Wagner and Brahms? Could it be that immense artistic forces had for long been hidden under the cloak of a lingering mediævalism? It seemed so. For, while much of the Russian music struck us as being barbaric, it was infinitely human. One thing was certain—cultured people could no longer ignore Russia. She had proved herself to be in fact, as well as in name, Slavonic—i.e., able to articulate.

While we regard the future of Russia as a musical nation with an appropriate spirit of expectancy, we must not be unmindful of the fact that, in a comparatively short time, much has already been accomplished. It is little over a century since Glinka, the first of the important composers, was born. But, while he achieved much in his own day, Russian music has progressed beyond all recognition in the last decade. Borodin, César Cui, Moussorgsky, Dargomijsky, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazounoff, Balakireff, Scriabin, and Stravinski are names well known wherever the history of modern music is studied. The activities with which they are associated would have been impossible had it not been for sustained enthusiasm and uncommon zeal, and the appearance of these composers is in itself a reminder that the Russian lives his life to the accompaniment of music. Here you have a race imbued with great spiritual qualities and a natural love of metaphysics. While the Russians have few avowed writers on philosophic subjects, their imaginative works are packed full of strange questionings. Doubts and broodings present themselves to these reflective folk. But the great mainstay of the peasant is his faith. Truly it is not without reason that one speaks of Holy Russia. So it will be observed that Russia has in plenty the first necessity for a vigorous artistic life—a soul. There is in all folk-music something wonderfully sincere. Even these wayward mannerisms which stamp a song as having come from this or that locality have about them a strange attraction. Where you have a people in whom there exists longing for articulation and susceptibility

to impressions you have the greatest requisites for a national movement in music. The Russian peasant songs are as valuable as the *billini* of the early minstrels, and when one is tolerably familiar with them one is not at all surprised that so many composers should have either quoted or imitated them. Only by this means could musicians foster a spirit of national consciousness.

The creation of a new school is not accomplished without much trouble, and, in Russia, great difficulties had to be overcome. The influence of Germany was immense. What had Russia to set against the long and glorious history of the Germans in musical affairs? German achievements in this sphere are universally recognised. Every musician, of whatever race, must have felt inspired at some time or another when he realised what Leipzig and Dresden, Weimar and Bayreuth have meant to the world of music. But in their fight for the preservation of national traits the Russians have not been alone. Smetana found it a hard task to retain the Czech characteristics in the music of Bohemia, and Verdi was reported to have deplored the growing tendency of the "young Italy" school to write operas in which there was much that had its roots by the Rhine. To the musical public of Western Europe, Tchaikovsky, who enjoyed the greatest vogue of all the Russians, seemed at first quite uncivilised. But it is now recognised that both Tchaikovsky and Rubinstein were more or less German in their music, and I believe that they are not regarded as adequate representatives of Russian musical activity by the progressive party.

To us who view the matter from afar, the whole question is surrounded with difficulties. No doubt one must be a profound psychologist to understand the mentality of modern Russia, and in these matters it is almost impossible for the foreigner to detect the counterfeit, to lay his finger upon the work of the mere *poseur*. Yet, this apart, there remains the fact that, in order to write a symphony, you must recognise certain laws without which the work, whether by a Russian, a Frenchman, or a German, cannot possibly fulfil the demands of the form. You cannot have a Russian symphony if by that you mean a work from which anything which has its origin outside of Russia is rigorously excluded. On the other hand, you can have a Russian symphony if you mean merely that the prevailing colour is Russian, that the melodies are racy of the soil. While in Petrograd national aspirations have been strong, in Moscow a definite tendency towards cosmopolitanism has been evident. The future seems to hold much for the Petrograd coterie, for, if we are to see a further strengthening of national ambitions, we may take it that Russian musicians will be oversensitive to extraneous movements. A similar tendency is shown in the desire to banish foreignisms from the language, a proceeding which has an historical counterpart in the action of those Portuguese writers who endeavoured to preserve the character of their native tongue by abolishing the Castilian elements. And so,

if composers turn again to the peasants' art for inspiration and suggestion, we may feel assured that much sincere music will be born. For, just as the poets of Russia have gone to the *moujik* in order to learn the full expressiveness of the language, so will the composers seek in village and farm those songs and dances which reveal so adequately the soul of the people.

Shorter Notices

A Mystic Poet

WE have often wondered why it is necessary for professed mystics to be vague; also why no one has yet offered a clear definition of the faith and works of a mystic in modern times. In the two large volumes of the "Collected Poems of Arthur Edward Waite" (W. Rider and Son, 21s. net) the author seems to suffer chiefly from vagueness and length. The first volume has some lyrics, it is true, which may pass as pleasant verse. Here is quite a neat little presentation of a mood which most of us have felt:

Nature is pantomime; some force bestirs
The antic struggles of her characters,
And semblances of life imparts to each,
But no true motion and no gift of speech.
Some mask unknown stands at the stage's wings
And for each mimic actor speaks or sings,
While in the galleries and stalls we sit
But do not rightly catch one word of it.

As for the very long poems, there is much cloudy aspiration and confused language, any amount of platitude in rhyme and blank verse, but not much real poetry. We would read them all, every word, if we had a week to spare; but those we have read do not fill us with any enthusiasm. We have found more beauty and thought in a single lyric of George Meredith than in all these profuse pages.

Southern India

Colour-books always divide opinion as to their merits, and "Southern India" painted by Lady Lawley and described by Mrs. F. E. Penny (Black, 20s. net) will be no exception to the rule. Some of the fifty illustrations are very charming and perfect studies; others are defective, probably owing to the difficulties and limitations of the colour process. The single figures in their native costumes are distinctly pleasing, and Lady Lawley shows admirable eclecticism in the selection of her subjects, as she must also have shown considerable patience in their treatment. Mrs. F. E. Penny's text will help to bring the natives of Southern India to the fireside of the Briton who has never been to the East. She explains the difference between Mahomedan and Hindu in a simple and unpretentious way which will be helpful to many who could not describe their creeds and their customs in barest outlines, but lump all as natives. It is a book for a leisure hour in keeping with the spirit of the East, where Mrs. Penny says haste is unknown. "Haste is of the devil; only bad men run," says the Oriental.

Man and his World

As a rule, we know comparatively little about our bodies and the world in which they live and move; we leave it to specialists—to doctors and scientists—to study these matters and to advise us. A certain amount

The Theatre

"Henry V"

"THE play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience—or may be the consciousness—of the people in this new hour of England's destiny." So one may imagine Mr. F. R. Benson in pensive mood drawn to an endeavour to combine art and patriotism. Henry V, these three hundred years past, has been played by many actors whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words; never probably has it been staged in circumstances better calculated to carry its appeal straight to the British heart. If, as every critic who ever commented on it—with the exception of Voltaire—has suggested, it is an epic drama showing the true King as true hero and leader of his people; if the King, as a King should, dominates throughout; if the play is the superb and finished study of an exceedingly interesting personality, neither a study in manners nor a romance dependent on plot, it is none the less a great undesigned invocation to unity of purpose and suppression of self in all that affects a nation's title to liberty and nationhood. The "call of the blood" is in every line of it, and, if Mr. Robert Courtneidge in his managerial capacity would, as we may be sure he would, drive home the moral which none who hears Mr. Benson and his gallant company can miss, he would lose no time in giving any hesitating mother's son a free pass to the Shaftesbury Theatre. Or let us put it another way, and say that every one who would not hold his manhood cheap, "whiles any speaks that fought" with French, Smith-Dorrien, and Douglas Haig should see "Henry V." The King's reproof to Westmoreland when he wishes that "one ten thousand of those men in England who do no work to-day" were with them—

If we are doom'd to die we are enow
To do our country loss, and if to live
The fewer men the greater share of honour,

must by its very simplicity and devotion serve to set aflame the smouldering embers of patriotism in the most complacent. "God for Harry, England, and St. George!" The cry rings through every moment of the play, notwithstanding that Mr. Benson himself shows a restraint which robs declamation of any touch of exaggeration or taint of mere theatricalism. The truth is the appeal is inherent, and Shakespeare's lines are broadsides from a very Dreadnought aimed at the heart and brain of any disinclined to subscribe unreservedly, "My country right or wrong." One can only wonder what the Germans who have appropriated Shakespeare as their own will make of such a play. Kultur will find no use for it, which may be its highest title to commendation. For some the fact that the "enemy" in the play is France is unfortunate; they forget the note on which it ends with the giving of Katharine to the King. Queen Isabel says, in blessing the union:

Never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

of knowledge, however, is beneficial, and in the "First Books of Science" series (Macmillan, 1s. 6d. each) the information is conveyed in a delightful manner. "Physiology and Hygiene," by Gertrude D. Cathcart, M.B., B.Sc., avoids all the complex technical phraseology and explains in simple language the exquisite processes and equipments of the body, emphasising their operations especially with an eye to healthful development. "Geology," by Professor Albert Wilmore, D.Sc., deals with a subject which is too often regarded as "dry," but which is in reality one of the most fascinating studies imaginable. Once an interest in it is obtained, the most unpromising country walk betrays a store of unsuspected charms; the action of rivers and streams, the shapes of hills and valleys, the texture and colour of rocks, and a hundred other things observable by all, form constant incitements to thought and inquiry. Both these little books are well illustrated with diagrams and pictures that help the student to enter into the details of his work and elucidate the meaning admirably.

Britain and her Empire

The "history" we learned at school was too often a mere collection of names, dates, and unsatisfactory information as to places and persons whom we rarely vividly realised. It is recognised now that history must be taught in a different manner, and books are appearing which have the object of lighting up dull and distant times, of linking them into a chain which only ends at the present day. One of the best of these is "The Story of English Industry and Trade," by H. L. Burrows, M.A. (A. and C. Black, 1s. 6d.). Boys who have this as their history reader will need no urging to study the progress of their country—it is given in clear, comprehensive chapters from the times of the Domesday Book to the beginning of the twentieth century. The chapter entitled "Life in a Mediæval Monastery" is exceedingly interesting, and in other parts old ballads and poems are quoted which illustrate the various aspects of our national progress. The little volume may well be read by all who are desirous of learning the story of our commerce. "The Pupil's Class-Book of Geography," by E. J. S. Lay (Macmillan, 6d.), deals with the British Dominions in a lucid manner, and with it we might bracket "The Soldier's Geography of Europe" (George Philip and Son, 3d.), which has been specially prepared for the use of men in training. Both of these handy booklets, with their many maps and illustrations, will be found extremely useful in view of the problems which continually arise at the present crisis.

There is an immediate need of sea-boots, waders, waterproofs (khaki or black), and oilskins for the use of the troops, numbering many thousands, at No. 1 Base (France). Owing to the recent wet and stormy weather the camps are quagmires, and the tents are without floors. The men are never dry, night or day. Will yachtsmen and fishermen give what they can and so ameliorate the hardships of our soldiers waiting their "turn"? Depot for receiving above: 8, Beauchamp Place, S.W. All communications to be addressed to the wife of the commandant of No. 1 Base: Mrs. Bruce Williams, 22, Alexander Square, London, S.W.

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

Five centuries divide Agincourt from Mons and the Marne; ill office and fell jealousy have spent their evil energy; the War of the Spanish Succession, the Seven Years' War, and the Napoleonic campaigns are milestones in the long road which had to be traversed, and what the play, working through deadly strife to earnest and honest "paction," really does, we may fairly say, is to symbolise the five centuries of Anglo-French history now in happy though tragic issue.

One might linger in some detail over the varied but always Bensonian merits of the company—Mr. Frank Cochrane's stately Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. A. E. George's delightful Fluellen, Mr. Baliol Holloway's inimitable Pistol, Mr. E. Harcourt Williams' difficult but consistently played Charles VI, Miss Rose Edouin's Hostess, Miss J. S. Mackinlay's Katharine; to do justice to all we should mention all. It can only be said that everyone in the cast works so skilfully and loyally in the interests of the whole that the characters stand out in the degree of their importance to the play rather than as a result of an individual excellence here and there in interpretation. Unfortunately, Mr. Otho Stuart has been prevented by illness from speaking the lines of the Chorus. Shakespeare lovers owe Mr. Benson much; he has done nothing more deserving their gratitude than "Henry V."

EDWARD SALMON.

"David Copperfield"

EVERYONE who writes for the papers appears to be able to lay his hand upon his heart and tell us in flowing numbers how much he dotes upon the genius of Dickens. We have always longed to be of that happy company, but such pleasure has been denied. Yet "David Copperfield" has been something of an exception in the powerful novelist's works, and especially does it stand apart when it is made into a play by Mr. Louis N. Parker and visualised by Sir Herbert Tree and his wisely chosen company at His Majesty's Theatre. If you have believed in Uriah Heep in the printed book, how much more fully will you realise him vividly impersonated by Mr. Charles Quatermaine; if the scene of the dining-room of the Golden Cross is a little vague in your mind, we can undertake to say that the wonderful waiter of Mr. Roy Byford, the three accomplished old fogies of Mr. Mallinson, Mr. Byatt, and Mr. Julian Cross will make it live. Here the splendid early-Victorian Steerforth of Mr. Basil Gill meets again his devoted boyish admirer David, made doubly sympathetic by Mr. Owen Nares. Here we first see the servant Littimer cleverly presented by Mr. Gayer Mackay, and here we learn of the beauty of Little Em'ly and the dark intentions of Steerforth. After this we are sent spinning through four acts and many crowded scenes.

Almost all the parts are played with the greatest skill; there is the quiet charm of Miss Evelyn Millard as Agnes, and the young beauty of Em'ly shown in Miss Jessie Winter; the perfect characterisation of Betsey Trotwood by Miss Agnes Thomas, and the inspired Mrs. Micawber of Miss Sydney Fairbrother. Mrs. Gummidge is very real in the hands of Miss Ada King, and the Martha Endell of Miss Mary Clare and the "Young Gal" of Miss Sybil Sparkes are among the many small parts made convincing. But we have really come to see Sir Herbert double the difficult parts of Dan'l Peggotty and Wilkins Micawber, and, if we are betting men, we are ready to back Micawber to win. As usually happens in such a case, he only gets a place. The winner is Peggotty, for this was the actor's real *tour de force*. His sincerity and deep pathos held the audience spell-bound in what might have been quite awkward situations. All through the action, and notwithstanding the constant changes of make-up, Peggotty was just as real as Dickens made him—nothing overdone, nothing left out, everything that was tender and strong and quietly heroic. Indeed, we are inclined to think it one of the cleverest, most unexpected, and, in its subdued way, the subtlest thing that Sir Herbert has ever done. We gather that his Micawber was generally more popular. To us it seemed unreal, rather overdone, "far-fetched and dear-bought." But this is possibly the fault of the author rather than of the actor. In the volume of "David Copperfield," which the management gave to everyone on the first night, we turn to the preface and find Dickens writing: "No one can ever believe this narrative in the reading more than I believed it in the writing." We certainly do not believe in Micawber so fully as did the author, who is supposed to have drawn him from life. In the novel the fantasy of his being is carefully obscured, but on the stage it stands boldly forth and leaves us a little disconcerted. Much more should be said of the play and the acting, only that the genial Dickens note now sounded at His Majesty's is sure to make all interested in the matter flock thither—and such a throng should fill the theatre for months to come.

"The Dynasts"

THE bold undertaking of preparing some part, at least, of Mr. Thomas Hardy's epic drama for production on the stage of the Kingsway has been carried out with skill and a fine feeling for the atmosphere of the days of Trafalgar, the Peninsula, and Waterloo—the three parts of the vast poem which are now given us. The result of Mr. Granville Barker's labours is highly original, often stimulating, almost always decorative. Throughout the second part of "The Dynasts" there is a strong and admirable suggestion of the gifted Spanish master of painting and sociological observation, Goya. Again and again one recalls with delight his method of grouping and his colour schemes; especially is this so

in the bitter picture of a side-issue of the war in which half-starving British waifs of the army are huddled with their girls in some wayside farm. A painful picture packed with vital force, brave in colouring, and convincing as are almost all the varying phases of the drama. It is quite hopeless and useless to compare "The Dynasts" as seen at the Kingsway with the poem as read in the library, for one would be setting what is merely a small part against a broadly conceived and powerfully expressed whole. The play must be accepted for itself alone, and will be found a moving and often elevating piece of stage work. We own to a certain feeling of horror when we are asked to see such people as Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon on the stage, but the management at the Kingsway and the excellent and enormous company of actors are quite clever enough to win us from our deeply rooted prejudice. Mr. Hannen as Nelson might, we think, have read the views of M. Joseph Turquan and M. Jules D'Auriac, and studied the portrait of the Admiral by Hoppner, so unheroic is his hero and so just; Mr. Sydney Valentine's Napoleon is more convincing than any we have seen—and he has been pretty frequently on the stage during the last thirty years; and Mr. Murray Carrington's Wellington—like Goya's portrait of the Duke—does not place too splendid a figure before us. Thus all the personages of the play are exactly fitted to their environment, and help our realisation of a great idea at every difficult point. Unfortunately it is impossible to mention dozens of clever people in the cast—there are about one hundred on the programme, but we gain the impression of there being many more characters on the stage. At least we must find room to praise Mr. Henry Ainley in his wonderful performance of "The Reader," who, seated in the front of the lower stage during the whole of the action, helps and delights the audience with his simple elocution and fine voice, and the admirable Strophe of Miss Esmé Beringer, supported by the Antistrophe of Miss Carrie Hasse, will be equally appreciated. We have said enough to show that this remarkable production must be seen, even in war-time, for it is, in a sense, as historic as the events it sets forth. It is a play for our period, a reminder of old heroisms and a picture of national feeling as it appeared in the wars of one hundred years ago. In the new prologue Mr. Hardy says:

In these stern times of ours, when crimson strife
Throws shade on every thoroughfare of life,
Disfigures comely countries with its gore,
And sends back mangled heroes to our shore,
The gift of gifts is sturdy hardihood,
That holds it firm through each vicissitude,
Not only hour by hour, but year by year,
If need be, till life's lurid skies are clear.

That is the spirit in which the audience which flocks to Mr. Barker's theatre appears to take it, and it is also the fine essence of the manner of the production of "The Dynasts." Our hope is that its successful course may long outlast the present war.

EGAN MEW.

MOTORING

IN making an urgent appeal to the public for the provision of motor-ambulances for our Belgian Allies, Mr. W. Joynson-Hicks, chairman of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, points out that the Belgian army is practically without these vehicles. The needs of our own Army in this respect, he says, have been dealt with magnificently by the British Red Cross and the St. John Ambulance Associations, those of the French army by their own countrymen, supplemented by the British Ambulance Committee and by the Automobile Association; but nobody has apparently thought of sending any to the Belgians. A small committee has been formed to remedy this omission. M. Emile Vandervelde, member of the Belgian Government, who comes from the front and is in England on a special mission from the King of the Belgians to his soldiers here, is a member of this committee, and M. de Broqueville, Prime Minister and Minister of War in Belgium, has telegraphed his cordial acceptance of the proposed offer. General Melis, Chief of the Belgian Medical Staff, has represented the urgent necessity of something being done to facilitate the transport of the Belgian wounded, who suffer terribly in ordinary motor-cars, with no possibility of lying down. Through the kindness of the Automobile Association a few cars have already been placed at the disposal of the committee, but many more are required, as well as money for their conversion into ambulances, for the provision of medical stores, and for upkeep. Dr. Depage, of the Croix Rouge de Belgique, states that the most pressing need, after the ambulances, is for small, movable hospitals, at a cost of £300 each, to accommodate twenty-five men; and it is hoped that the public response to Mr. Joynson-Hicks' appeal will enable the committee to assist Dr. Depage in supplying this need also. Promises of further cars, gifts of complete ambulances, or cash subscriptions may be sent to Mr. T. S. Vernon Cocks, to the account of the Anglo-Belgian Field Ambulance Committee with Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph and Co., 43, Charing Cross; or to Mr. W. Joynson-Hicks, Chairman of the Committee, 15, St. James' Place, London.

The motor-ambulance movement initiated by Mr. Arthur du Cros, M.P., continues to make satisfactory progress. Further donations of complete ambulances have just been received from the County of Peebleshire per Mr. J. M. Cunningham; from the Halcyon Club per Miss Rivington; Messrs. Topham, Limited; the Old Salopian Club per Mr. A. T. Lawrence; the County of Caithness per Mr. Walter Craig; and from Miss Wyatt's School per Miss Oules. Cash subscriptions have also been received from the Yorkshire Insurance Co., Ltd. (£105), the County of Peebleshire (£50), and the Goldsmiths' Company (£50).

From the balance-sheet of D. Napier and Son, Limited, just issued, we observe that the gross profits of the company from June 4, 1913, the date of its

formation, to September 30, 1914—a period of sixteen months—amounted to £75,197 gs. 11d. After making all necessary provisions for depreciation, interest on debenture stock, income tax, directors' and trustees' fees, etc., there remains a net profit of £45,663 5s. 7d., of which £11,767 4s. 11d. has been carried forward to next year. In the circumstances, the directors are to be congratulated on having achieved such a satisfactory result. During the earlier part of the period covered by the balance-sheet the business was very seriously affected by labour troubles at Acton, involving a complete stoppage of the manufacturing side of the business for more than two months; and, in addition to this, there was the temporary paralysis of trade which was the immediate result of the outbreak of war. Fortunately, the falling off in the demand for private cars has been largely compensated for by the receipt of valuable and extensive contracts for ambulances, motor-lorries, etc., from the British and Russian Governments, and these will doubtless keep things busy until a normal state of affairs returns.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

AS I hinted last week the Stock Exchange will formally re-open on January 4. The conditions under which members can do business are even more stringent than those I suggested. It is clear that fixed prices will be enacted for almost every security, and no jobber will be allowed to sell unless he has the securities in his box. Also there is to be no arbitrage business. In short, every kind of trading is to be made as difficult as possible, for all bargains are to be for cash. Naturally, there has been a great deal of grumbling. Small jobbers will be ruined. I do not think that this will be any great loss to the House, for the small jobber has always been a nuisance. Nevertheless, it is not pleasant to be ruined, and nobody faces the prospect without kicking. The Committee declare that it is nothing to do with them, and that the Treasury is responsible. There is to be no dealing in new issues except with the permission of Mr. Lloyd George.

It looks very much as though the rules had been made by some of the big finance houses, who had only one object in view, namely, to get rid of the stock of paper they have in their boxes. If the public can be induced to think that the fixed prices in the House are cheap they may come in and buy. We are certain to see numberless puffs from the financial papers inserted with the express object of luring the public to buy securities. But how will the public benefit? It seems to me that they will be left to carry the baby, an unpleasant and expensive operation.

With regard to dealing for cash, that seems only fair in

these times of war and bad credit, and very few people object. I have not heard many complaints in respect to the refusal to allow arbitrage. Exchange is in such a disorganised condition that it would be practically impossible for an arbitrage house to do a large business. The Treasury say that they have framed the rules in order to prevent enemies from selling stocks and shares on London. But it seems to me that if they had not fixed prices the more shares London is offered the worse it would have been for the enemy. He might have had to sell all his Consols at 40, then we could have bought some big blocks of the National Debt and put the price to 60 again. There are a hundred and one ways of getting money out of Germany if the market is absolutely free, but now we have simply shut down altogether. It is really a confession of weakness and almost of fear that the German is cleverer than we are.

It is a curious thing that the Brazil Railway having defaulted on its bonds should by some means or another have got someone to find them money for the Sorocabana Bonds. It makes us wonder whether there was not something in regard to this issue of Sorocabana that the issuing houses desired to keep dark. In my opinion these bonds are not mortgages at all, but merely preference shares, and the same may be said of Brazil Railway bonds. They should both be sold as quickly as possible, and at any price.

The De Beers Company has decided not to pay its Preference dividend. This has caused a shock to some people, but the Diamond trade is absolutely dead, and it is more than probable that the company has locked up the whole of its funds in loans to the market, and does not wish to borrow. Besides, if the war lasts any length of time diamonds will go completely out of fashion; certainly they are the last thing to be purchased during a war.

A rise has taken place in Van den Berghs, and I advise my readers to sell. This firm has sixteen German houses closely affiliated to the English company, and everyone is asking how they avoid trading with the enemy. The Van den Berghs are very clever men, and they conduct a large trade, but surely the bulk of it must be done through the German houses, and it would be interesting to know whether those houses have closed down or whether they are still trading through the Rotterdam branch. The Van den Berghs themselves are, of course, Dutchmen, but the business was originally a combine between some Dutch and German firms, and I believe that some of the German firms are still nominally in existence. However that may be, Van den Berghs' balance-sheet shows great over-financing, and it is surely safe to sell the shares.

The American position remains very much as it did last week. Wall Street, like London, is terrified of foreign selling, and, like London, only wants to get rid of its securities. During the whole of the coming year I expect the United States will be engaged in shipping foodstuffs and ammunition to the combatants. This will help to pay its large European indebtedness, and by the end of 1915 the balance should be about even. There is still, however, the enormous cotton crop to handle, and it is probable that we may see cotton at 3d. This looks as though it would be a good thing for Lancashire, but it will seriously injure the Egyptian position, so that what we gain in one hand we shall lose with the other.

The Mexican Railway Company has sent out a notice saying that it is unable to meet its interest on the debenture debt. This was fully expected. The railway is well managed, and the misfortunes are not those of the directors' making. When Mexico settles down traffics will be resumed, but when will that be? My information in re-

gard to Mexico is that the country is in a terrible position, and that it may take some years before it is able even to do ordinary business.

There are very few reports to comment upon this week, but Barratt and Company have made over £40,000, and once again pay an additional half per cent. dividend on the preference. The Newcastle Breweries have also had a good year, profits being only slightly down, but the board is very despondent in regard to the future.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

THE PEKIN SYNDICATE.

THE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH.

The meeting of the Pekin Syndicate, Ltd., was held at the Cannon Street Hotel on Wednesday, Mr. René de Cérenville presiding. The Chairman said:—

On account of the war, and of the strained and disturbed situation which preceded and has followed the present crisis, the number of directors attending this meeting is exceptionally small. Count du Chaylard has been obliged, through private duties, to remain in France, whilst Count de Seguiet, as a captain in the French Artillery, is busy on the fighting-line somewhere in the region of the Aisne. Lord Carrick, whom we had been glad to appoint chairman recently, and who is likewise performing military duties, has found it necessary, much to our regret, to resign for personal reasons. Two directors—Mr. Chantrey Inchbald and Mr. Charles Victor—have retired from the Board. The former had acquired a great experience of Chinese affairs in the employ of a leading French Bank, and had afterwards been appointed London manager of another leading foreign bank. Therefore, on more than one occasion, his advice was most useful to the company.

Mr. Victor, well known on the other side of the Channel as a man of wide financial experience and tireless perseverance, has played a most important part in introducing into the French market the Shansi shares, and has never ceased to secure for the company the support of a large body of shareholders. I am sure you will accord both these gentlemen a hearty vote of thanks for their services.

With your permission I propose to adopt the customary practice of considering the report and account as read. It will be remembered that in the report of the Joint Consulting and Mining Engineers a year ago reference was made to the disease known as "miner's worm," which had obtained a hold at the mines, and it was stated that strenuous efforts were being made to eradicate it. The directors are glad to be able to state that a recent report from the medical officer at the mines certifies that the disease has now been entirely eradicated, and that no new case, among either the native or foreign staffs, has come under his notice since the previous report.

It is true, as mentioned in the report, that the European troubles temporarily interfere with our affairs; for instance, our sales have been curtailed; part of the staff have joined the colours; our colliers have been chartered by the British Admiralty; a certain amount of coal has been seized, and, of course, not paid for by the German authorities in Shantung; shipping and mail facilities between Europe and the Far East have been and are either stopped or delayed, but the company's property has not been, and is not likely to be, interfered with. There is no sign of any feeling against foreigners, and it is to be expected that in Chinese, as well as in European affairs, the joint British and French interests will ultimately profit by a better notion of civilised and peaceful methods, such as the Chinese people, for historical reasons, are more apt than anyone else to appreciate and reciprocate.

Some shareholders, I understand, are somewhat doubtful as to the policy which has been recommended by

the Board in the latest annual and interim report of a closer co-operation between the company and the Chinese authorities. In this respect I am glad to say that negotiations with the provincial authorities in view of facilitating improved working conditions and extending operations which have been in progress some time have now reached a stage when a satisfactory settlement may be confidently anticipated and that a preliminary agreement to this effect has already been signed, particulars of which cannot be disclosed until negotiations are completed.

According to this news, we have full confidence that our contract with the Central and Provincial Government will be made to work more smoothly than ever, and I hope more profitably.

The directors regret, however, that they are unable to recommend the distribution of a dividend. No one can foresee the developments of the present crisis in financial affairs, and it is, therefore, a duty more imperative than ever to husband the company's resources until we can sail in smooth waters again, and not to enter into the dividend-paying stage at a time when older and more firmly established concerns are experiencing difficulties in this respect.

We received last week a cheque for £20,000 from the Government of the Republic of China; the interest in respect of Coupon No. 19, due January 1, 1915, on the Chinese Government Honan Railway Five per Cent. (Gold) Loan. It is especially gratifying at this juncture, and at the present time, to again mention that the Chinese Government has never failed to fulfil its obligations. I propose that the directors' report and accounts made up to June 30, 1914, be, and the same are, hereby received and adopted.

The report was adopted and a vote of thanks passed to the Chairman.

The Red Cross Motor Ambulance

Subscriptions to this fund for presenting a Napier Motor Ambulance Car valued at £625 to the Red Cross Society are coming in very slowly. We ask our readers to let us have a note of sums collected. The £100 guaranteed provisionally depends on our receiving the balance of £525. So far the amounts received are:—

Provisionally promised	£100	0	0
Miss Margaret Eastwood	5	5	0
E. G. F. S.	4	10	0
Collected by Mr. F. W. Hingston of Buckhurst Hill, Essex:—F. W. Hingston, 5s.; Mrs. Hingston, 5s.; E. F. F. Hingston, 5s.; C. D. Coxall, 5s.; Frank G. Foster, 5s.; H. E. Swann, 5s.	1	10	0
Norfolk House High School, Muswell Hill...	2	15	8
Miss I. M. Ray	4	6	
Bernard Phillips	3	4	
H. D. S.	3	8	
P. F. Loft	16	2½	
G. H. S.	1	1	0
The Queenlette	7	6	
Miss M. Smith	16	0	
	£117	12	10½

Next week's ACADEMY will contain an article of peculiar interest to Auction Bridge players on "Nullos," by Mr. Taunton Williams, who, in our issue of November 21, wrote on "The Misnomer of Royal Auction."

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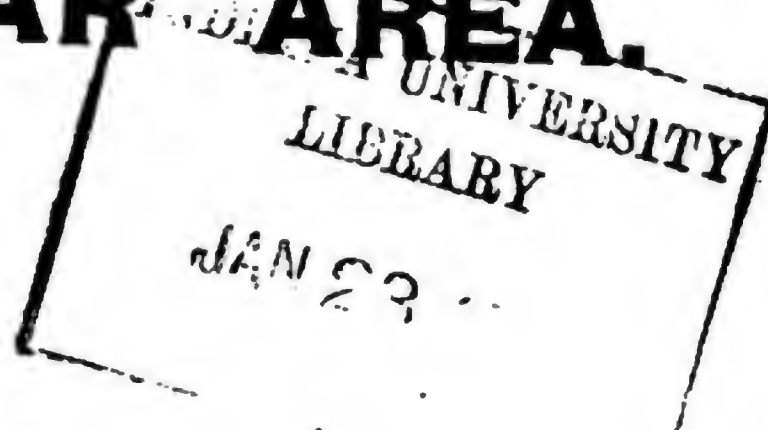
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THE MYSTERY OF BIRTH.
THE FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR.
ETON MEMORIES.
ARTIST AND REALIST.
THE MUSICAL FUTURE OF RUSSIA—I. By D. C. Parker.
"HENRY V." By Edward Salmon.
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Notes of the Week

The West Front

IN Belgium and in Alsace the Allies continue by their movements forward to give the lie to the reports emanating from the German Headquarters. France has scored a notable victory, disputed yard by yard and house by house, at Steinbach in the South, and the Belgians and British are day by day pushing back the enemy from Nieupoort and St. Georges. The Germans have attempted in vain to recapture the latter place. Here and there they have managed to blow up a French trench, but in no single instance do they seem to have succeeded in consolidating any local advantage. The tide of battle ebbs and flows, as Lord Kitchener said on Wednesday, but on the whole the Allies have the best of it.

The Russian Victory

Whilst all goes well in the West the Russians have been doing even more effective work against the Germans in Poland, the Austrians in the Carpathians, and the Turks in Asia Minor. The capture or annihilation of a whole Turkish army corps is an event of the utmost importance, especially from the point of view of the defenders of Egypt; and General Joffre is able to congratulate the Grand Duke on a great victory. In Europe the position for the German Allies has become so serious that Hungary may be expected to throw off the Austrian yoke at any moment, and Rumania is undoubtedly waiting only for the favourable moment to come in. As the Russians are practically on their borders that moment would seem to be very near at hand. Some criticisms in Russia as to British naval inactivity in the North Sea have brought a fine speech from Sir George Buchanan. Commenting on this, in the *Novoe Vremya*, M. Menchikoff says: "Thanks to the alliance, Russia is fighting Germany as though she possessed the greatest navy in the world, while England is fighting Germany as though she possessed the greatest army in the world."

A Rescue and Two Disasters

With the announcement that Commander Hewlett had been rescued by a Dutch trawler, and that the Cuxhaven visit had cost us not a single life, the New Year seemed to open auspiciously. Unhappily it was not

many hours old when news came that the *Formidable* had been sunk in the English Channel, and that the toll of gallant lives was heavy. As the result of devoted efforts by fishing craft some 200 of the *Formidable's* complement have been saved. It is a little difficult to know which to admire more—the glorious heroism of the commander and crew of the ill-fated ship or the splendid skill with which the rescues were effected in a howling tempest. It was at first believed that the *Formidable* had struck a floating mine, but it appears pretty certain that she was torpedoed. The ship is not a serious loss; the officers and men are. New Year's Day brought another disaster—the horrible railway smash at Ilford. The timing of fast trains to cross the same metals within a minute or so of each other opens a question which we think ought to be taken up seriously by the authorities.

Christmas Day At the Front

Never in history surely has there been anything quite like the truce and the actual hobnobbing between British and German soldiers on Christmas Day: if, on the one hand, the thing strikes some as rather a farce, on the other it may be taken as the most remarkable of tributes to the spirit of the season. That it has been in no way exaggerated we learn from a letter from the front which we are permitted to publish, written by a member of the O.T.C. who is serving as a private. The letter is dated Boxing Day.

We have had the strangest Christmas I have ever known: we were in the trenches and had orders not to fire on Xmas Day unless absolutely necessary. The consequence was that English and Germans walked about outside the trenches, exchanged souvenirs, etc. Our men have all sorts of things the Germans gave them. I have a huge pewter mug from some ruins of a Belgian estaminet. During Xmas Eve night and Xmas morning I was on guard, and the Germans played carols on wind instruments while our men cheered lustily. Then they played our National Anthem, and when they played their own our men encored it and they played it again. It was wonderful what a friendly feeling there was between the two sides. On Xmas Day the English helped a German officer and his men to bury some poor chaps who had been lying there for weeks, and were thanked by the officer, who made a little speech, addressing them as "Brave English comrades!" To-day we are keeping to our trenches, and have exchanged a few shells, but very little firing so far is going on.

America and Contraband

America's object in the protest published last week has been actively canvassed. Some very strong opinions have been uttered on this side, and Sir Edward Grey will not have found it altogether easy to draft a reply that shall embody British feeling without giving President Wilson and his Government ground for umbrage. Some newspaper correspondents have sought to make things appear critical by announcing that the American naval reserve was being called out, but the idea that the United States could for a moment wish to involve herself in this world war is unthinkable. The traders of America as a whole are making too

much profit out of other people's quarrels to seek to protect contraband-runners. As a matter of fact the United States authorities are simplifying matters by granting certificates which will save honest American shippers and British cruisers alike much trouble. President Wilson's protest strikes us as on all fours with Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion that America ought long ago to have joined the Allies: both are playing a political game.

The Germans in Belgium

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, is a man of daring. He does not pay sufficient heed to the susceptibilities of the Mailed Fist which holds an innocent people in an iron grip. He issued a pastoral letter apparently enjoining fealty to King Albert and was promptly made a prisoner in his palace—presumably for *lèse majesté*, or something of the sort. Germany intends Belgium and the world to understand that what she has she will hold, and no mere Cardinal Archbishop must suggest aught else. That Cardinal Mercier's heart is torn by the plight of Belgium is proved by a letter received in London acknowledging the "bountiful generosity" of the material help given to the prostrate and helpless country, but he asks for more. "The whole population, so dense here, is now entirely dependent on outside aid for its very daily bread." He foresees that things will get worse, however valiant the efforts of the Belgian people to keep themselves going. He does not say, but the report is pretty persistent, that the Germans are not above helping themselves from the stores sent to the relief of the people they have ruined. German exactions, apart altogether from the atrocities, have certainly aggravated the misery in any case inevitable after occupation.

The Honours List

The New Year Honours List reflects to some extent the prevailing sentiment of the nation; it might in a way be called an extra-party list. The Garter conferred on the Earl of Derby and the Earldom conferred on Viscount St. Aldwyn are instances that merit outside the Radical ranks is for the occasion recognised by the Government. The Earl of Aberdeen, on his retirement from the Irish Viceroyalty, becomes a Marquis. Among the new Privy Councillors are Mr. Arthur Henderson, the popular leader of the Labour Party, and Mr. Percy Illingworth, the Liberal Whip, who lived just long enough to see his name included. Mr. Illingworth was unfortunate: he succeeded to the Whip's office only to find himself confronted by the delicate question of party funds used in a way which ultimately revealed the Marconi scandals. By far the most distinguished of the new knights is Sir Henry J. Newbolt, whose sea songs are an asset of an Imperial race. The Astronomer Royal becomes Sir Frank Watson Dyson. Literature and science will, we hope, not be ungrateful that their claims have at least received as much attention as the work of certain estimable gentlemen whose names are not known outside the localities they have helped to administer.

Kultur versus Culture

BISHOP WELLDON'S IDEALS IN EDUCATION.

THE world which does not take its opinions ready made, but is anxious to examine issues for itself, will find much food for serious reflection in the speeches delivered this week in connection with the Educational Associations Conference. There was Mr. T. R. Ablett's admirable address, showing how art and training may advance the cause of humanity by distilling the beauty inherent in nature; there was Canon Masterman's extremely suggestive paper on an individualism which renders impossible the subordination of all personal to State ends—a subordination to which the mad militarism of Germany alone is due; above all, there was Bishop Welldon's powerful address on the necessity for reconsidering educational values. German methods of education, which we in Great Britain have come in recent years to regard as so entirely superior to English, have been responsible for the most appalling war of all time. Armageddon has issued out of the Academies of the Fatherland. Dr. Welldon traced the catastrophe to the supersession of Culture by Kultur. This war is showing what education means to a people as no war, no event in history, has ever shown before. Its seed plot, said the Bishop, was not the palace or the senate or the council chamber or the mess-room: it was the university and the schoolroom. German military authorities have always set store on the influence of the teaching profession: Moltke gave the schoolmasters credit for Sedan, just as we give the playing fields of Eton the credit for Waterloo, but the difference is vital. In Germany the army has been regarded as the plinth on which the brazen image of the State must be erected: the nation has been taught to believe, until it has no other belief, that the State is everything. The State was the beginning and the end of the sanction of national life: "the citizen could do no wrong if he served the State; the State could do no wrong if it served its own interest. This was the teaching of German philosophers in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and it led directly to that doctrine which had appalled the mind and heart of other countries than Germany, namely, the glorification of war." Kultur in Germany has come to mean efficiency in and devotion to State service; for years past it has not meant learning, scholarship, art, or literature except in a secondary degree. Germany's Kultur will have been her undoing; it has involved the civilised world in tragedy; and the war to-day is not only between the armies of Great Powers, but between two ideals of national education, between Kultur which taught Germans to think of Germany alone, and Culture which makes a republic of the world's intellect.

Whilst all this is true we in England must beware of the opposite extreme: that, we take it, is one moral to be extracted from Bishop Welldon's invaluable reflections. In Germany Kultur has gone far to kill literature and the arts in the interests of mechanics and of the State; in Great Britain there is some danger that

in our regard for culture we may prejudice the very interests we seek to serve. Have we brought our educational ideals in England into conformity with the needs of an age responsible for the flying machine, the motor car, and the submarine? Is it not a trifle absurd that a boy who instinctively knows everything appertaining to an aeroplane, but is as lost in all that belongs to letters as a hen in a duck pond, should have to go through a literary examination if he does not wish to work his way up from the actual bench, however ready he may be to work at it? What has language, ancient or modern, to do with a biplane or an airship? Some question of this sort Dr. Welldon no doubt had in mind when he said that there was reason to fear the education of to-day was not wholly free from "the taint of civic uselessness." Canon Masterman complained that he had to carry a Xenophon about with him because he has to coach a lad for his Smalls in order that he may get a commission to serve his country. No one will charge either Dr. Welldon or Canon Masterman with indifference to Greek or Latin. Dr. Welldon certainly would put no artificial difficulties in the way of the acquisition of a knowledge of either; we all know what the world owes to both, but as he said, "amid the multiplicity of subjects now properly admissible to the curriculum in public schools, to demand a knowledge of two dead languages from all boys who are going to the university, is to cramp and fetter the intellectual development, which ought to be left as free as possible." With boys who have a natural aptitude for languages, dead or living, it is another matter. They will learn Greek and Latin without detriment to more practical studies, and open the way to the stores which provide pure culture. Others may still not be debarred from tapping those stores pretty freely through the media of translations. In these days of Volapuk and Esperanto it is a trifle absurd to throw stones at translations, and as the Doctor said in a fine sentence: "It is not for Englishmen and women who know the Bible through a translation alone to decry the value of translations." In Germany, Kultur has wrought a cast-iron unity and a soulless efficiency; in England the practical is sometimes jeopardised for the sake of the finer and the classical attributes. What we want is the happy mean between two ideals: we want education that shall serve the ends at once of sane patriotism and sane individualism. Germany has indicated the way not to go; are we quite sure we are on the right road? Dr. Welldon, we think, made out an unanswerable case for educational revaluation.

The Musical Future of Russia—II

BY D. C. PARKER.

IN connection with the Russian school it is always necessary to remember that we are dealing with something for which there is no precedent. The modern music of the West has come to us through centuries of long labour and experience. It developed while nations were changing, while economic life was unstable, while wars and the increase of industrialism were shaping the character of the inhabitants. In Russia we behold a phenomenon. Russian composers stand in the forefront of the modern movement and have contributed to it with success. In criticising Strauss, Debussy, Elgar, or Schönberg, the critic instinctively attempts to explain them by reference to the past. He traces the rise and growth of tendencies which have become prominent in these composers. This is right, for tradition is strong within us. We reverence the past. We say: "*beau comme le Cid*," or its modern equivalent. But in Russia we have a group which seems to have understood and adopted the modern idioms with startling speed. Remembering this, the music of the contemporary Russians might be considered dangerous, for in art, as in life, one must prove things before one can legitimately reject them, and the period of proof is invariably long and trying. For a time the sage seeks solitude in the wilderness and sustains himself on locusts and wild honey. In Russia, however, there are musicians who are experimenters more daring than were Dargomijsky (in his "Stone Guest") or Moussorgsky. An undue haste to be ahead of the times is as much to be deplored as the sterility of obscurantism. All true modernism has its roots in the past. We, therefore, ask ourselves the question: Will musical Russia contribute something vital to the world's wealth, or will this enthusiasm lead to nothing? Russia is evidently at the parting of the ways, and the testing power of a great war may make itself felt in her music.

While one is conscious that this music lacks the splendid organic qualities of German, one cannot deny that it has potentialities which, if properly developed, may lead to wonderful achievements. The composers must work out their own salvation, and in their country there is endless material. Just as the East and the West meet at the great fair of Nizhni-Novgorod, so does the Russian draw his inspiration from Europe and Asia, from sights and sounds unfamiliar to Western eyes. The architecture of the buildings shows a Byzantine influence in its domes and cupolas. Within the borders

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of the Empire dwell a hundred types. There are the peasants, famous for such industries as ikon-painting and spoon-making. There are great merchants and little traders, boatmen of the Volga, and field-toilers of the steppes. There is the *intelligentsia* of the great cities and the unlettered of the provinces. With such have the literary men of Russia dealt, and, doubtless, the composers, in like manner, will pursue their course with a determination to use what lies to their hands. No one can tell to what this may lead, but we may be privileged to see a wondrous renaissance comparable to that startling increase in the love of knowledge which characterised Athens after the Persian War. We may witness the rise of a school of music which will bequeath to the world something worthy to stand beside the finest products of the Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and Teuton civilisations. For, if Russia become more liberal as a nation, she may cast off all that pertains to the barrenness of old and give birth to the man who will be to her national life what Dante and Petrarch were to Europe—the heralds of a new dawn.

This development would be full of interest for the onlooker. As the *littérateurs* have experimented with the novel and the short story, so will the composers experiment with musical forms; and as Russian music becomes older and more highly organised it will inevitably become more varied in its manifestations. There will be an ever greater diversity of subject-matter, a wider division between this writer and that. As Herbert Spencer pointed out, "all organic development is a change from a state of homogeneity to a state of heterogeneity"—a saying which is capable of artistic as well as of scientific application. One can, therefore, look with confidence to the future of Russian music, the more so as Russians are already so well equipped technically. As orchestral writers they are magnificent. Rimsky-Korsakoff was one of the finest masters of instrumental colour, and the irrepressible love of richness, brilliance, and ornamentation which is common to the Slavs is freely indulged. What we await is the appearance of a great musician with all the mechanical power of Glazounoff, but with a humanity of which he does not seem to be capable. Even this does not appear to be improbable. For from Russia came Tolstoi, with his strange message for the modern world, and Dostoievsky, who, Professor Vinogradoff reminds us, "defined the ideals of the Russians as the embodiment of a universally humanitarian type"—a view which is well expressed in "Crime and Punishment," where the hero, addressing a self-sacrificing woman, exclaims: "I do not bow to you personally, but to suffering humanity in your person." From such a nation, with its contemplative powers and capacity for pity, much is possible, and it may yet be the mother of a singer in whose music will be found some divine fragment to be remembered through long years, as are the odes of Sappho and the lyrics of Catullus.

At the present time great interest surrounds the doings of Igor Stravinski and Alexander Scriabin, the two moderns of whom Europe at large has heard much.

It would, of course, be folly to write dogmatically about their music, for we are too near to it in point of time to see it in the true historical perspective. Stravinski became known through the Russian ballet, and he burst upon Paris and London like a ray of sunshine. The efficiency of the *corps* was apparent, the beauty of costumes and scenery universally recognised, and the artistic unity of the whole was attained by the brilliance and audacity of the music. Ballet music, like the music of the operetta, is easy or difficult to write, according to the goal which the composer sets himself. To be spirited, to be interesting, to be resourceful in a ballet score demands a special gift for which mere learning is no substitute. Stravinski has this gift in full measure. He has all the fire and imagination of the Slav, and his music shows a sense of characterisation which is uncommon in this art. Compared with "Pétrouchka" and "L'Oiseau de Feu," such a work as Adolph Adam's "Giselle" must seem to many like a faded garland. Some older ballets, Delibes' "Coppélia," for example, are melodious and charming. But Stravinski has not been content merely to write elegant music; he has put his powerful individuality into his work. Few scores of recent years have given rise to such animated discussion as that of "Le Sacre du Printemps," though it must be borne in mind that many of the judgments passed on the Russian ballet referred to the ballet *as a whole*, and not to the music only. Stravinski seems to bear the same relationship to the ballet music writers of the past generation as Bakst and Roerich do to the painters of a conventional drop-scene. It is not astonishing, however, if the music as such interests musicians—Stravinski is already being quoted in books which explain modern harmony—for, without seeking to set a final value upon his art, one may safely affirm that he is an extremely fascinating composer. Quite recently an opera, "Le Rossignol," has been performed, and it seems to open up new possibilities. One notices its brevity, and the arrangement of scenes is somewhat novel. In it Stravinski is now a clever satirist, now a decorative artist who has at his disposal all the colours of the Chinese loom.

Messrs. J. and W. Chester, of Brighton, have opened a London branch at 54, Great Marlborough Street. Several of the leading Russian music publishers have entrusted their agencies in this country to Messrs. Chester, who, besides the sale of music, are interesting themselves in new publications.

Mr. J. Lavery, A.R.A., has presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum the portrait which he painted of Auguste Rodin. He wishes the gift to be regarded as a tribute to Rodin from British Art. It is designed to reciprocate the sentiments which inspired Rodin to make his magnificent gift of sculpture to the Victoria and Albert Museum, in admiration of the heroism of French and British soldiers who are fighting at this moment side by side. It has been placed for exhibition on a screen beside the Rodin sculpture in the West Hall (48) of the Museum.

Colour as an Influence

THE taunt has always been levelled at England that as a nation it is destitute of colour: that its climate is grey, its architecture drab, and the spirits and inclinations of its people gloomy to match its atmospheric colouring. As a matter of fact, no one is more keenly sensitive to colour than the Englishman, no one better appreciates its effect upon the spirits, and its desirability in this land of mists and heavy skies. Left to himself his tastes would run to major tones, to crude colours and hues that are barbaric. Occasionally we witness recrudescences of vivid ties and waistcoats, of socks that mock the rainbow, sufficient to convince us that it is only the influence of convention, the sad remnant of the killjoy spirit of puritanism, which keeps him in grey tweeds and his home in art serges and etchings, while his inclinations run to the purples of the moorlands or the hues of sunsets and poppyfields in summer. The garden of to-day is a refutation of his lack of feeling for colour. Here he masses all for which his soul starves in other directions. Glowing lines of colour in herbaceous borders, beds of roses in every shade of crimson and gold and orange, patches of carnations that would shame the Orient are integral parts of the modern garden, and cry to the heavens unashamed the Englishman's love of colour, before design or symmetry or any other virtue.

In winter, in such a season as the present, how grateful we are for any splash of brightness, in the country for an occasional huntsman's coat, for the berries in the hedgerows, for the dear and familiar robin: in town for the red coat of the wise woman, for the flower-stall, for the lurid sunset which often ends a day of storm. Artists and poets have laboured to teach us the charm of "pearl-grey mists" and "opalescent fogs" as they shift and swirl in the twinkling lights of London; have raved of the beauty of smoke-painted buildings and a sun wreathed in tawny vapours. But the Englishman is all for scarlet and sunshine. Nothing is more purely national than the former.

Many believe, and with reason, that the slackness in recruiting during the present crisis is largely due to the absence of colour and pageant of the old days. Scarlet and brass, the blare of the band and the brilliance of uniform had much to do with the fascination of arms to the man. Its absence and the now familiar khaki suggest cold duty, drills, drab routine and the prosaic side of war, shorn of its romance. How great an influence colour exerts is shown from the beginning of things.

The first thing an infant notices, after the face of its mother, is the blue of the sky or the colour of a flower, an interest which intensifies as its life widens. As those who are in touch with children know, colour has a distinct being to many of them, exists as a personality, with which they connect certain facts or emotions. For instance, to one child figures, and combinations of figures, suggested definite hints or schemes of colour: he learned his multiplication table and mastered his sums by the aid of some pictorial arrangement of his

own: contrary to our sense of the appropriate, he grew up, not an artist, but a keen business man; nevertheless the colour parable still pursues him. To many other children, a black mood, a red-letter or rosy day, a blue fit, or a purple passage in life are not phrases, but real conditions of mental colour.

There is an old saying that the eye makes its own beauty, which would more truly be rendered "its own colour," seeing that what we know as colour is but the effect of light on certain substances, reflected back to our brains through the spectrum of our sight. How far that individual vision varies and how little we look out on the same world as our neighbours opens out a fascinating field of speculation. It intensifies the loneliness of the human soul. Not only is it impossible to share with our nearest and best loved the inner vision that gladdens life or makes of it a thing of tragedy, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility that Nature, as we enjoy her, wears for them quite another aspect. But if this be a misfortune in contributing to the lack of complete understanding between man and man, it is also the source of infinite pleasure in the variety it lends to art. Picture the loss, the monotony of a world in which every painter saw the same trees a similar green, the blue of sky and sea all prussian, the mists the same tone of grey. We fly to art to give us a better interpretation of Nature than is possible to ordinary defective vision. Too often we attribute the beauty we can realise on a canvas to the result of some attainment of genius in man superior to the beauty of Nature herself. The truth is that his vision, his colour sense, is superior to ours. He can see colour, magic tones, and lines, and symmetries where for us they do not exist. We speak of Titian, or Vandyke, or Corot as sublime colourists, not meaning that they excel in the mixing and laying on of pigment to canvas, but that they have at its greatest the gift of seeing and expressing colour. And how different that is in each instance!

To all of us, artists or laymen, colour is full of suggestiveness. To each some special tint has its special significance. Of all colours scarlet possesses most character and virility, and arouses in proportion the greatest enthusiasm or dislike. To some it is as obnoxious as to the legendary bull, it offends their delicacy, their taste and feeling for decorum. To others it is as a draught of strong wine, splendid, intoxicating; it is as the ringing of joybells, as flame, as sunlight. It is of all colours the most emblematic: at once the symbol of sin and of the mercy which is its antidote: it is the language of war and of passion and of lovers' poetry. To-day it floats over every hospital where the hurts of war are being mended.

Purple is inevitably the imperial colour: it lacks the clarity of scarlet, but it gains in depth and richness. It is the colour of age and dignity, and of an honourable past. What can be more royal than the velvet of the pansy, more opulent than a stretch of heather beneath an autumn sky? Yellow and green are colours to which are attached the stigma of a dishonoured name: the first is representative of baser and animal passions, the

latter dedicated to the demon-god of jealousy, yet in their natural element both are full of virtue. Yellow is not only the colour of gold the tempter, it is the sunlight in the glowing harvest-field, in the nodding daffodils of spring, while green is the colour of rest, of soft-spreading fields and waving branches, of the sea as still and pellucid, it lies beneath the sky spent with the violence of a gale: Nature at rest and Nature fruitful are its emblems.

Blue is the colour of heaven and of purity; nothing is more radiant and innocent than the forget-me-not and the eyes of a little child.

White, the colour of the saint and the emblem of chastity, appears to some devoid of life, a neutral thing. But the colourist realises that it is the epitome of colour, the soul of the rainbow in which all hues are blended in a glowing translucence too brilliant for the naked eye to see the colours which compose it. Like metal that is heated beyond burning point, like faith that rises above mortality, the whiteness of the lily shines above all lesser colours. It is at once an emblem and a parable.

"Nullos": the Poor Man's Chance

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

A SHORT time back I was permitted to point out in the columns of THE ACADEMY the democratic lines upon which America had evolved the rules of "Royal" auction bridge. It is true that the end in view has been obscured by a misnomer, but anyone who has mastered the new principles will appreciate the leveling-up effect of giving all suits a game-winning value. Still, the process was not thereby carried to its logical conclusion. Good cards were no longer penalised by being in an inferior suit, but no compensation was provided for a weak hand. I do not mean a Yarborough necessarily; a hand containing middle cards between the nines and the sixes, and equally distributed, is hopeless and happily rare. What I have in mind is a weak no-trumper, containing the value of an ace and two kings. A player may pick up the equivalent of such a combination throughout a whole evening and, let him be the most consummate expert at the game, he may yet be at the mercy of a novice. It was clearly not the intention of the apostles of democracy in bridge to put a premium on brainless plutocracy and shut talent out from all chance of success. And so *Nullos* was invented, an adaptation of the *misere* call of solo whist to royal auction. For some inscrutable reason the call has not "caught on" in this country; one seldom finds it played. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the sturdy British prejudice against encouraging poverty. "Hang it all!" I can hear the average British player say, "if a chap's luck is in, let him have the benefit of it; if his luck is out, let him grin and bear it like the rest of us!" There is something to be said for the argument. Nevertheless, bridge is, or should be, a game of skill, and the more the element of luck

is eliminated the better, in my humble judgment. Howbeit, as there must be many people who share my view, I propose to say a few words about the innovation.

Nullos is the inversion of all the other calls. The declarant states the number of tricks he is prepared to *lose*, beginning with the odd trick. Thus, "one nullos" means that the player has to lose the odd trick; "two nullos," that he must not make more than five tricks; and so on in diminishing order. A grand slam in nullos would be the losing of all thirteen tricks. There have been many changes in the scoring and precedence of nullos. At first they were given an inflated value and ranked above no trumps at eleven a trick. This arrangement was found to give a disproportionate advantage to a weak hand, and a compromise brought the value down to ten, still with the same result. The point has not even yet been definitely fixed, but popular approval, at least in this country, has settled it at eight a trick, ranking between diamonds and hearts—i.e., a nullos over-calls a diamond and is over-called by a heart. In pursuance of the inverse process, the declarant is credited with the number of tricks he loses in excess of his contract, just as his opponents score 50 above the line for each trick he is forced to win in addition to the number which would suffice to defeat the call. The gains or loss are affected in the usual way by doubling and redoubling. There are no trumps in nullos, all suits being of the same value. The honours are the aces, but they count to the side which does not possess them. Thus, if the opposing side hold three, four, or four in one hand, the declarant would score 30, 40, or 100 for honours, and *vice-versâ*. An equal division would be "easy." I have said enough to show that nullos gives a chance to the player whose luck is out. It enables him to exploit hands which, if not worthless for any other purpose, are too weak for an attacking declaration. It, moreover, can be very useful in forcing the other side up to a risky bid.

In discussing nullos with the uninitiated I have been met by the retort that no skill is required to play it. There could be no greater error. No hand is more difficult to play and, I would add, more enjoyable. Not only are the call and the honours in the inverse order, but the values as well. It is the low card that counts, and must be kept in memory. The deuce, three and four are the honours of a nullos hand; the ace, king, queen, the weakness. Not that the presence of the latter, well guarded, should be a deterrent. Indeed, one of the essential things to learn is the distinction between a good nullos hand and what, when a call was obligatory, would have been termed a defensive spade hand. A combination mainly of tens, nines, sevens and sixes, with a queen and a knave, would probably go down; whereas a hand containing, say, a king of hearts, ace of diamonds, and king of clubs, with three small cards in each, and a little spade, would make a sound nullos. A call of four or five could be safely risked, with the prospect of making more if luck was on the side of the discards. A very long suit guarded by small cards is a source of strength. A hand com-

posed only of small cards would defeat its purpose, because the number in the pack is limited, and obviously one's partner must have a proportionately stronger hand. Two high cards only, such as honours, in one suit need not debar the call, provided the three other suits are protected; but the latter qualification is as essential as in a no trump bid.

A declarant of nullos should be guided by his partner's bid in raising the call. If he is discouraged by a pass or by a higher declaration he should not continue. If, on the other hand, he is raised a stage, he can proceed on the value of his hand. The strategy both of the declarant's partner and of the opposing pair is intricate and important. As I have already reached my allotted space I must leave the subject for a further article.

REVIEWS

Trees and Shrubs

Trees and Shrubs in the British Isles. By W. J. BEAN. (John Murray. Two Vols. 42s. net.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the great development in gardening during the last few decades, it has not wholly escaped the tendency to develop the perfection of individual varieties of flowers to the neglect of the garden proper, the ideal of which is repose freed from monotony. Recently the growth of the small country house has created a problem of its own, since it has been rarely possible to complement the three desiderata of the house-builder—a south aspect, high ground, and accessibility to town—by finding a site suitably wooded. Those who have commenced to form a garden upon a bare Surrey chalk down may have more excuse than those who are at lower elevations and in more easy surroundings for being guilty of over-haste and of planting nothing but pines, pines, pines, usually not varieties of pines, but just Austrian pines. Quick growth is a double-edged tool, especially when close planting has been practised. Between ten and twenty years the growth of pines forms a background, charming but monotonous—inhabitable in the extreme to neighbouring flowers. In future years the growth of these boundary plantations will desolate the surroundings, leaving disappointment to the planters' legatees. In a great measure the lack of sources of information has been the difficulty in front of those who wished to emulate the many houses on the countryside whose well-planted gardens are the legacy of a less hasty age. Till now there has been no really accessible work available for the garden-maker. It is curious that in this age of book-making the void has been left so long unfilled. It is therefore more welcome that it should be filled by a monumental work which will make Mr. Bean's name familiar with long generations of garden-lovers. A book dealing with trees and shrubs hardy in England must necessarily be big, but so good is the

arrangement and so concise and easy is the style that one escapes the tediousness rarely absent from encyclopædic works. The freedom from technical phrasing makes the book open to all, and the author's reward will probably be a gradual improvement in the standard of planting. Now that the space of from one to five acres is usually thought to be a suitable subdivision of country property "ripe for development," we may, with the author's help, pass from the dominance of the herbaceous border, glorious as its development has been, to a greater glory of a well-planted pleasaunce. The change will not be sudden, especially as the tradition of the slow growth of trees will not die readily, a tradition due partly to the tendency to plant as large trees as possible. Large trees are costly and take long to recover from the very indifferent handling to which they are generally subjected.

By planting seedlings or, for preference in many cases, seeds, the growth of even the oak is rapid. Moreover, the babyhood of trees is as charming as the growth of animals.

About so perfect a book it may seem captious to criticise the absence of any detail, but in the next edition, of which we feel sure there must be several, we would suggest that the author includes a note to each species of its average growth per annum up to say ten or twenty years. Also a few diagrams of possible plantings would ease the mind of many gardeners who fear to plant in an arrangement of their own designing.

Poland as It Is

Sketches in Poland. Written and Painted by FRANCES DELANOY LITTLE. (London: Melrose. 9s. net.)

"POIGNANTLY opportune" is the first and inevitable comment to be made on this book. Poland's tragic and pathetic story from the time she was cut up by Germany, Austria and Russia down to the hour when Germany insisted on the supercession of the Polish tongue by her own is unhappily familiar. The ruthless attempt by Germany to crush out all traces of Polish nationality is, of course, in keeping with German practice in any country brought within her Empire; Russia's record, bad as it has been, is an improvement on Germany's, and Austria's, after a bad start, has been better than either. These sketches, by an English lady who came to love Poland after a very brief experience of a charming, gracious and hospitable people, are all the more valuable and significant in that they were written before the war and are given to the world without revision in the new atmosphere which the Tsar's promise of autonomy and unity under his protection on the one hand, and the fight for Cracow and Warsaw on the other, have necessarily generated.

Poland, with all her bitter memories alike on the German, the Austrian, and the Russian sides, has unquestionably put her trust in the Emperor Nicholas II, and for the first time for a hundred and fifty years hope once more dominates her people. Given freedom, her future may rival a past which was not without glory.

whatever its qualifications, and no doubt appears all the more glorious from contemplation of recent and present wrongs. Everywhere in Cracow, in Danzig, in Warsaw evidence abounds of the breaking heart and the brooding mind tempering forced gaiety. "Cracow has an air of resignation, of waiting for something, silently, patiently waiting; or is she only silently musing on the past?" These words strike home with peculiar force just now, though they were not penned for the occasion. Cracow would find it difficult to forget her past:

From Cracow, Sobieski led the army of those splendid horsemen who by the irresistible fury of their onslaught drove back the Turk from Vienna and saved Europe. From Cracow set out that cavalcade of gentlemen whose magnificence amazed the Court of Catherine de Medici, and whose accomplishment in the ancient and modern languages shamed the French nobles; and to this capital brought back with them Henri de Valois, the king who later fled like a thief from his royal castle by the Vistula. Here people still talk with affection of the beautiful Jadwiga who, yielding to her subjects' entreaty, renounced love in order to marry and convert to Christianity the barbarous Prince of Lithuania.

To Cracow came the youthful conqueror, Charles of Sweden, and took the city: then, himself conquered by the wise and charming personality of the young envoy of the Diet, Stanislaus Szeszczynski, swore he would be his friend for ever; and in the Cathedral of Warsaw took place the coronation of King Stanislaus, at which assisted incognito the foreign invader whose impetuous affection had bestowed on him the crown.

Many a passage of the sort might be culled from these sketches, eating deep into the heart of all who know what Poland has been and have imagination enough to conceive what she might be again. Could there be a more pathetic note in any chronicle than that associated with the unveiling of the statue of Mickiewicz, Poland's greatest poet, which Russia permitted only on condition that there was neither demonstration nor eulogy uttered? A silent, sobbing crowd watched the dumb-show ceremony. Is it that where Nature "finds a race more susceptible to pain than another, she thrusts it into the most outrageous fortune?" Seven years ago Mr. Arthur Symons denounced Prussian tyranny in Poland in burning words. The existence of the Polish race, he said, "should be as precious to Europe as that of a priceless jewel. . . . What has Prussia to do with a race which it cannot understand, a race which desires only peace with freedom?" Even England, with her free Press, has apparently not always been allowed to learn the truth as to Poland. We are told that a journalist proposed to supply our "most influential newspaper" from time to time with Polish news, but this newspaper was "receiving a very handsome subsidy from Russia for printing articles in the Russian interest"—and the proposal was declined. The precise degree of importance to be attached to that everyone must judge for himself. It is a little difficult of belief if it involves the "most influential journal"—but then perhaps we shall not all be agreed as to which is the most influential British journal. Poland presents Russia with a noble opportunity to-day and a mission which should aim at

the full *amende honorable*; how noble we shall the better understand after a due study of these admirable sketches.

A Note on Swinburne

Swinburne: A Critical Study. By T. EARLE WELBY.
(Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)

WHEN we consider the immense amount of criticism that has been spent on the famous poets of the 'sixties and 'seventies, and upon Swinburne in especial, it seems hopeless to expect anything fresh of value so late in the day. It is true that books are still being written on Shakespeare, and on other poets and dramatists of older times, but round them still clings a certain amount of mystery which piques all students and incites them to research. The one friend of Swinburne who could have given us a volume of new light on the poet's career and work is now gone from us, and, with all respect to Mr. Welby's enthusiasm, he does not give his readers much to think about, or much to thank him for. If all enthusiastic admirers rushed into print the publishers would be hard pressed indeed.

The reason for this book is expressed, rather ambitiously, in the closing sentence of the introduction: "To disengage and exhibit what is deepest and most universal in the work of Swinburne, to indicate how far his work is based on what in humanity is elemental and perduring, is my chief object." In the case of Mr. Welby this amounts to a record of his own preferences, mingled with some mild criticism. It says much for the author that he succeeds in interesting us while he discusses the poems, dramas, and essays of his choice; he has taken them in order in the section entitled "His Career"—seven-tenths of the book—and composed thus a quite good guide to the poet's work for those who by chance may be unfamiliar with it. The best part of the volume is the "Conclusion," where we have twenty-eight pages of better stuff, dealing with the technique, the prose, the thought and philosophy and genius of the poet. In these more leisured and contemplative pages the author appears at his best, and there are passages to which none could deny a nice critical appreciation:

The truth about Swinburne, I think, is that no poet in our language, not even Shelley, has been so completely and exclusively fitted by nature for the production of lyrical poetry. Other poets, his equals, have had to subdue much, and to ignore much, of themselves as artists; but Swinburne was poetry, and his work was not so much his achievement as his existence. This was at once his glory and his peril. There is not a blemish in his work that is not due to his exceptional aptitude for his art. Song comes so readily to him that he will sometimes sing without a subject, and even when the subject is adequate, it is sometimes passed too rapidly through the alchemical process which fits it for poetry, so that in the absence of the discipline of difficulty some of his verse is rather in the nature of magnificent performance than of creation.

That is well said, even though it is by no means new. The student of poetry who has not gone very deeply

into the work of other critics will find this book a safe starting-point for a higher reach, and should benefit by its clear method and sympathetic mood.

Fiction

A FINE breezy yarn of love and stirring adventure is told in "Spacious Days," by Ralph Durand (John Murray, 6s.), which, if we are not much mistaken, will be eagerly read by those who chance upon it. Any Eldorado is a sure lure, and when it takes the form of a mysterious island in northern climes, with gold galore and only walruses as guardians, where is the man or boy of spirit who would not go in search of it, without having to leave his cosy fireside in this bleak weather, under Mr. Durand's enthralling guidance? In the company of Christopher Martin, who has possessed himself of the chart of this land of promise, the reader will see spacious days indeed, and share in many strange happenings both on sea and land. A stirring tale with a delightfully bracing atmosphere.

In "Dregs" (Alston Rivers, 6s.), Mrs. Victor Rickard takes her readers from Oxford to Thanadaw, in Burmah, one of those delightful Far-Eastern spots which too often prove the ruin of the white man. Here Felix Lancaster encounters, for the second time, Mayng Hen, an Asiatic who in 'Varsity days he had previously known and unmercifully "ragged" with all the buoyancy of heedless youth, not wisely but too well. The memory of those unhappy days had long rankled in the sensitive and vindictive Eastern breast, and the appearance of the adventurous young Englishman in the, to him, *terra incognita* provided Mayng Hen with an opportunity for revenge hitherto denied. He takes full advantage of it, and the result must be learnt from Mrs. Rickard's exciting and deeply interesting pages, which open up a new world to the stay-at-home reader of a more temperate zone.

"Shifting Sands," by Alice Birkhead (John Lane, 6s.), is a novel of some promise, dealing more with types than incidents, and the characters the author portrays are for the most part somewhat out of the common ken. The scenes of home-life in North Devon are agreeably drawn, but though Miss Birkhead provides many deft and interesting contrasts between the personages of her story, the book would have been the better for less characterisation and more incident, as in its present form it is rather tedious reading.

A course of ten lectures on "The Beginnings of Industrial and Agricultural Capitalism in England," will be given at the London School of Economics by the Ven. Archdeacon W. Cunningham, D.D., F.B.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, at 8 p.m., on Fridays, beginning January 15. Syllabus:—I. Change in the character of markets; Fairs; Foreign Trade. II. Importance of the Ownership of Materials. III. Planting new industries; Aliens. IV. Farming on a large scale. V. Extractive Industries, and capital sunk in land. Fee, 12s. 6d.

Scenery of the War Area

BY F. G. AFLALO

SCENERY means many things to many men, and to some it means less than nothing, for they seem to travel across the world without retaining any more lasting impression of the spaces they traverse than Jonah in the whale's belly. This blindness to surroundings is not readily admitted, being regarded, like the lack of an ear for music, as vaguely derogatory; but Dr. Johnson felt no shame in caring not a jot for landscape.

The havoc wrought by Armageddon on such natural beauties as attract the tourist has not so far made itself felt, chiefly, no doubt, because it is against the cities built by man that the attacks on either side have been delivered with most frightful effect, and of the country staging the present critical struggle, in both East and West, it can only be said that most of it is such as hardly to tempt the traveller to look out of the train window, since it would be hard to say whether the bleak sand-dunes of the Belgian coast or the forbidding plains of the East Prussian frontier are the less alluring. The day will come, however, when the picturesque Ardennes, which have already round Dinant felt the shock of battle, must be the scene of a sanguinary retreat, and in its turn the fair Rhineland will then be subjected to the defacement of trenches and bombardment. Both districts have happy memories for the Continental tourist, who will watch with regret the demolition of many a beautiful landmark in obedience to the inexorable necessity of war. For myself, I never surrendered wholly to the spell of either. The Ardennes, from Dinant to Bouillon, and beyond, through which I fished one peaceful June, filled me with melancholy, a mood encouraged by the woeful food at even the best hotels, and the Rhine, down which I remember voyaging from Mayence to Cologne, was irremediably spoilt for the fastidious taste by the personality of those who keep their watch on it.

But the effect of scenery is elusive. It depends, as Emerson said, on the beholder rather than on the scene itself. The Highlands were horrible to Gray only because he was a melancholy individual; and only a profligate like the Cardinal de Retz would have likened the glorious harbour of Port Mahon to the scenery of the Paris Opera House. Seeing that Lully must have been contented with very crude properties for his productions, the island haven in the Mediterranean can have made little impression on the churchman who had hurriedly left the capital in disgrace; but, curiously enough, we find the same highly artificial appreciation in so robust a sportsman and traveller as the famous Colonel Hawker, who wrote in his diary that the first glimpse of Ullswater gave him the same sensation as hearing Mozart's music, seeing Shakespeare's tragedies, or hearing Braham sing!

It is in recalling memories of the world-wide war area, from Ostend to Tiflis and the Caucasus, that I am sensible of the part played by passing moods in

the traveller's estimate of scenery. Here and there, no doubt, the shifting scene is so utterly barren of beauty that no ulterior influence could endow it with picturesque memories. A gambler might have broken the bank at the Ostend casino a score of times without finding that unpretentious foreshore worth an artist's second glance, and no mood of elation could lend beauty to the gaudy thoroughfares of Port Said. Yet I know not whether those gloomy glades beside the sluggish streams of the Ardennes might not have seemed lovelier had the streams themselves provided better trout; while the glorious reach of the noble Rhine above and below Ehrenbreitstein would surely have challenged a more spontaneous homage could I but have bent the knee in less distracting company than that of Hamburg drummers clinking their ever-empty Seidels for fresh supplies of Helles or Echt-Münchener. The airy gaiety of those who spend their Sundays out at Versailles and St. Cloud is a fairy revel compared with the beery Bacchanalia of a tourist steamboat on the Rhine. I regretted bitterly that it was not once again a French river. I regretted even the vulgar Kickleburys, whose suburban ghosts haunt the hackneyed stretches of that stream. And regrets so poignant robbed the towering banks of half their majesty and the crumbling castles of all their romance.

There is, of course, an element of scenery in cities, not only in those which, like Constantinople or Naples, owe their beauty to immediate surroundings, but in others which, like Moscow or New Orleans, the first with its Kremlin, the second with its cemetery, illustrate the triumph of human art over an arid or otherwise depressing environment. Those with no heart for God's scenery are, as a rule, readily appreciative of that made by man, and they already have enough cause to mourn the work of the present war, which has destroyed many of the fondest landmarks in the memories of those who would sooner worship the spires of Louvain than the Matterhorn, or who would sooner walk up the Avenue Louise in Brussels than through the Yosemite Valley. They would rather see the Rhone filled in or harnessed with power stations than a single gargoyle knocked off Notre Dame, and for them the dogs of war, barking at the gates of some of Europe's most ancient cities, make funeral music.

On the whole, however, the lover of scenery may fairly congratulate himself that the best of it lies outside the war area. True, the homely cornfields of the Black Forest, with its pleasant streams and plantations of Christmas trees, may yet be ravaged if the enemy is not first brought to his senses, and the haunting beauty of the Bosphorus may be marred just in the spring-time, when its shores, ablaze with wild flowers, suggest a drapery of Turkey carpets. But Switzerland, at any rate, with its splendid mountains mirrored in fairy lakes, with the slopes behind Montreux flooded with narcissus, and the Rhone flowing green under the arches of Geneva, is safe from destruction; and so also are the majestic mountains of Granada and the restful fjords of Norway. The shadowy menace to that other

great tourist river, which flows to the Mediterranean from the heart of Africa, is but an empty threat of an enemy bankrupt in all but foolishness; and it is almost as certain that the incomparable Canadian lakes, beside which I have often camped in a stillness that is terrifying, will equally escape the wrath of war vaguely promised by those whose word, for good or evil, has not always proved any better than their bond.

The Theatre

Christmas Nights Entertainments

HOWEVER sad at heart the older people may feel, the sentiment of the period has suggested that the usual holiday fun shall not be lacking for the youngest generation. All the welcome old entertainments, such as "Peter Pan," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Raffles," "Alice in Wonderland," and Mrs. Percy Dearmer's original and delightful "Cockyolly Bird" are again produced by admirable companies; also, there are at least a dozen new pantomimes and plays. This is, we hope, beneficial to the members of the profession of the stage, as well as to the young playgoer; personally, we feel that if, in the days of youth, the stringency and bitterness of war had been brought home to our consciousness, we should, as a nation, have been better able to anticipate the circumstances which, among more important things, make the management of the theatre rather a difficult affair.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED."

The charm of *Boxing Night* at Drury Lane has been known to generations, and even in this time of war Mr. Arthur Collins was able to make one more 26th of December brilliant with his fine stage effects, gloriously funny with the queer humour of his comedians, and lively with a hundred songs and airs. This is the third year that *Beauty* has been awakened at the Theatre Royal, and although Miss Ferne Rogers then took the part of the Princess Marcella, and Mr. Bertram Wallis is a new Auriol, all goes as neatly as of old, and mirth and sentiment, gay display and light satire still form a delightful entertainment. Naturally, serious passages find place here and there, and a few restrained jokes on the lighter side of warfare are allowed to pass by in genial laughter.

To tell of the fact that Mr. George Graves and Mr. Will Evans still play their leading parts is another way of saying that the audience is heartily amused whenever they are on the stage. But it is Mr. Stanley Lupino as Finnykin the Foundling who particularly delights us; he possesses a remote and wayward style that is at once curious and funny. He is the life and soul of many a gay scene, and, on the first night, shared most of the honours with Miss Renée Mayer, as charming as ever in the character of the sophisticated Puck who has no small hand in the plot. It is hardly

necessary to mention many names in the famous Christmas productions at Drury Lane, where every point has been so carefully considered and every detail of the beautiful scenes rehearsed again and again, but one should call attention to Miss Buckland, who now plays the Beauty. It is enough to say that the fairy-tale as prepared by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Collins is even better worth seeing than hitherto, and will prove even more welcome than the many Sleeping Beauties which have preceded it.

"ODDS AND ENDS."

This does not happen to be especially advertised as a revue, but it has become the most delightful and humorous entertainment of that class which has been seen in London. Mr. Cochran tells us at once that "no economy" has been spared in the mounting of the gay, satiric, sometimes bitter, sometimes stirring and pathetic scenes. Yet pure beauty has been achieved by the dances and posing of many of the actors, such as Miss Lily Bruce and the Grecian Maids and Mr. J. W. Jackson's company of accomplished ladies generally. The occasion on which we happened to see it was not graced by that charming favourite of Mr. Faraday's productions, Miss Yvonne Arnaud, but so gifted and jolly are the people at the Ambassadors Theatre that one does not miss even that attractive personality. It would be impossible to tell all the fun that we are shown during the seventeen scenes; it is enough that Mr. Arthur Playfair, Mdlle. Delysia, Mr. Jules Raucourt, Miss

Millie Sim, Monsieur Morton, Miss Evelyn Rosel, and Mme. Hanako give us of their best with both hands and all the time. The last-named Japanese lady begins the evening with a light and skilful little comedy, "Otake," in which she appears as a maid who, by wearing her mistress's clothes, almost brings about a tragedy for that lady's lover. Like most plays in languages which we partly or entirely fail to understand, the action appears to be of the most exciting and interesting order, and the acting brilliant and straightforward. The Japanese artiste appears again later as the most amusing of all Lady Isabells in a burlesque of "East Lynne," played by the "Allied" company—Belgian, French and English. Members of all nations now gathered in London can forget something of the realities of life for an hour or two in the gaiety and charm of "Odds and Ends" as Mr. Harry Grattan has written it and Mr. Edward Jones has made it musical.

"THE NEW CLOWN."

If you happen to have the illusion that it is a good many years since you saw Mr. H. M. Paull's amusing comedy first produced at Terry's Theatre, you must go to the New Theatre and get your sense of proportion put right. You will find Miss Nina Boucicault and Mr. James Welch just the same age as they were when the play was first seen, perhaps just a little younger, for they seem to have gained in lightness of spirit and delicacy of touch, and these are the qualities most needed to give Mr. Paull's engaging piece of work its



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best chance with the audience. The curious humour which arises so naturally from the circumstance of that cultured amateur of the arts, Lord Cyril Garston, finding that he has to appear in a circus as the rough and merry Tom Baker, requires an artist to carry it to a successful issue. We know of no one so accomplished in this direction as Mr. James Welch. The sympathetic and beautiful lady once of the same circus, now of *the* Palace, is but slightly sketched in, but with the subtle aid of Miss Nina Boucicault's Irish accent, her gift of half-hidden pathos, and her brilliant smile, Molly O'Farrell becomes a very real and attractive personality. With these two players, undoubtedly among the cleverest actors on our stage, it would be strange if "The New Clown" did not run its course in the happiest possible fashion. Among all the various Christmas entertainments, we can imagine none other that will so fully delight both those who have the good fortune to be children and those who are quite different sort of people. "The New Clown" is now given every afternoon, except that of Monday, we trust for many, many weeks.

EGAN MEW.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange has opened at last, and on Monday morning the members sang "God Save the King." Nearly a thousand bargains were done on the first day, and the general feeling is that the Committee will have to alter some of the rules, and that quickly. The members are willing to put themselves to some inconvenience in war time, but they look upon certain of the rules as completely unworkable. Personally, I think that the whole Stock Exchange will have to be entirely reorganised. You cannot break up an intricate machine and put it together again without a great deal of trouble and without making many mistakes. The organism was the result of half a century of growth, and when the Government and the banks stopped it they did not understand what they were doing. It was like stabbing a man in the heart: cases have been known where the man has lived, but they are rare. Whether the Stock Exchange will survive its heart-thrust is somewhat doubtful. Some of the members think that it will not, and I hear on all sides threats to leave the House and establish outside brokerage institutions. Perhaps some of these are mere threats and do not mean much, but they show how disgusted everyone is with the meddling and muddling of the Treasury. One broker said to me that you could hardly expect a couple of lawyers like Lord Reading and Lloyd George to know much about business. Certainly lawyers are the worst men of business in the world.

I do not take a very pessimistic view. I think that the

members are unnecessarily anxious. Of course, a good many are insolvent, and an insolvent man usually has nerves that jump. The rule against aliens has been applied to all foreign members, whether they are German, French, Italian or Greek. This seems hardly fair, but no doubt the Committee will see their way to admit certain well-known patriots even if they be Greek or Italian.

The plain truth about the Stock Exchange and its new regulations is, in my opinion, to be found in the vast hoards of stock that lie in the boxes of the finance houses. These people are determined to sell at the best possible price, and they have fixed the prices at values at which they are prepared to sell. If the finance houses decide to get out surely it would be very unwise for the public to want to get in.

It is calculated that the cost of the war is about eight millions sterling per day. Clearly this cannot go on. Even poor Holland, not in any way involved, is compelled to make a loan of twenty-four millions at five per cent., and to intimate that those people who do not subscribe will be forced, and that if they are forced the rate of interest will be reduced to four per cent. As everyone in Holland has to give an exact statement of what he possesses, it would be very easy for the authorities to make a forced loan, for they would know to a guilder exactly how much each person could afford to pay up. I am assured that the bulk of the population in Holland is very anti-German, but that the officers in the army and the Court officials take the other view.

There was a certain number of markings in both Consols and the New War Loan when the House opened, but I do not think that the public are at all inclined to buy Consols at the fixed price, although they are picking up the War Loan in small lots.

The cheapest purchase in the Foreign market is Egyptian Unified. Now that Great Britain has declared a protectorate this stock is practically an Imperial security. The position of Egypt is fairly secure. There is no chance of any invasion, and although the cotton crop will be sold at an unprofitable rate—indeed much of it will not be sold at all—the fellaheen are not unprosperous. They are peaceable people, quite satisfied with British rule, and the danger of any rising is small.

A few bargains have been done in Midland Deferred—mainly the result of "bears" buying back. There has been very little purchasing by the outside public. The stock seems fully valued, but I think that Great Western and London and North-Western are reasonably cheap.

If the Argentine Republic has some good crops then the position of the Argentine railways will wonderfully improve. They are all cutting down expenses, and as they have spent huge sums during the past five or six years they can do this without injuring their position. Holders of Argentine Railways should certainly hang on.

The Rubber market keeps steady. Mincing Lane dealers have decided to work under the same rules of procedure as the London Stock Exchange. The Treasury communicated these rules to Mincing Lane, but I do not gather that it can enforce them. If rubber remains at 2s. a pound, and I see no reason why it should not, most of the leading companies will be able to maintain their dividends. All companies whose yield at to-day's prices gives over 10 per cent. should be kept, but anything giving under that figure should be sold.

The Shell announcement that the company had done quite as well during the past year as it did in the previous year suggests that the dividend will not be reduced. Nevertheless I think that all oil shares should be sold. Neither Spies nor North Caucasian can export their oil, and they must rely upon the Russian market. This means that oil

must fall in price. Mexican Eagle have done well, but this company is a little outside the disturbed area. In California the oil business is as bad as it can be, and I am afraid Kern River will have had a bad year.

The Mount Morgan report is reasonably good, and as long as copper remains at its present price shareholders may rely upon a 2s. dividend. If the Government, however, continues to take all copper consigned to neutral ports Yankees are certain to put up the price against us. The British ratepayer may find himself a "bull" of twenty thousand tons of copper before the year is out.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

IS "ITS" A PRONOUN?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In his very able criticism in connection with the Dean of Canterbury's essays on the "Queen's English," Mr. Washington Moon says (p. 36): "You make the assertion that the *possessive pronoun* 'its' never occurs in the English Version of the Bible. It is to be regretted that you have spoken so positively on the subject, etc. Look at Leviticus xxv. 5: 'That which groweth of *its* own accord,' and you will see that *its*, the possessive of *it*, does occur in the English Version of the Bible."

With due deference to the memory of the eminent critic, I beg to say that *its*, in the sentence quoted by Mr. Moon, is a mere *possessive adjective*. In fact, *its* as *possessive pronoun* (or *demonstrative pronoun*, as some grammarians call it) is never used in the English language.*

Dr. Morris's following declension of the *neuter pronoun* (in the singular) proves it:—

	Modern English.	Middle English.	Old English.	Early English.
Nominative ...	it	hit (it)	hit (it)	hit
Genitive ...	wanting	his (hit)	his	his
Dative ...	it	him (hit, it)	him	him
Accusative ...	it	hit (it)	hit	hit

It might be urged that Carlyle has used *its* as a pronoun in the following sentence:—

"The valet-world has to be governed by the sham-hero: it is *his*, he is *its*." (Le monde des valets doit obéir au faux héros: le monde est à lui—il est au monde.) But I am almost certain that even Carlyle's greatest admirers would hesitate before ratifying the expression "*he is its*."

Now let us make an appeal to the French language.

POSSESSIVE PRONOUNS.

(m) His	m.	f.	m.p.	f.p.
(f) Hers	le sien,	la sienne,	les siens,	les siennes.

POSSESSIVE ADJECTIVES.

His book, *his* pen, *his* exercise-books are lost.

Her book, *her* pen, *her* exercise-books are lost.

Son livre, *sa* plume, *ses* cahiers sont perdus.

And, speaking of a bird—

Its beak is yellow—*son* bec est jaune.

Its head is black—*sa* tête est noire.

Its feathers are pretty—*ses* plumes sont jolies;
(or) *son* plumage est joli.

There is, however, a case where *its* translates the French *pronoun en* and the article; it is when the name of the possessor is not in the same clause as that of the object possessed.

EXAMPLE:—

J'habite la campagne; j'en admire *les* beautés. | I live in the country; I admire *its* beauty.

* It is useless for me to say that in the sentence "*Its* never occurs in the Bible," *its* is not a pronoun, but a noun.—A. B.

I submit that, even in that sentence, *en* and *les* are but the equivalents of the possessive adjective *ses*.

EXAMPLE:—

"Paris a *ses* maisons très hautes" is an expression that has the same meaning as:

(Paris est une ville magnifique), *les* maisons *en* sont très hautes.

The very remark made by Nesfield regarding *each*, *some*, *other*, *any*, placed before nouns (Nesfield's Man. of E. Gram. and Comp., p. 31), might be applied to *its*. It is, in fact, difficult to see how any adjective can be correctly called a pronoun. A pronoun is a *substitute* word—a word used *for* another word. But *its* is simply a *defining* word. It is not a *substitute* word. There is no other word for which *its* is used as *substitute*, and therefore *its* is not a *pronoun*.

Taking the above into consideration, I cannot help coming to the conclusion that the discussion between Dean Alford and Mr. Moon, about a pronoun that never existed, was futile.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

"A PRUSSIAN LULLABY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue for October 31, you printed a delightful poem by Mr. A. Gowans Whyte, entitled "A Prussian Lullaby." It may interest the author and you to know that this delicate piece of irony is being learnt as a Christmas holiday-task by hundreds of students of English in the schools of Paris. I sent copies to several of my friends, who appreciated its sentiments and found them appreciated also by the young students under their instruction. One of the best English scholars in Paris—M. Georges Jamin, of the Ecole Lavoisier—has translated the little poem as follows:—

BERCEUSE PRUSSIENNE.

Fais dodo, mon enfant, à l'œil tout alangui;
Fais dodo, mon enfant, dont le soleil caresse
Le beau front radieux, fais dodo, mon chéri,
Cependant que ton père aux faibles en détresse,
A l'enfant éperdu qui ne se défend pas,
Aux mères, à l'épouse comme moi,
A d'innocents bébés tout comme toi.

Tranquille tu t'endors, pendant que le sang coule,
Et, tandis que tu dors, il accomplit son vœu:
Papa nous a juré de massacrer en foule,
Sans que son bras fléchisse, et quelque soit leur Dieu,
Etouffant en son cœur tout sentiment humain
Les vieillards impotents rencontrés en chemin,
Les mères, les épouses comme moi
Les innocents bébés tout comme toi.

En rêve tu souris, ô mon petit mignon,
Dans tes rêves tu vois papa, soldat farouche,
Qui dans les airs brandit un horrible moignon,
Témoin de son bravoure, et, l'injure à la bouche,
Jette au milieu du feu la sœur de l'enfant mort,
Cependant que la flamme au ciel monte et se tord.

Tout autour de foyers comme le tien,
Tout autour de bébés comme le mien.

Yours faithfully,

DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE.

Kensington Coaching College, S.W.,
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Special Articles:

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Notes of the Week

"Wait and See!"

THE war will begin in May," Lord Kitchener is reported to have said. In both Great Britain and Germany immense efforts of preparation are being made. There is still talk of the possibility of conscription in this country, but against that it is understood that the War Office has at command all the men it can usefully deal with. Germany no longer talks of Paris and Calais and Warsaw; she is now discussing the virtues of patience. When her reserves of men and material have been called up she promises we shall find that they are not to be countered by the raw levies Great Britain is training in haste. Her confidence in the ultimate issue by this time is probably more chastened than she will admit. She can at best hope to do no more than hold her enemies East and West. At the moment she and her allies are not even doing that. Another air raid on Dunkirk, originally meant for England, has accomplished nothing. French activity and daring have secured material advantages both at Steinbach and Perthes, the Austrians have been unable to stay the Russian advance in Bukovina, and heavy Turkish reinforcements have only checked the rapidity of the Muscovite sweep in the Caucasus. Turkey has extended the war area by seizing Tabriz. Expectancy grows with the already lengthening days, not the least important contributory element being the practical assurance that Rumania will take the field in the spring.

Points from the Peers' Debate

If Lord Kitchener's speech last week told the world little it did not know before, the debate which it opened up was full of inspiring points. There were many references either by Lord Kitchener or Lord Curzon to the fine work which has been done not only by our Allies, but by our own troops; a glowing tribute was paid to General Botha; the lining of the streets of Cairo by Egyptians, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, and Territorials, as the new Sultan drove through, Lord Curzon described as "an unheard-of

scene." Devoted as the men in training and in the trenches or keeping vigil and striking when opportunity serves on the seas have shown themselves to be in all circumstances, the very zenith of heroism was surely reached by the captain and crew of the *Formidable*. Lord Crewe told the story. When the *Formidable* was struck assistance might have been forthcoming. She signalled to another ship to "Keep off" because a submarine was about. Even the Navy has nothing better to record than that simple message.

The Party Blight

Lord Crewe's suggestion that one or more leaders of the Opposition have been taken into consultation in this crisis brought a disclaimer from Mr. Bonar Law. The Opposition leaders have been allowed to see certain despatches before they were published, but are in no way exceptionally informed of the steps taken or proposed for the prosecution of the war. Lord Sydenham is not alone in realising the immense significance of this statement. Half the best brains of the country are not being called upon to serve the country in the greatest ordeal through which it has ever passed. All they are able to do is to refrain from criticism whilst the other half does the work. It is a pitiable limitation. We owe it to the party system, and the fact lends great point to the letter we print this week from Mr. Mark Judge. Since the war began we have buried party hatchets more or less completely. Must we disinter them when it is over? May we not hope that some modified system will emerge which will save John Bull and Co. from being a house divided against itself in domestic whatever it may be in foreign affairs. Mr. Mark Judge's letter should be carefully pondered.

America and Contraband

Sir Edward Grey's preliminary observations in reply to the American protest do not seem to leave much of the American case intact. The truth is Great Britain has exercised her right of search with as much consideration for legitimate trade as is compatible with our national security and interests. How can America contend that her trade with neutrals has been improperly interfered with when obviously that trade has undergone wholly sensational developments since the war began? Take Denmark as the most flagrant instance. In November, 1913, exports to Denmark from New York were valued at \$558,000; in November, 1914, they were valued at over \$7,000,000. Or take Norway: the figures respectively are \$477,000 and \$2,318,000. Can there be any doubt that the increase has been on account of the enemy country? The British Government would fail in its first and most elementary duty if it shut its eyes to such facts. That we are sure will, on reflection, be well recognised in the United States. Bona-fide neutral trade has little cause of complaint, whilst not a few traders, both in America and Europe, have unquestionably derived immense benefits from the war. Probably the American protest has nothing more in it than an eye to the settlement of claims after the war.

German Outrages in France

"Incredible" is the only comment which humanity can make on the long list of horrors contained in the report of the Commission of Inquiry into German outrages in France. The wanton murder of defenceless civilians, the outrages on women, the wholesale thefts of private valuables, the destruction of property without the smallest provocation—all these things go to show that Germany has behaved at least as badly in Eastern France as in Belgium. The excuse no longer holds, therefore, that the tragedies and crimes of Louvain, Malines, and elsewhere were due to rage that Belgium should have stood in Germany's way and robbed her of triumph in her efforts to get to Paris. It becomes ever more clear that the discipline of the German army was not one of morals. Directly the restraint of the barrack-room was removed, the animal passions were given free play. The German soldier has sown in a campaign the vicious oats of an iron peace. As Sir Oliver Lodge is reported to have said: "The Prussian god appears to be more like what we would call a devil."

Dr Kuno Meyer

It is hard to believe that a distinguished scholar like Dr. Kuno Meyer could have so completely lost his sense of honour as to have done his utmost to urge England's bitterest enemies, the members of the Clanna-Gael, in America, to take up arms against her. Dr. Meyer was for thirty years Professor of German in Liverpool University, and was the favourite of all his colleagues. He was allowed by the University to give up teaching German in order to devote himself to Celtic languages, literature, and research. His reputation was made in England. He stated in New York that he had been dining with ex-President Roosevelt, who had assured him the Germans were bound to win. This statement was flatly contradicted by Mr. Roosevelt, and it appears that the President of an American University in which Dr. Meyer was to lecture refused to allow him to fulfil his engagement. Equally has he failed to influence the Nationalists of Ireland. Alderman Quaid, a prominent Nationalist of Dublin, has set down a motion that the ex-Professor's name shall be removed from the list of burgesses of Dublin. Even more contemptuous is Mr. George Moore's stinging letter in reply to the ex-Professor's appeal for sympathy. Mr. Moore will have no commerce with "renegades, traitors, and apostates."

Mr. Noyes Amazed

We are afraid Mr. Alfred Noyes goes far in his own person to prove that we were nearer the truth than we wished to be when we wrote "How obtuse we Britons are!" His letter printed on another page is full of unconscious humour. THE ACADEMY made up its mind the very hour war was declared that Great Britain was right and Germany wrong. Yet because we dare indulge in a very small effort at sarcasm suggesting that we are an obtuse people not to see things from the German point of view, Mr. Noyes is "a little amazed." The poet patriot must have things in plainest prose!

The Last of the Parnassians:

JAMES ELROY FLECKER—I

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING

The young men leap and toss their golden hair,
Run round the land, or sail across the seas:
But one was stricken with a sore disease—
The lean and swarthy poet of despair.

ONE evening in June, some seven or eight years ago, I remember going to see James Flecker and hearing him read aloud the lines quoted above. They form part of the envoy to his first book of poems, "The Bridge of Fire," which was then about to appear. As he had just been making me weep with laughter over his famous "Yellow Book of Japes," a manuscript volume of daring Oxford verses, the contrast between his two manners was somewhat startling. I did not, however, take his poetic melancholy very seriously. We were all melancholy in those days, and I imagined that he was joyously indulging in a Byron-cum-Baudelaire pose, like the rest of us. It was only later on, when I came to know him better, that I realised his complete sincerity. At the time of which I am writing he was staying in a house in Torrington Square. The house was on the left-hand side as you walked towards the Irvingite Church, and it had a dark hall in which a single gas jet flickered in the draught and cast huge shadows. His rooms, as befitted those of a poet, were rather near the stars, and as the night of my visit was the one before his removal from this address, I remember that his study was in the wildest state of disorder. A great wave of paper-covered volumes had broken over the table; piles of them were heaped up on the floor in different corners of the room; the bookcases overflowed. Mixed up with French and Spanish and Italian novels, dictionaries and sumptuous editions of the Latin poets, were odd-shaped liqueur bottles, copies of "L'Assiette au Beurre," and lavish heaps of *caporal* cigarettes. I do not recall any pictures on the walls—they had probably been taken down and packed—but I have a vivid memory of the white glare of the incandescent gas, of Flecker's tall and swarthy form striding up and down amid the chaos, and of the musical, faint roar of the London traffic which floated in through the uncurtained window.

Flecker was full of excitement and enthusiasm that night. This "poet of despair" seemed, more than anyone I had ever met, to be conscious, every moment, of the joy of being alive in a world full of the maddest and most delightful possibilities. In two days' time he was starting for France, with a friend of his in the Consular Service, to take part in some sanguinary wine riots in Burgundy. I forget what exactly the riots were about—except that Catholicism was for some reason up in arms against the Republic—but I shall always remember the glint of the *rigolo* that was to be fired off in defence of Holy Church, and the peculiar charm with which Flecker was able to surround the whole adventure.

Flecker's whole personality had a great attraction for me from the first, and he seemed to have done nearly everything that I was then wanting to do myself. At the age of twenty or twenty-one I was immensely interested in France, in its literature and art, and this interest was considerably greater than my knowledge of them, so that when Flecker talked to me about Paris, which he seemed to know as well as London, he thrilled me. He had been to all the cabarets, to all the famous cafés of Montmartre and the Boul' Mich'. He could remember the words and tunes of many of the songs of Aristide Bruant, or Lucien Boyer, or Paul Marinier; reproductions of drawings by Steinlen and Forain and others lay about all over his table, and he was familiar with the poetry of all his French contemporaries.

As he strode about his room, talking excitedly in his gentle, rather high-pitched voice, visions of all kinds of beautiful and passionate adventures would drift into one's mind. He gave the impression of being entirely absorbed in the art of poetry, in the quest of Beauty in whatever form, in Ideas, and in what may perhaps be called the romance of scholarship. He was as completely "uncommercial" as the simplest of priests, and I don't suppose he ever spoke two words to a British "business man" in the whole course of his life. That sort of thing didn't exist for him. He only saw in the world what was radiant and splendid and desirable, and even the most sordid back streets of towns held their charming secret for him. "A pretty girl came out to hang up clothes in a small delightful garden," he writes somewhere, and it was this capacity of his for discovering "delightfulness" where other people wouldn't, which made his life seem always so rapturously worth living. He had, as he has himself expressed it, "a poet's appreciation of this transient world, the flowers and men and mountains that decorate it so superbly." Now that he is dead, dead so tragically young and of a disease whose latent presence must have haunted the whole of his manhood, we can guess that it was an acute realisation of this transience which lent such an ardour to his appreciations. His fore-knowledge of an early death we may believe touched for him every common sight with magic, made him value every second and live each moment the more intensely. It was, I suppose, because he was so palpably a man who got a great deal out of life that, on that far-off evening in Torrington Square, the lines from the envoy to "The Bridge of Fire" seemed to me to express a factitious gloom. My only wonder now is that he managed to be as joyous as he

was. To-day, more perhaps than at any other time in the world's history, men are being made to realise the peculiar bitterness of death for the young who have learnt how to live.

II.

The main facts of James Flecker's career can be given very briefly. I take them from a short biographical notice which he sent me a little while before his death, in response to a request for information made by the American publishers of "The King of Alsatia."

He was born in 1884 and was the son of the Rev. Dr. Flecker, headmaster of Dean Close School, Cheltenham, where he spent his boyhood. (See "Oak and Olive," in "The Golden Journey to Samarkand.") From Dean Close School he went to Uppingham, whence he obtained a classical scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford over, after a brief experience of schoolmastering at Hampstead he began to work for the Levant Consular Service, which entailed travelling in France, Germany, and Italy in order to learn the languages. He passed into the service and was sent to Cambridge for two years to study Oriental languages, so that he had the peculiarly delightful experience of life at both Universities. He was first appointed to Constantinople, afterwards to Smyrna, and lastly to Beyrout, where many of his Oriental poems were written. As would have been expected by anyone who knew him, he did not let slip the opportunity of being so near to travel in Greece, the country of his dreams, and it was in Athens that he met and married his wife, a Greek lady, in 1911. (His poem "Phæcia" was written at Corfu.) He was taken very ill at Beyrout just before the completion of his book, "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," and the much discussed preface was written in circumstances of great difficulty. In a note to me, sent on May 10, 1913, he writes: "I am very ill again, and probably shall come to England. Can't work at much and hardly at this letter. The preface was an awful strain." In another letter he refers to his having "half-killed" himself to write it. He did not return to England, but went instead to Switzerland, where he removed from one hotel or sanatorium to another until finally he settled at Davos Platz, where he died on January 3, 1915. His published books were only seven in number and were as follows: "The Last Generation" (F. Palmer, 1906. A short fantastic story written while he was at Oxford), "The Bridge of Fire" (Elkin Mathews, "Vigo Cabinet Series", 1907), "An Italian Word Book" (D. Nutt), "Forty-Two Poems" (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., 1911), "The Grecians,"

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a dialogue on education (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.), "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" (Max Goschen, Ltd., 1913), and "The King of Alsander," published last year by Messrs. Max Goschen in England and by G. P. Putnam's Sons in America. These books will be considered in detail in next week's issue of THE ACADEMY.

[In the next two issues of THE ACADEMY further articles on James Elroy Flecker will appear from the pen of Mr. Douglas Goldring. Mr. Goldring was responsible for the publication of Mr. Flecker's two best-known books, and was largely instrumental in bringing his work before the notice of the general public.—ED. ACADEMY.]

The Musical Future of Russia—III

BY D. C. PARKER

STRAVINSKI'S use of the orchestra is marvellous; it shows that the composer has inherited that dexterity in the handling of groups of instruments which characterised his master, Rimsky-Korsakoff. Whether we regard him as a clever musician, too fond of orchestral pyrotechnics, assured only of an ephemeral existence, or as a master whose originality and resource will ultimately win him a permanent place, must be, at the present time, a matter of personal opinion. But one thing may be said about him. There is in his works a freshness which is welcome. The composer of "Pétrouchka" has, surely, little in common with men like Andreev and that group of literary pessimists who are obsessed with the idea of death. Behind his work is vitality. He is a Dionysian. He says "Yes" to life. Still a young man (he was born at Oranienbaum in 1882), he may yet go far. And, certainly, those who have heard and seen his ballets must wish him well. He is associated in our minds with an art which lifts us out of our everyday world and carries us to regions which, while unknown to the geographers, have cast their spell upon us. Indeed, I am surprised that more has not been made of the fact that, after having written a symphony, Stravinski put so much elaborate work into three ballets. While Bruneau in "L'Attaque du Moulin," Charpentier in "Louise," and Puccini in "Madame Butterfly" have turned their backs upon the old type of opera, with its romantic dukes and dames and with its intrigues so reminiscent of the picaresque novels, Stravinski has applied the complicated machinery of the modern orchestra towards illustrating the fantastic and burlesque. There is something to be said for those who, of set purpose, choose to deal with the grotesque characters of a world of unreality. For many people whose lives are spent amid the turmoil of modern cities the doings of Pétrouchka at the carnival, the story of the fire-bird, the dances of Cossacks and of gypsies must be welcome. Scenes like these appeal to the child in man. This is true also of "Le Rossignol," based on a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. Such

subjects give immense scope to musicians with temperament and imagination.

In the ballets which treat of themes of this nature the Russians have attained much in the matter of artistic unity. The relationship of men like Bakst, Alexandre Benois, and the rest towards the musicians with whom they work, is much closer than that of the librettist, scene-painter, and stage-manager towards the operatic composer, except, perhaps, in an isolated case like that of Verdi and Boito. Of late one has heard complaints of the lack of elasticity at Bayreuth and at other of the German opera-houses, resulting from a too great adherence to stage tradition. Wagner dwelt much upon the unity of the arts, but his colossal musical gifts mitigated against a fine balance between music and the other arts, a state of matters which those of us who love the magnificent creations of this world-genius and revel in the glories of his music would hardly have otherwise. If the ballet, however, lack the spoken word, one can only say that here the emotional expressiveness of action is intensified to such an extent that we do not feel the lack of it.

In dealing with Alexander Scriabin we are in another world. An older man than Stravinski—he was born in Moscow in 1871—he also has given the pedagogues much to think about. He arrived at his present position *via* Chopin, and is reckoned one of the most prominent musical personalities of the day. If the public look askance at the music of Scriabin, it is hardly surprising. Temerity in popular criticism invariably arises from a desire not to be duped by a musical Blavatsky, and it will probably be a considerable time before audiences make up their minds about the precise value of Scriabin as a musical force. On the harmonic side the chief interest lies in his use of a six-note scale, by the manipulation of which he procures great plasticity. His most important works are ambitious. About their titles there is something cosmic and Dantesque. His third symphony is called "Le Poème Divin"; its successor, which is not a symphony in the orthodox sense, "Le Poème d'Extase"; his fifth symphonic work is the much-debated "Prometheus, the Poem of Fire." Scriabin is one of those men whom you cannot discuss without alluding to more than music. There is, it is true, enough interesting material in his compositions to provide food for reflection for a long time to come. But a consideration of his most notable achievements necessarily implies a reference to his views on other matters. Art is apparently a sacred thing, a kind of religion to him. Theosophy has taken hold of Scriabin the artist as well as Scriabin the man, and this means that to those who are not theosophists there may often be obscurity where there ought to be light.

"Lost Sheep," by Vere Shortt, which Mr. John Lane announces for publication on January 19, is a story of the French Foreign Legion, of particular interest at the present time. The author's pictures of life in the Foreign Legion are drawn from actual experience, as he served for five years in it.

Our Village and the Roll of Honour

BY A WOMAN OF KENT

OUR village is thrilled to the very core of its being. Our mail man, who this time last year was coming with his van every morning and night from the post town away across the river plain, has been recommended for the Victoria Cross. Many heroes we have had, silent ones who have laid down their lives without any fuss, with scarcely an elegy, for their country; others wounded, sent home and back to the fighting line once more to slay or be slain; twice men have been mentioned in despatches, nominated for the D.S.O., but this is the first time in history that the coveted reward for valour has been conferred on our village. Details are not yet to hand, and we, remembering the quiet, unobtrusive figure of the postman and reservist, are still wondering what was his particular act of bravery, wondering while the wave of pride mounts high.

Recently we have taken an active part in the war, for in our beautiful old village, in the inn where once the Earl of Leicester rested for a night while his proud Queen slept in the castle opposite, there is quartered a company of soldiers, some of them even staying in the grand old house itself. And the quiet streets and the bridge, over which, long centuries ago, the Romans marched to conquest, echo to the tread of their horses' feet; frequently in the gateways of the castle stacks of cycles can be seen, each with its companion rifle; on Sundays the old grey church, where monk and mediæval warrior sleep side by side, has been filled with a body of khaki-clad men, joining in the solemn intercessions for all those engaged in this mighty and most deadly war. Beautiful their voices sounded as they rose to the timber-spanned roof in the familiar Christmas hymns, for we number singers of no mean capacity among our soldiers; and very proud the village has been to make them sing songs of war and the hunt and of love in the winter evenings when the serious work of the day is done. Great pleasure is taken in their society, many the comforts provided for them, and keen regret is felt at the thought of parting with them within the month for active service, so much have they endeared themselves to the life of the village.

The interest we feel in them and the desire to add to their comfort is an outlet for the deeper feeling of the village, which broods over its sons and fathers in the trenches and on the battlefield. There is scarcely a cottage but has its anxiety, shared by every house and mansion in the neighbourhood. Over many the dark wings of the Angel of Death have fluttered. In the quiet graveyard, on the hill where stands the little church that serves an outlying hamlet, under the spreading cedars that in summer dapple the bright turf with grateful shadow, there is a grave covered with silks in scarlet and blue and white, a single wreath of laurel resting at its head. Beneath it lies the hope

of a man whose name is honoured the whole Empire over, and who is well beloved in the village which saw his birth; a proud young life which had already greatly attained and promised greater things, laid down without a murmur for his country's sake. Yet are there mothers in our village who count that grief-stricken father to be envied in that he knows the last resting-place of his son, not one of the least of the sorrows of this war being its uncertainty, the terrible want of knowledge which encompasses the living and the dead across that narrow strip of channel.

But if we have our tragedies—and who has not in this year of grace 1915?—we have also our joys, our moments of pride and of relief from strain, shared by the whole community in a degree only possible to an isolated and ancient village, whose families have grown up side by side for centuries, have intermarried, and lived so closely that what is the concern of one is the happiness or woe of all. There is a mother, living close to the old grey church, who has given her only son, and who first before Christmas heard the lamentable news that he was reported wounded and missing. Neighbours in vain tried to soothe her agitation; almost it seemed as if the war must cost us another tragedy. Then one dark evening a knock was heard on the door of another house quite near, and on opening it there was revealed the young soldier himself, tired certainly and worn-looking, but with no trace of wounds, and, as the woman afterwards remarked, "nothing about him missing." In answer to amazed inquiries, he explained that he had come to ask her to break his arrival gently to his mother, having had no opportunity to prepare her for it, nor was he less astonished than the woman to hear of the report attaching to his name. Imagination easily fills in the joyful reunion. Nor is this the only case where truth has been more kind than officialdom. Quite recently the village was stirred by the news of the loss of the *Formidable*, for did not the brother of one of our inhabitants serve among its numbers? Days passed, and he was silently added to the roll of honour of the village, when one morning the postman appeared, waving the familiar red envelope and announcing, contrary to all regulations, that ——— was among the saved, and coming eastward to Kent as soon as sufficiently recovered from his exposure. These are the incidents which help us through the dark days that inevitably come.

Not one of the least striking results of the war is the increase of dignity in the younger portion of our community, nor is it among the least hopeful for the future. Not a boy in his teens but is enrolled as a scout, eager to work in spare moments for hospital, or soldiers, or anything that comes handy. Not an urchin promoted to breeches but stands to attention and registers a thousand times a day to any willing ear his undying intention to augment his Majesty's forces; one patriot not yet three has announced that on growing up he will be two soldiers, one an artilleryman, another a kilted Highlander! May they all live to do it!

And our lasses. It may be that in days past we have been a trifle casual over our love affairs, not quite alive to the dignity and respect that should go hand in hand with the possession of a lover. All that is now altered. Gone, too, is the reluctance of war's early days to send one's "company" to the recruiting station. Self is forgotten, and a new expression is on the faces of many of England's girls. They have come early to grips with woman's greatest potentiality, that of self-sacrifice. The light things of life have fallen away. The pert word, the trifling and affectation that have hidden more womanly qualities have given place to more solid virtues in many who have brothers or lovers at the seat of war, which augurs well for the future mothers of the race. And as village life is the miniature of society as a whole, let us lift up our heads and walk bravely in the thought of the many good things which counterbalance the evils of the time.

The War Relief Exhibition at the Royal Academy

IN the great light from the flame of war everything suddenly stands revealed at its true value; everything inconsequential in art shrinks in the terrible illumination. But, at the same time, just that which is real in art does at last make itself clearly audible, with sweet consolation, at a moment when so much in life itself that we had put trust in seems to have betrayed us.

Only that work which is natural expression, only that painting which has fulfilled a real need for expression in the artist, can stand the test to which time, at last, or war, suddenly, submits it. In the present circumstances the highly artificial conditions of the art world are exposed. What England has always wanted, and what to vital purpose she has only possessed once—when Ruskin filled the Slade Chair at Oxford—is education organised to fit a man to play with discrimination the part of patron in the encouragement of art. What it has lately had instead, alas! is expensive factories for the production of an immense professional class of artists, chiefly drawn from young men with a distaste for real work who could afford to put up the fees.

The noble history of "Painting" has culminated in this, that it has assumed a place as one of the *recognised* professions; the one into which a young man with "three hundred a year—and an easel," to quote Mr. Sickert, may go with greater ease than into any other. The publication of "Trilby," with its discovery that a gentleman could be an artist, filled the schools of art with Little Billees; men who could afford themselves an interminable training—"whose virtue was industry, and whose industry was vice." The Royal Academy countenanced this movement which seemed to put an artist on a level with a clergyman or a country

doctor. It was merely necessary that the artist should sign himself "Exhibitor at the R.A." Not that this was a right quite easily come by. The suppression of individuality required in the other "recognised" professions fell far short of that demanded here. If a man will get his hair cut, he can go into the Army; but if there is any originality of character reflected in his art, it is his soul itself that has to be refitted before he will see his picture on the line of the R.A. So it comes about that the greatest reputations are made outside the Academy, whether the Academy elects the painter a member later, when his reputation is made, or not. Whatever claims may be admitted of an institution of which the above is true, it cannot be said that it is the representative institution of British Art, the position with which all the Academy's special privileges are to be connoted.

But things will not return to the same condition after the war, or, if they do, the Royal Academy will not endure. Nor need they return to the same condition; the Royal Academy itself has relieved us of the necessity of witnessing a struggle in this matter. It is an English institution, and it has beautifully played an English part in its response to the high sentiment of the country in the present crisis. It has made the first advances to the great outsiders. It has declined on the occasion of the War Relief Exhibition to regard any English artist as an opponent. If these advances have not been met as fully as we could wish, it is only because the artists to whom they have been made are Englishmen too, in their pursuit of a single purpose, the perfecting of their art, who cannot be expected suddenly to change their ground and embrace this novel chance of obtaining further worldly recognition. The question for the Academy itself must be revived when the war is over. It is to be sincerely hoped that at last it will endeavour to justify its State privileges by identifying itself with the renewed aspirations of a country likely to be more than ever democratically inclined. It will hardly be possible for it to revert with its old complaisance to the encouragement of the most trivial forms of artistic ambition. We shall be living in a great time, but after the innumerable deaths in the field everything will have to show real qualification for living.

But two facts in connection with the present exhibition must be kept in view. Firstly, the fine generosity of spirit in which the Royal Academy has subordinated its own prejudices, and invited work from men who have made no secret of their opposition to its policy. Secondly, that the sales will result in what amounts to a gift from the artist individually, since he retains only one-third of the less than normal price, the rest being sent to the St. John Ambulance and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

We bring away with us from the exhibition a delightful impression of sympathetically arranged rooms and of thoughtful hanging; also of some of the gems in the show, such remarkable things as Mr. Sargent's "Rialto," Mr. Wilson Steer's "Low Tide, Porchester,"

Mr. Walter Sickert's "Integrity of Belgium," Mr. John Lavery's "The Green Park," Mr. Gerald Kelly's "Ma-Thein-Kin in Her Best Clothes," Mr. G. Clausen's "Afternoon in a London Garden," Mr. Anning Bell's "The Amazon Guard," Mr. W. Rothenstein's "A Norman Hamlet," Mr. Charles Rickett's "Bacchus in India," Mr. Philip Connard's "No. 1, Cromwell Gardens," Mr. Derwent Wood's "Pan and Psyche." Many other things stimulated us by virtue of their high quality; but an enumeration of names is always tedious, except to those whose names they are, and space does not permit us here to dwell on single pictures. Otherwise it would be a pleasant task to share with the reader our impression of dramatic splendour of design in Mr. Rickett's "Bacchus in India," of subtlety in delicate sea distances in Mr. Steer's picture, and of the revival of a Renaissance charm that we thought was exhausted a century ago in a statuette by Mr. Derwent Wood, A.R.A.

REVIEWS

From an Eastern Tower

The Service Kipling: From Sea to Sea. Four Vols.
Wee Willie Winkie. Two Vols. *Soldiers Three.*
 Two Vols. *Plain Tales from the Hills.* Two Vols.
 (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. each net.)

IF it has become rather too frequent an experience to hear Mr. Kipling greeted as "the poet of Empire," we realise, on reading again some of his stories and sketches, that there is every reason for the title. His travels and his writings, it is true, have not always concerned the British dominions—in the "letters home" which form the series "From Sea to Sea" we have brilliant pictures of life in Japan, in California, in Chicago; but behind it all lurks a feeling that it is being contrasted with more familiar things, with the way "we" manage affairs. It does not follow that the verdict is always in our favour; the observer and chronicler is conscious of being unalterably English, and that is enough.

Mr. Kipling is not at all the "restless analyst," as Mr. Henry James confesses himself to be. Mr. James perceives, records briefly, and immediately retires to his secret fastness to work out motives, phenomena, and consequences, giving himself and us immense pleasure in the process; Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, is chiefly occupied with seeing and recording the outward and visible signs of those complexities which Mr. James puts first. Time after time he proves by a word or a phrase that he is aware of the psychological depths beneath, but he is content to hint at their existence and to concentrate most of his attention upon the actions which they inspire. In this he is true to his artistic self, for his quick, impulsive, vivid style is a medium precisely suited to the events upon which his imagina-

tion seizes. This style is particularly evident in "Soldiers Three," "Wee Willie Winkie," and the "Plain Tales"—which books we suppose most people have read. The Letters of Travel collected under the title of "From Sea to Sea" are not nearly so well known; this fact we have ascertained by many enquiries. Perhaps the admirable "Service" edition will bring many more readers, for there can be few books in existence where the art of clean-cut description is brought to such remarkable effectiveness. Take the beginning of No. xxxv., on Chicago:

There was no colour in the street and no beauty—only a maze of wire-ropes overhead and dirty stone flagging underfoot. A cab-driver volunteered to show me the glory of the town for so much an hour, and with him I wandered far. He conceived that all this turmoil and squash was a thing to be reverently admired; that it was good to huddle men together in fifteen layers, one atop of the other, and to dig holes in the ground for offices. He said that Chicago was a live town, and that all the creatures hurrying by me were engaged in business. . . . He showed me business blocks, gay with signs and studded with fantastic and absurd advertisements of goods, and looking down the long street so adorned it was as though each vender stood at his door howling: "For the sake of money, employ or buy me and me only!" And the cabman said that these things were the proof of progress; and by that I knew he had been reading his newspaper, as every intelligent American should. The papers tell their readers in language fitted to their comprehension that the snarling together of telegraph-wires, the heaving up of houses, and the making of money is progress.

This is impressionistic and exaggerated, doubtless; but it succeeds, it "gets home" to the reader quite satisfactorily, and the very abruptness and directness of the method of attack produces the right note. Maintained too long, it would, of course, defeat its own ends; judiciously employed, it has an artistic value.

Some of these "Letters" deal with India, and, read in conjunction with many short stories, set us wondering what we should have known about that wonderful part of the Empire had Mr. Kipling never written of it. The most painstaking and elaborate travel-books would have conveyed little of the spirit of the great tropical peninsula, however finely they might present the scenery, the dress, and the customs. The life of the soldier and soldiers' society is set before the reader, taking his Indian stories as a whole, plainly and without any straining after effect. Such tales as "Wee Willie Winkie," "His Majesty the King," and "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" form another aspect of the work which proves how well Mr. Kipling understands the mind of the child; in them laughter and tears are very near together, and we are inclined to set them among the best things of the collection; not even the tragedy of the "Fore and Aft" can move us as does the humour and pathos of little "Black Sheep," sorely tried and puzzled. Later on we hope to discuss another side of this versatile artist; meanwhile the "Service Kipling" has made a good start, and will put the complete works within the reach of all readers.

Gardens and their Makers

Italian Gardens of the Renaissance. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE impression left on the mind by Mrs. Ady's book is that it concerns the gardens of Italy during the Renaissance period only in so far as they reflected one side of the makers of that period, the human interest in it is so much stronger than the horticultural. Its title might well have been "Some aspects of the leisure of men of the Renaissance." No one knows Italy past and present better than does the author of this book, and none can write with more sympathy and understanding of these brilliant centuries; nevertheless, the total effect is somewhat disappointing. Taken as separate papers, many of the chapters are full of charm, both in their descriptiveness and in the pleasant anecdotes interspersed; but, read *en bloc*, the detail is confusing and tends to become monotonous. The Italians in the design of their gardens showed rare skill in avoiding any sense of overcrowding. The pleasure-ground was a perfect work of art. Destined for a place of shade and refreshment, as a meeting-place of happy wit, mirth and learning, too great a luxuriance of colour, scent, or brilliance was carefully eliminated, and the result was satisfying to the most critical faculties. This Mrs. Ady fully realises, yet in her book, destined for a similar purpose, she compasses a less happy effect. After reading some pages the senses are cloyed by the perpetual visualising of roses and lilies, jessamine and pinks, by the endless stream of brilliant names, of witty anecdotes, by the impression of opulence, both mental and physical, conveyed in them.

Relief is conspicuously lacking. One longs for a breath of winter, for the cold wind of the north to blow across the garden. The mind seizes on the story of Ariosto with a positive feeling of gratitude and friendship, after the ease with which these men and women (such as Isabella or Beatrice d'Esle) built palaces, designed equally palatial gardens, and in the intervals wrote books and poems and collected priceless antiques. It brings these high personages so comfortably to one's own level that the poet and wit was, after all, no gardener; that he pulled up bulbs and plants impartially in his eagerness to see if they were growing; that, much as he loved results, he never could compass the processes by which they were brought about!

The mists of time are very rosy-hued which come between us and those days of the Renaissance. They are apt in their glamour to blot out the sordid side, the dark tragedies, the endless strife and faction, the deeds of violence, tyranny and guile which throw up into vivid relief the genius and accomplishment of the men and women who move and speak in these pages. Yet it is only by a realisation of the shade as well as the light of these times that it is possible to reconstruct their atmosphere. And this is what this book, full of good things as it is, fails to do.

True it is that these gardens were designed for the lighter moments, the relaxation of their makers; but

equally true is it that men can never get away from themselves, and into them the potentates of Church and State, the beauteous ladies of the courts, took their intrigues, their deep plottings and schemes, as well as the light laugh and smooth flow of rhymed words. The serpent was first met with in a garden, and his trail, unfortunately, has never been obliterated from even the fairest. It is the contrast of the flower and the thorn, of the fruit and the poison lurking in the berry, which lends piquancy to the garden and its literature. In this series of papers on the most romantic epoch in history Mrs. Ady has extracted the thorn and eliminated the poison. Like the first woman, one is tempted to find its sweetness somewhat nauseating, to tire of the banquet of spices, and to sigh after the deeper knowledge of life, even at the risk of losing some of the beauty of the garden.

The Saving Grace

Joking Apart. By the HON. MRS. DOWDALL. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

THERE are many people who can look on life with the humorous eye, seeing the fun in trivial troubles and the amusing aspect of graver things, yet who could never express in words the effect of that excellent gift. The very effort to snare the thought in the mesh of language too often stiffens it, spoils it, and renders it useless—the heavy touch is as disastrous to comedy as to the bloom on the butterfly's wing. We welcome heartily, therefore, any successful attempt to fix in print the thousand trifles of everyday existence which raise a smile, for the very good reason that few authors can accomplish the feat delicately. Mrs. Dowdall, with her deft touch and the contagious merriment which we feel behind all her work, is just "right"; she never forces the note, nor does she descend to mere clowning for the sake of producing a half-ashamed laugh. The theatre, the home, the visits of friends, shopping—all the so-called ordinary happenings—provide her with ample material. Even the minor illnesses which necessitate quiet and rest give her smiling muse a good opportunity. Maggie, the maid, staggers in, bearing an immense tray "with tea sufficient for a school feast; the butter is so shivering with cold that it is only able to clutch a few crumbs out of the bread." The "stern, unpopular cake" stares into the fire "just like the kind of person who sits on and on after tea, and breaks your marked silence by asking, 'Have you heard anything from Annie lately?' and futilities of that sort. . . . You drop into a sound sleep about ten, which is the hour Maggie selects to 'do' the washstand and tidy the room. If anyone has not the experience or the imagination to supply details of the subdued clatter of soap-dishes and glasses, varied by heavy falls of coal and hair-brushes, or of the piercing squeak of each drawer as it opens and shuts, neither will they realise the significance of a basin-cloth left on the floor just where it catches the eye." And so on, through the "quiet" day in bed.

The chapters on Electioneering are very entertaining, and there is one entitled "Just the Usual," which strikes a really necessary note of protest against the good folk who never have an original observation to make, who always say and do and apparently think the same thing. "I have seen people sitting round a table," says the author, "deliberately, wantonly, refusing us the thoughts which the good God put into their heads in order that they might share them with us." They "dish up the same old remarks in the same old way, until those of us who feel boredom begin to scream and cry and throw the food about." Most of us know that feeling. In fact, most of us have been through the various little crises from which Mrs. Dowdall extracts so many delightful comments—which explains, no doubt, why her book, with its expressive marginal line-illustrations, has been such a source of quiet amusement.

Shorter Notices

Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy

Italy to-day holds so important a position in Europe that men whose touch with affairs does not go back more than a quarter of a century hardly realise that at the time of the Franco-Prussian War there was no Italy; that the Power which has been associated for so long as an ally with Germany and Austria, and has had to be reckoned with in all Mediterranean and much African colonial enterprise in the last twenty-five years, was before 1870 a series of small States, mostly under the heel of the Austrian. Italian unity and independence were accomplished by the genius of Victor Emmanuel II and Cavour, and the country has been fortunate since in her statesmen, in both the domestic and foreign departments. How fortunate, we may gather from a book on "Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy" (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net), mainly composed of a selection from the speeches delivered by Senator Tomaso Tittoni, who was Foreign Minister from 1903 to 1909, subsequently Ambassador to Great Britain and is actually Ambassador to France. The volume has been translated by Baron Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino, is dedicated to Mr. A. J. Balfour, and introduced by Senator Maggiorino Ferraris, editor in chief of *La Nuova Antologia*. There is much in these pages which will make it easier to understand the present policy of Italy. For instance, "I have heard it repeated in all quarters that we must remain in the Triple Alliance, but with complete independence." As Mr. Richard Bagot says in a note. Senator Tittoni's programme always was: "Fidelity to the Triple Alliance, friendship for France, friendship for England."

Prisoners of France

Sir Edward Hain has been fortunate in securing the personal narratives of certain sailors captured during the Napoleonic wars. He reproduces the adventures of John Treggerthen Short and Thomas Williams, of St. Ives, Cornwall, in "Prisoners of War in France from 1804 to 1814" (Duckworth, 2s. 6d. net). Sir Edward's introduction is excellent, but for illuminating and entertaining reading we have not often come

across anything better than Williams' account of what he went through as a prisoner of France. Much of it is quite Marryat-like, and it is all the more interesting because it covers so many places in evidence in the war to-day. Short's diary is a little tiresome, and we have to run through long pages of not very instructive entries in order to secure an occasional titbit. One of the curiosities of the book is a copy of the original reprieve granted to Williams by Napoleon in 1811; the document is in the possession of his son, Colonel H. W. Williams, J.P., "and the now faded rosette which was fastened to his breast in the great hall at Grenoble, in token of that pardon, is still treasured by his family." These reminiscences of the great war of a century ago are published most opportunely.

Fiction

WE have hitherto known Mr. Gerald Grogan as a writer of spirited verse; on now renewing his acquaintance we find ourselves in the presence of a romancer who bids fair to go far in the realms of fancy. "A Drop in Infinity" (John Lane, 6s.) is an extravagant semi-scientific story which is not without its prototypes, but at the same time possesses many novel features. The plot is built around the machinations of a malevolent, unscrupulous wizard, a past master in electrical phenomena and psychology, who transports a guileless youth, John Thorpe, and a winsome maid, Marjorie, to the "fourth dimension," a hitherto unknown spot in boundless space, into which civilisation has never penetrated. Youth, under such circumstances, has a new world before it, to open like an oyster; but youth is no Falstaff, and these young people had not even the friendly counsel of a duenna to satisfy the scruples of a Mrs. Grundy. How they fared is amusingly told in this ingenious and exciting story, comic and tragic by turns, with a supernatural atmosphere.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence is an author of acknowledged versatility, equally at home as poet, dramatist, or novelist. His latest volume, "The Prussian Officer" (Duckworth and Co., 6s.), is a collection of short stories, some of which we have met with before, but their interest is as absorbing as ever, and, taken with the later ones, which help to make up a round dozen, place their author in the front rank of the little band who have acquired the difficult art of constructing a short story with finished craftsmanship. The volume takes its title, for purposes of sale, we presume, rather than any other reason, from the account of the brutality of a Prussian officer towards an inoffensive young orderly. There is nothing new in this, unfortunately, for such treatment was common enough before the war, though it may be on the increase now; but the realistic way in which Mr. Lawrence deals with the episode adds to the horror of it. The other stories are by no means all so morbid as this; indeed, there is considerable variety about them, and they show us life from so many points of view that there can be no doubt of the author's powers of observation and his ability in portraying nature as only an artist can.

"Nullos": the Poor Man's Chance

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS.

II

It has been well said that a nullos hand consists of twenty-six cards. A declarant may have a grand-slam combination in his own hand, but those protected suits will be no good to him if the exposed hand consists mainly of intermediate cards. I have in mind what used to be called a defensive spade hand, composed of knaves and tens to the seven and sixes. If this is the nature of the exposed cards the hand becomes a safe target for the opposing play. An important distinction is here involved. No trumps can be successful with strength in one hand. Nullos must have weakness in both hands. In short, every trick must be lost twice over. By weakness I mean, of course, *protective* weakness. The presence of top cards need no more deter a partner from putting up a call than the declarant from making it. But those winners must be supported by low cards. This should be the indication of a raised nullos call, and if the declarant is similarly placed he can then proceed to the full value of his hand. The cards may be divided into sixteen high, sixteen low, and twenty medium. If partners hold the majority of the second, to that extent they cannot be underplayed. But, I repeat, these low cards must be shared, as every trick has to be *lost* twice over. The emphasis is necessary, as I have known usually intelligent players ignore the warnings of their partners and continue the bidding solely on the merits of their own quite admirable nullos hands. This selfish policy more often than not comes to grief, especially because the exposed hand is always the most vulnerable. Let the beginner therefore remember never to force a nullos call without some encouragement from his partner. The absence of a higher bid in nullos when the original declaration has been overcalled should mean that no assistance can be given.

What, then, should constitute support of a nullos call? Generally speaking, protection—i.e., some weakness—in all four suits. Of course, being void of a suit, having a singleton or a doubleton, are the best form of protection. Otherwise, kings and aces must have their sufficient guards. The possession of a long suit in hearts or spades, headed by honours, is no reason for a partner overcalling nullos. Let us suppose that the suit in question consists of ace, king, seven, five, three, two, and that the hand contains two other top honours, both guarded; we have here a perfectly sound suit call, but the hand is even more effective for negative play than for an attacking bid. Moreover, if the declarant does not see fit to go on with nullos, the suit call remains in reserve. Again, there are players who would overcall their partner's "one nullos" with "one no trumps," simply because they hold three aces and nothing more; whereas the hand would be an excellent complement of the companion one. Weak no-trumpers, in fact, usually make better nullos hands, and have come to be known as "nullo no-trumpers." A nullo

call is always preferable to a pass, as it conveys some knowledge of the kind of hand it represents. In the same way no bid should imply that the hand is not adapted to an original one nullos. Just as there is a Robertson rule for fixing the minimum strength of a no-trumper, so there is a rule for fixing the maximum strength on which to make the negative bid. The process is to add up the pips of the two lowest cards in each suit, and, if their aggregate does not exceed thirty-five, the hand constitutes a nullos. Three from the total is deducted for a singleton, and six when a suit is void. The lower the total, of course, the better. The rule is not infallible, nor need it be religiously observed by the expert, but it provides a basis for the inexperienced player.

One more aspect of the topsy-turvy nature of nullos is the importance of retaining the low cards. Just as a card of "re-entry" is of value in a no-trumper so is a card of "exit" in the inverse call. And just as the disposition of the novice is to play out his certain tricks in the one case so is his temptation to make early tricks with his low cards. We can all appreciate how desirable it is to have a master card in dummy in order to place the lead there. The object in nullos is to keep a card which will enable us to get rid of the lead. The objective of the adversaries will be dummy's strength, which is his weakness in the nullos sense. Therefore, when dummy has to take a trick, it should be taken in the most expensive way; it is an elementary rule, but one that is sometimes overlooked. In this connection I may introduce the equivalent of the eleven rule as applied to nullos. This is to play the third lowest of a suit. If four is deducted from the number of pips on this card, reckoning honours as ten, it will give the number of cards lower than that not in the player's hand. It is called the minus four rule. Let us say, for example, that the eight is led. Third player, making the deduction, knows that there are four lower cards that his partner does not hold, and can place those which are not in either the exposed hand or his own with the declarant. Another good opening lead is from a singleton, or a doubleton of low value, thus facilitating discards. Discards play, of course, an important part in nullos. They are a particular source of risk when dummy has a very long suit—let us suppose the ace, queen, nine, and four small diamonds. This would be a well-protected suit under ordinary conditions, but, if the declarant only held one, and the opponents three and two respectively, it might be made the danger point in the later stages of the round if dummy had been deprived of his cards of exit and was left in with his remaining diamonds to play. I hope I have said enough, within the limits of these two articles, to lead the uninitiated to give nullos a trial and to study the many intricacies of the call which I have not here been able to explain.

A course of six public lectures on "Free Will and Personality" will be given at the London School of Economics by H. Wildon Carr, D.Litt., at 5 p.m., on Mondays, beginning on January 25.

The Theatre

"A Daughter of England"

AT the present moment one of the most important works that the Stage and Press can perform is to bring before the public the extremely serious and but partly realised position in which the war of the nations has placed this country. Judged from this point of view, the new play from the French of Monsieur E. V. Miller serves a noble end. Artistically it is compact of faults of construction and ineffective dialogue, but the author has obviously had but one intention, that of arousing in the minds of the audience some deeper appreciation of the machinations and the power of the Prussian autocracy. For this purpose he shows us, firstly, life in Zabern in April of last year. Here an English governess, Miss Marga La Rubia, is made love to by her employer, Colonel Baron von Rieter, Mr. Jerold Robertshaw, and is duly punished for her proud intolerance of his passion by being involved in a singularly clumsy plot or plots which threaten her honour in other ways than those of an *affaire*. When she appears to be in the utmost danger she finds a friend in a French Captain Dubois, Mr. Frank Randell, who is on some secret business in Zabern. Eventually villains are exposed and the excellent governess and the admirable captain are made happy. The whole play is a little too artificial to admit of acting. No one can do more than pretend, but each person of the play has to drive home his lesson irrespective of the art of the stage.

"A Daughter of England" is to be given twice every evening at the Garrick Theatre at 6.20 and 9 p.m., and the prices to be charged are on the most moderate scale, so that it is quite possible that somewhat unsophisticated audiences may find pleasure as well as a stimulating lesson in this well-intentioned endeavour.

"Peg o' My Heart"

NOW is the period of surprisingly short runs; some productions are so quickly over, indeed, that the writer for a weekly paper sometimes finds his hopeful review appearing in print a few days after the play has retired into the limbo of forgotten theatrical things. Personally we did not believe in the longevity of Mr. Hartley Manners' so-called "comedy of youth" which Miss Laurette Taylor has helped to make so popular. After more than a hundred nights "Peg o' my Heart" has moved to the Globe Theatre, where that artificial and amazingly welcome lady seems likely to make her home for many a day. The play itself is a clever composition of well-worn clichés of stage life, and, perhaps, the neat arrangement of old points, the time-worn vocabulary applied to old situations, and the whole-hearted and exaggerated acting of the main people of the cast may account for the general welcome which the public have given to it. For every playgoer loves old-fashioned plays and players. "Peg o' my Heart" reminds us of far-off things like Minnie Palmer and "My

Sweetheart"—vaguely, of course, but quite nearly enough to make us wonder a little that a public which has rejected so many plays of late should crowd to see this. It is now too late to tell the story, to praise or criticise the actors; they have won through; victory is theirs, and all we can do is to be thankful that one at least of the newer productions pleases, and to regret in our hearts that anything so inexpressive, so hackneyed, so untrue to life, should delight an audience of to-day.

EGAN MEW.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange is quite pleased with itself. It has a system of marking all bargains done, not a system of marking the numbers of shares dealt in, as in the United States. Consequently one thousand pounds of Consols may be dealt in, in a hundred lots of £10 each, and the world at large may think that there is a gigantic demand for Consols. We are certain to see some ridiculous developments of this method of marking bargains by a price and not by the number of shares. Some promoter is certain to invent a perfectly valueless stock and give orders for five shares each to every member of the Stock Exchange. Then the list will show half a page of bargains done, and only the insider will be aware of the fraud. There are all kinds of absurdities in these new rules, and no doubt many of them will be altered as time goes on. The unfortunate broker now has to fill up no fewer than six different forms for every bargain he does. This means a considerable accession to the clerical business without a single penny of additional commission being paid to him. Brokers' expenses are to-day very high, and unless they go in for promotion, which is dead at the present moment, their profits are limited. Fixed prices and fixed charges look like seeing the end of the Stock Exchange. Certainly 90 per cent. of the business done in the House before the war was speculative business. Will the four thousand members be able to live on the remaining 10 per cent? I doubt it.

I have just said that promotion was dead; but that reminds me that new issues are by no means dead. For example, Henry Boston and Sons, the well-known Liverpool leather merchants, will make their appearance with a capital of £250,000, divided into £125,000 ordinary and £125,000 6 per cent. cumulative participating preference shares. These shares receive yearly a sum equal to 20 per cent. of the total dividends paid upon the ordinary shares in that year. Boston's profits are certified at £13,000 for the year 1912, rising to £26,000 for 1914. The assets, exclusive of goodwill, are £385,506, and the liabilities £262,750. This includes a loan by Sir Joseph Beecham, who is the chairman of the company. It is a well-known enterprise, and the interest upon the preference shares is certainly well secured. Van den Berghs are going to issue £250,000 6 per cent. notes. Vanden Berghs

are very much over-capitalised, and as everybody knows, they do, or, rather, have done, a large German business. I hope that when the prospectus appears we shall be assured that the Dutch firm no longer trades with our enemy. But Van den Berghs so control the Dutch margarine trade that I imagine there will be little difficulty in shifting the German business from Van den Berghs' English firm to a colleague of Van den Berghs that is actually Dutch.

The Dutch Loan, by the way, is said to have been fully subscribed. The authorities declared that they would make the loan compulsory unless every guilder were taken up. As this would have been a very awkward thing to do I suspect that the fully subscribed notice is a pleasant little fiction, for certainly a day or two back the subscriptions to the loan were very bad, and Dutch financiers were wondering whether the Government would exercise their threat or not.

The Money Market is in a most peculiar condition. Till-money, or, as it is called in the papers, day-to-day money, is being lent out by the banks at one per cent., and even the best trade bills are being done at a little over 4 per cent. Nevertheless the Bank of England rate of discount is 5 per cent., and very few people can get loans from their bankers under 6 per cent. There is a perfect glut of money in the market. This is due, of course, to the almost entire cessation of the foreign trade which is usually done in London. The matter is really serious, because if London desires to continue her control of the world's money she will have to lower her official rate of discount, and this she dare not do whilst the war is on.

There have been a few dealings in Consols, but no one would be stupid enough to purchase at the present fixed price when he could buy either War Loan or India Threes, or indeed Egyptian Unified, which must now be considered as a British security. I am quite certain that these fixed prices will have to be altered. In some cases they are preposterously high, and in others they are ridiculously low.

The Foreign market is quite disorganised, and everyone is waiting to see what will happen when Roumania goes into the fray. Will Greece join? What will Italy do? Also, it is of imperative necessity to Hungary to keep her hold on Trieste and Fiume, otherwise she would certainly refuse to desert Germany and join the Allies. There is all the making of an immense comedy in the situation; not the cleverest diplomatist in England can see the end of the business; but one thing is certain, and that is that Great Britain will have to find the money for all these countries to fight with.

Rubber remains very hard, and is likely to keep firm, especially now that the United States is to be allowed under certain restrictions to buy plantation as well as fine hard-cured Para. England is to-day the market for all rubber, Brazilian as well as plantation. I should not be surprised to see the price go to 2s. 6d. How will Russia obtain her necessary supplies? Probably the Russian companies need from 15 to 17 thousand tons of rubber a year, and they will find a difficulty in obtaining it now that they are surrounded by a ring of war; some will go through Sweden and some through Archangel.

Oil shares keep steady. Shells are now hard at £4, and there has been some buying of both Spies and North Caucasians, but I confess that I can find no justification for the firmness of the market. I think I would rather buy Mexican Eagle, for Lord Cowdray knows how to square the brigands, and apparently his oil-wells have not been interfered with at all. By the way, when will the Mexican Eagle report be issued?

Shipping shares are remarkably hard, and freights keep advancing. Furness, Withy have been bid, and there are people who are willing to pay 270 for P. and O. deferred,

and also optimists who think Leyland prefs. a good purchase. It is possible that the boom in shipping shares may last for some months, but the general bad trade of the world must in the end have an effect upon freights. Good judges look for a collapse within six months.

Armament shares have not been purchased as they should have been. Personally, I can see nothing cheaper in the market than Armstrongs or Vickers Maxim. Sheffield is working day and night to supply all the big armament firms, and in Birmingham the small people are equally busy. Kynochs are full of orders, and the Birmingham Small Arms is working three shifts in the twenty-four hours.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Bonar Law's reply to Lord Crewe brings to mind the address he delivered on the 14th ultimo, which included the following important statement:—

"The War can only be brought to a successful issue if the nation is united. In France, where the danger was the same, they decided, and I think rightly, that a national war could best be conducted by a national government, a government formed from all parties. Here it was not necessary to take that step, for the Government knew that in the conduct of the war they could rely on our support. A government supported by the whole nation is necessary to end the war; but the need for unity will not end with victory. We are told by our enemies that it is we who have caused the war from motives of aggression, or from the still baser motive of commercial jealousy. We know better. We know that we can gain nothing from this war, except two things, peace when it is over, and security for peace in the future. But that security for the future we must have, and to secure it a united nation will still be necessary."

While acknowledging the courtesy of the Government in permitting the leaders of the Unionist Party to see despatches from abroad, Mr. Bonar Law now says they have "received no information from the Government which has not been given publicly, as to the steps which they have hitherto taken, or the steps which they propose to take, for the prosecution of the war."

This seems to prove that Mr. Law was wrong when he said it was not necessary for us to follow France in having a national government.

Fortunately, as a nation we are united in this world-crisis in which we are fighting in defence of International Law. This being the case, surely we ought to insist on having a national government—that is, a government of all the political parties into which we are divided?

Those who object to our system of party government are not blind to the advantages which are compensations for its admitted evils. For instance, the party system does ensure that independent criticism which is so essential for a healthy administration of public affairs. In such a crisis as the present, when one and all feel it to be their first duty to support the Government, surely it should be representative of all. As it is we have a government representing one party, with the other parties giving support from the outside. This deprives us of the advantages of the party system without giving us those of a coalition in which the intelligence of all would be utilised for the national cause. The support which leaders of the political parties not represented in the Cabinet

can give, though greater in degree, is of the same kind as that given by the man in the street. There is national unity in purpose, but there is not that confidence which would result from having in power a national government.

The issues at stake for ourselves and for the future of civilisation are such that it is almost criminal not to avail ourselves of any force at our disposal. As Mr. Bonar Law said, a government supported by the whole nation is necessary to end the war and to obtain that security for the future which we must have. A government representing only one political party cannot possibly receive the whole-hearted support of the whole nation.

We all acknowledge our great indebtedness to Mr. Asquith and his colleagues for all they have done in organising the national forces, but, after all, intelligence is our greatest force, and this can only be utilised to the full by combining the leading minds of all parties in a national government. The stupendous work that has to be done if we are to see established a reign of law between the nations, in place of the license of physical force, must be patent to the members of the Government. Therefore, may we not expect that the time is at hand when, in order to strengthen their hands, they will invite the real co-operation of all parties in a government which shall in fact be national? Yours, etc.,

MARK H. JUDGE.

7, Pall Mall, S.W., January 11, 1915.

MR. ALFRED NOYES PROTESTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I was not a little amazed to find by your paragraph upon British obtuseness (in THE ACADEMY) that your journal is not yet aware that a war is now being waged in Europe.

The writer of the paragraph in question evidently thinks that there is some little trouble between Germany and America; and that Great Britain, in solitary grandeur, is waving a sword at nothing in particular.

Perhaps you will allow me to point out (as you referred to a statement of my own, which was invited by the Americans themselves) that I spoke of Belgium, not of Britain, when I said that Germany was "battering the ramparts of civilisation." Also may I point out to THE ACADEMY (for it is alone in the world) that four other Powers are at war with Germany, and that by far the greater part of civilisation is either physically or morally arrayed against one evil-doing nation?

I do not believe in the theory (first advanced by Mr. Shaw) that we should adapt the truth to tickle the palate of the neutral nations. It is a disgraceful and unworthy idea, and I am sure that THE ACADEMY did not seriously mean to uphold it. Mr. Shaw's attempts to adapt the truth for American consumption were a disastrous failure. They did immeasurable harm.

I know the American spirit a little better than that at any rate, and I have never found that they disliked the truth.

Nor should I be ashamed to say even of my own country that she was guarding "the ramparts of civilisation." I did not happen to say it. But the attitude of THE ACADEMY towards the suggestion is that of contempt for our cause. I am sure this was accidental. But we must make our minds up, one way or the other. Yours, etc.,

143, Sloane Street, S.W.

ALFRED NOYES.

January 7, 1915.

"MERCENARY ASPIRATIONS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In fairness to Mr. Frank Harris let me hasten to say, in connection with your review of "The

Yellow Ticket," that he never saw until it was already in print the paragraph that appears on the paper wrapper of the book. I have no reason to suppose that he approves of it—or that he disapproves of it. Your reviewer's suggestion that he "whines" through his publisher because his harvest is not so great as he would like it to be is uncalled for. The paragraph is an "advertisement." It sets forth what I feel about Mr. Harris's work; and as I am a publisher, whose business it is to sell as many of my authors' books as I can possibly manage to sell, I have not any objection at all to "ordinary people" connecting the paragraph with "mercenary aspirations." Faithfully yours,

GRANT RICHARDS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Greek Philosophers. By Alfred W. Benn. Second Edition, partly Re-written. (Smith, Elder and Co. 18s. net.)

William Morris. By J. W. Mackail. (National Home Reading Union. 1s.)

English History in the XVth Century. By Charles L. Kingsford. (National Home Reading Union. 1s.)

University Life in the Olden Time. By J. O. Bevan, M.A. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

Mediterranean Idylls. By Merrydelle Hoyt. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

The Plea of Pan. By Henry W. Nevinson. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Life and Visions of St. Hildegarde. By Francesca M. Steele. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 4s. 6d. net.)

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Notes of the Week

The Progress of the War

GERMANY has at least accomplished two things during the week. She has compelled the French to retreat across the Aisne near Soissons in order to avoid being cut off by the swollen river, and she has, in a very minor and modest way, brought off the Zeppelin raid, during which bombs were dropped at Yarmouth, King's Lynn, and certain villages. Four or five unhappy people were killed and a good deal of damage was done to property—an achievement distinguished in equal degree by its humanity and its military significance. On the Western front, Soissons apart, the Allies continue to make progress, but the report of a considerable British success at La Bassée proves to be what we can only hope is an intelligent anticipation. Russia has disposed of two if not three Turkish army corps in the snows of the Caucasus, and the sands of the desert intervene between the Turks and their objective in Egypt, where a warm welcome awaits them if they ever get near the Canal.

The Hungarian Point of View

Count Berchtold has resigned, and Baron Burian has taken up the uneasy rôle of Austrian Foreign Minister. The Emperor's letter in appreciation of Count Berchtold's services and Baron Burian's assurance to Herr von Bethmann Hollweg that the alliance is unaffected cannot disguise the importance of the change. The Austrian Minister, who might have saved Europe from being turned into a shambles, found himself as unequal to the task which confronted him as has Germany to the realisation of her ambitious schemes. Austria-Hungary has not even been able to chastise Serbia, and all reports go to show that dissatisfaction is growing apace in Hungary. She begins to understand that in the inevitable day of settlement Hungary will be made the milch cow as she has already been made the tool of the broken Germanic Powers. Hungary would welcome the opportunity of retiring, more especially as Rumania is making her preparations to take a hand in the conflict, and Italy and other nations can hardly hope to remain outside. The "certain guarantee" which Herr von Bethmann Hollweg

sees in their "unshaken unanimity" for the happy issue of the war for Germany and her allies is not wholly obvious to Hungary.

The Kiel Canal

Mr. Ellis Barker's extremely interesting and suggestive article, which we publish this week, on "The Economic Future of Germany," opens up a question that so far has not been considered. What is to be the future of the Kiel Canal? Assuming that Germany is beaten—and if there is any meaning in British, French, and Russian statements of intention, even though the war should last for years, she must be beaten—there will be a considerable rearrangement of frontiers. Schleswig-Holstein will be returned to Denmark. The Kiel Canal may possibly also be placed under Danish control; but, if so, it should be held only in trust for Powers which need it almost as badly as Germany herself. It provides a way from the Baltic to the North Sea, and its neutralisation would go far to solve one of the most pressing of Russian problems. The Kiel Canal was built to advance the Prussian ideal of dominion. It will not have been built in vain if it is reserved for the use of the world in a sense never contemplated by the militaristic genius of Germany. It must be diverted to the uses of peaceful international commerce. It is said on all hands that to get an adequate indemnity out of Germany will be impossible; the Kiel Canal might be taken as an instalment.

The American Attitude

It is unfortunate that the feeling should be growing in Great Britain that the American attitude towards the combatants has not been quite as impartial in fact as in word. Our advices from the other side make it quite clear that there is no question the American people are fully conscious of the battle the Allies are fighting for the world's freedom. Mr. Roosevelt's criticism of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's attitude and action has perhaps been better found than some of the President's friends believe. Mr. Wilson is no doubt anxious to do the right thing, but what he does only irritates the Allies without helping their enemies. America has not played the great rôle in this world-crisis which might have been expected of her, though the opportunity has been obvious enough, as some of her leading and most learned citizens realise. What steps has she taken to mark her horror at the crimes committed in Belgium and her disgust that Germany should sow the sea with mines to the peril of neutral shipping? The Hague Convention, like the Belgium Neutrality Treaty, has been a scrap of paper. Mr. S. A. Bennett's letter, printed this week, may induce all reasonable Americans to ask themselves whether Brother Jonathan has done either himself or the Allies justice.

Ireland and the Army

Ireland has not rallied to the call to arms as readily as might have been expected of a race not lacking in the fighting instinct. The explanation is perhaps not very difficult to discover. Slander is not a desirable recruiting sergeant. A little late, but better late than never, efforts to make deficiencies good are accumulat-

ing, and men and interests so widely apart in ordinary times as Sir Edward Carson and Sir Nugent Everard. Lieutenant T. M. Kettle and Private Stephen Gwynn, M.P., the *Irish Times* and the *Freeman's Journal* are all lending a hand at the good work. Private Gwynn has set a fine example by going straight into the ranks. His literary labours we have all known, and some of us have admired them more freely than his political; the last time we saw Mr. Gwynn he was seated comfortably at the House of Commons luncheon table. To-day he is taking his turn with the rawest of recruits. Ireland is waking up and as Lieutenant Kettle put it in an epigrammatic bull, the real Irish absentee is the young Irishman who stays at home.

Science and the War

Professor Henry E. Armstrong, in a letter to the *Morning Post*, brings crushing criticism to bear on Lord Haldane's statement that "about as much organised thought is being brought to bear as there is in any country." The indictment goes to show that in science as in politics, to quote Lord Sydenham's words, we are utilising only half the brain power at our disposal. Professor Armstrong, recently home from India, has been making inquiries and finds that the Royal Society, the Chemical Society, and the Society of Chemical Industry are doing nothing. Does the fault rest with them or the Government which, when it wants research work done, offers the munificent sum of £100 a year? The Government idea of the way to advance science is to appoint a lawyer who probably knows rather less about the matter than the average scientist knows of the law. Inexperience seems to be the principal qualification for preferment. Professor Armstrong suggests that the Royal Society be at once called together with a view to organisation for national service. Must we continue to muddle through?

Ta-ra-ra

Lord Aberdeen having steered his course as Lord Lieutenant with a certain measure of success through the stormy seas of Irish affairs, has managed to run his name on the rock of Irish susceptibilities by way of valedictory. He proposed to call himself henceforth Marquess of Aberdeen and Tara. "The harp that once" promptly sounded an inharmonious note. There are other Taras in the world, but there is from the Irishman's point of view only one Tara that matters, and Lord Aberdeen, Scotsman as he is, has dared annex its title. Judging by the emotions it has roused Ireland would sooner surrender her claim to Home Rule than allow Tara to become part of even Lord Aberdeen's name. But it is not only Irishmen who protest. Scotsmen and Englishmen also want to know what he means by it. Suppose an Irish peer were to style himself Marquis of Holyrood or, worse still, Duke of Criccieth! Heralds and poets are joining in the fray. Mr. William Watson is shocked into angry verse, and suggests that the retiring Viceroy should style himself Marquess of Aberdeen and Sinai! For the sake of the future relations of Great Britain and Ireland we trust that Lord Aberdeen will give back Tara to Erin.

The Economic Future of Germany

BY J. ELLIS BARKER

GERMANY'S economic future depends, of course, on the duration and the final issue of the War. Germany may be victorious, she may be defeated, or the War may prove undecided, and all the Powers engaged in it may agree to stop hostilities owing to general exhaustion. A German victory seems so unlikely that it need scarcely be seriously considered. There remain, therefore, the two possibilities that Germany is defeated, or that the War will prove a draw.

If Germany should be seriously defeated she will suffer enormous territorial and financial losses. The Allies will probably take away from her large districts near their frontiers. France will undoubtedly regain Alsace-Lorraine and perhaps a portion of the Rhenish Province. Belgium will probably receive a portion of territory which may stretch to the Rhine. In the East, Germany will lose at least the large districts populated by 3,500,000 Poles in consequence of the reconstitution of the Kingdom of Poland which the Czar has announced. In the North the Danish districts of Schleswig-Holstein, and possibly Kiel, may once more revert to Denmark. In addition, Germany may be called upon to pay a large indemnity in accordance with the precedent which she has herself set in the Franco-German War. That indemnity may amount to £2,000,000,000 or more.

The frontier districts in the East and West which are most likely to be lost in the case of a German defeat are exceedingly valuable to Germany's industries. The largest coal measures on the Continent of Europe lie in Southern Silesia, the purely Polish district, and around the coal pits cluster countless important factories of every kind. In the West, in the district which may be occupied by France, are the very important coal mines on the Saar River, and extremely rich iron ore deposits. The iron industry is the most important manufacturing industry of Germany. It is as pre-eminent in Germany as the cotton industry is in this country. The loss of the large iron and coal centres situated in the extreme East and West of Germany will be a very severe blow, not only to the German iron and steel industries, but also to the other industries which depend on cheap coal and iron for their prosperity.

Hitherto, Germany has fought in the full expectation that she would be victorious, and that she would be able more than to recoup herself for her war expenditure by the indemnities which she would be able to exact after a victory. Her war against France cost her £60,000,000, but she exacted from that country altogether about £250,000,000. Thus, the last Franco-German War did not impoverish, but actually enriched, Germany. Trusting in an early and complete victory and reckoning with the receipt of large monetary indemnities, Germany has introduced no war taxation but has retained her ordinary peace taxation. An un-

fortunate war would inflict upon Germany not only the loss of large and valuable territories near her frontiers, but would in addition lead to vast financial losses. Her actual war expenditure comes probably to at least £3,000,000 per day, or £100,000,000 per month. Before long Germany will have spent on the war £1,000,000,000. In addition, the Allies may exact an enormous indemnity, occupying the most valuable German districts until their claims are satisfied. If we assume that in case of a total German defeat Germany will have to find £3,000,000,000 for satisfying the claims of the Allies, and for making good her own war expenditure, the annual charge to be borne by the German people will come to about £150,000,000 per annum, for Germany will scarcely be able to borrow at less than 5 per cent. after the war. Taxation would be enormously increased, and it would fall not on 67,000,000 Germans, but on a much smaller number owing to the territorial losses which that country would probably experience. This enormous burden of taxes would have a most unfavourable effect upon the German manufacturing industries. Hitherto, Germany has successfully competed with other industrial nations in neutral markets owing to the greater cheapness of her wares. The vast expenditure caused by the War Debt would prevent Germany from selling her goods as cheaply as before. Her industries would simultaneously suffer from a scarcity of coal and iron and from crushing taxation.

If the war should remain undecided and end in a draw, an event which after all is possible, though not likely, Germany's industries will be in an almost equally unfavourable position. She would not lose her frontier provinces, with their precious coal and iron deposits, but her financial losses would be as great as in a lost war. The Powers could obviously agree to a cessation of hostilities only after a long-drawn-out struggle.

As Lord Kitchener has told us, the War may last three years. Three years of war would cost Germany £3,000,000,000, and as she could not recover that expenditure by indemnities if the war should come to a standstill by general exhaustion, her industries would still be crippled by a yearly charge of about £150,000,000.

Germany occupies an unfavourable position for the pursuit of the manufacturing industries. All her principal coal beds lie far inland, hundreds of miles from the Coast, and her factories are naturally situated near the coal fields. Hence, the imported raw materi-

als used by the industries have to be carried hundreds of miles overland from port to factory, and her manufactured exports have to travel hundreds of miles from factory to port before they can be put on board ship. England and America, on the other hand, are able to manufacture close to the seashore. Owing to this natural handicap, Germany's industries cannot easily bear the additional handicap of greatly increased taxes. It seems, therefore, obvious that the war will prove disastrous to the German industries and to German prosperity even if it should have the most favourable issue for Germany which at present can be looked for.

The Last of the Parnassians

JAMES ELROY FLECKER—II

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING

WHEN a poet dies, it only too often happens that misguided admirers unearth all his fugitive and immature verses from the magazines and, so to speak, bring them up in evidence against him. Early efforts are dragged into publicity; poems discreetly rejected by their author during his lifetime are routed out and printed; dreary "complete editions" see the light, in which the fine gold of the poet's genius lies buried and hidden. It is to be hoped that an artist as critical of his own work and as fastidious as was James Elroy Flecker will escape this misfortune. Much of his early work was tentative and unsuccessful; some of it was frankly bad. His career as a poet was one of unrelenting labour to bring his gifts to the highest possible point of cultivation, and consequently one of steady progress in his art. His "Forty-two Poems" marked a distinct advance on "The Bridge of Fire"; both of these volumes are completely outclassed by "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," whose very flawlessness and maturity throw into sharp contrast the uneven quality of its predecessors. It was not until Flecker went to the Levant and received from travel in Turkey and Greece and among the Ægean Islands the greatest inspiration of his life that he really found himself as a poet. In view of the wonderfully high level of craftsmanship which his Eastern poems show, some of his earlier verses seem like little more than the exercises in technique necessary to enable him to achieve this perfection.

Of the seven volumes which James Flecker had published at the time of his death, one, his admirable

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"Scholar's Italian Book," is obviously in a class apart, and of the others only two seem to me to have been completely successful and adequately representative of the author's capabilities and personality. These are "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," already referred to, and, in prose, "The Grecians: a Dialogue on Education." There are, of course, good things in his "Forty-two Poems," such as "Pillage," the famous "Tenebris Interlucentum," and the lines "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence," all of which are likely to be favourites with the anthologists of the future. The book contains, also, two fine ballads and several pieces which, though charming, are marred by imperfect lines, e.g., "The Ballad of the Student in the South," "The Queen's Song," and "Gravis Dulcis Immutabilis." It must be admitted, however, that the volume shelters several frank failures—among them the "Ballad of Camden Town," the dismal "Ballad of Hampstead Heath," and the laboured effusion called "Pavlovna in London"—which reduce its general level far below that of its successor.

Flecker made two attempts at prose fiction. The first was an extravagant little story called "The Last Generation," written at Oxford and published in 1906, which hardly deserves to be exhumed. The second was his solitary novel, "The King of Alsander," which only appeared last year, though it was begun at least seven years before. This book has always seemed to me an unequal and on the whole unsatisfactory performance. It has flashes of humour here and there, some admirable passages of rather mannered prose, and slabs of immature fine writing. As a *jeu d'esprit* it is a little heavy; the high spirits are intermittent. The reviewers praised the book rather immoderately on its appearance, but I do not think Flecker himself attached much importance to their eulogies. In a letter dated June 21, 1913, he says: "I quite agree with you; the novel is a most patchy affair. I am not a novelist because I don't really think novels worth writing, at the bottom of my heart. Yet I did not burn the old King of Alsander—it is, by God, seven years since I lost the first three chapters of it on my way to Paris with . . . and . . . of your acquaintance—because it has, with all its faults, some passages which I think rather jolly, and because, even if a bit laboured in parts, it is such a joyously silly performance."

"The Grecians," on the other hand, though sadly neglected alike by the reviewers and the public, is almost perfect in form, and seems to me to be by far the most valuable of Flecker's prose works which has so far been published. The book is supposed to enshrine the conversation of two schoolmasters, Hofman the scientist and Edwinston the classic, who, while on a holiday at Bologna, fall in with a beautiful youth and join with him in a discussion on educational reform. The setting of the dialogue, the short descriptions of cities and landscapes, the quick but vivid portraits of the schoolmasters, are all equally happy, while the structure of the little book is well adapted

to the polish and elaboration of the author's prose and enables him to put his opinions before the reader in a graceful and charming form. These opinions will doubtless annoy the schoolmasters for whom the work is supposed to be intended; but they will delight all who have preserved their love for the humaner letters and who nourish suspicions about "university reform." "Some are willing to let our old beautiful schools rot away," he writes, in this connection, "till they become hotels where the newly rich may consort with the matted nobleman; in foolish calm they await the time when a relentlessly progressive age will hurl them aside in disgust. Never do they attempt a reform which is to make them like their true selves; but they cringe to public examinations and public feeling, and make each unworthy concession either with an ill grace or a puerile flourish of trumpets." In the following self-revealing passage he describes the true education to be given at his ideal school. "Keeping clear before me all the danger I run of turning my pupils into dilettanti, I am going to teach them to be as far as possible universal in their comprehension and admiration of the mysteries and beauties of life. Our Grecians, when they leave us, will have seen, as it were from a height suddenly, the whole world of knowledge stretching out in rich plains and untraversed seas."

Flecker always seemed to me to carry on, with a passionate enthusiasm, the finest traditions of the scholar. Like his own "Grecians," he was "universal" in his admiration of "the mysteries and beauties of life," and his was that true scholarship whose aim is to increase appreciations, to make each conscious moment richer, more vivid, more worth living. In his own way he was as valiant a fighter against Prussian materialism and organised "efficiency" as any soldier in the trenches. He stood up boldly for a right sense of proportion, for a just standard of values, for the humanities; he kept his head amid all the "back to barbarism" art movements of the last few years; he never pranced on the graves of dead lions, like the majority of his contemporaries, nor strove to break the line of descent between the older poets and himself. In an age of chaos he has died a solitary but impressive literary figure, one who though honouring tradition was yet in sympathy with all that was best in the thoughts and aspirations of his own age.

A discussion of "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" and of the reasons for my description of James Flecker as "the last of the Parnassians" must be left over till next week.

Messrs. Nelson are about to publish a "History of the War" in monthly shilling volumes. The work is intended to give in direct narrative form the story of the campaigns, and every effort will be made to give only expert views. Maps and sketches will enable the reader to grasp the nature of the fighting. It will be written by Mr. John Buchan, and the first volume will contain a preface by Lord Rosebery.

Sense versus Science

BY M. L. WOOD

THE unexpected always happens. There is no rule without its exception, and no theory but, when put to the proof, shows some crack in a harness believed to be invulnerable; there is no possibility of applying one rule of conduct indiscriminately to a universe.

The present war has conclusively demonstrated the fallibility of science when the element we call "sense" is left out of its councils. It is a refutation of the whole theory of rationalism, of a system of cast-iron rules based on knowledge and education and progress; it will do more to prove to the world the value of the "spiritual"—that is the unseen—factor in affairs of government and policy than would have been possible from any other occurrence. And it is well that this should be. Germany was not alone in its position as a country where the virus of rational thought was spreading its poison through the conceptions of its people on subjects vitally important. France and England have had teachers who loudly upheld the dominance of intellect, of the reasoning power, of force, as against those subtle invisible powers we call by the names of feeling, inspiration, sentiment.

In the days when there were many deities to worship and propitiate, when many powers were realised as at work in the world for evil or for good, there was always an altar raised to the unknown God. It was not intended as a shrine on which to sacrifice to Chance, but for offerings to that great far-reaching potentiality that men felt lay somewhere within them, and yet outside of themselves; that power which showed itself at times in the most unexpected actions—in an evil man in a deed of heroism or self-sacrifice, in an ordinary low-born man in an inexplicable gift for producing melody or making exquisite forms and colours. These things were attributes of godhead, present in humanity side by side with mortal failings and most ungodlike qualities; but they were forces to be reckoned with—spiritual powers—hence the altars to the unknown God. And these are the qualities in man which, like godhead, are above rules and regulations, independent of the most carefully calculated science, and these are the determining factors in the world's destiny.

Within the last few months the heroism, the tenacity of a tiny army and of old-fashioned forts proved sufficient to upset the perfectly conceived plans of a scientific and highly intelligent nation which had made the subject of war its especial study. The cry of the world of late has been for efficiency, but efficiency without inspiration is as dead as the skeleton of a forest tree without its sap; it is like the mechanical figures of the cinema which jig their way across the screen; the semblance of life is in it, devoid of potentiality.

The development of science, of the scientific attitude, was the greatest attribute of the nineteenth century; great stores of knowledge, innumerable dis-

coveries, were brought into relationship one with another, examined, tabulated, made to fit into certain methodically ruled theories and arrangements. There was a passion for order and sequence, for deduction and induction. Once more the forest was lost sight of in the trees which composed it. It will be the glory of the twentieth century to find out again the majesty of the forest and its beauty—the elemental "sense" which infuses nature, and which must infuse our works in order that they may be immortal.

Each step of progress is another facet cut in the gem of truth, another stone added to the building of knowledge; it is our limitation that at times the brilliance of one side of truth obscures another. Efficiency only loses its virtue when acquired at the expense of spirituality; in the supreme crisis of this war we are collecting evidence of the possibility of combining both in the greatest and the most practical affairs. It is a good omen for the future of those things which really matter—for education and art and personality into which the acid of rationalism has eaten deeply. In the first, information has counted for more than thought; correctness and ability had a far higher value than imagination; mechanical knowledge was a more marketable asset than personality. Education was reduced to system, applicable to the tiniest child; theories constantly arising, the majority of which perish ignominiously before the searchlight of Nature, the greatest of all mistresses.

The same outlook has penetrated our conception of art. Recently M. La Thangue has delivered two lectures on the "Mental Outlook in Painting" and on "Colour." The impression left by them was the glorification of the intellectual quality of art at the expense of inspiration. The lecturer took the line that the great principles underlying good art are fine vision and fine colour, and went on to say that both of these may be acquired. In effect he stated that painting is an exact study, a science to be mastered like the problems of Euclid, by the intellect and reasoning power. He added, moreover, that "great art is that which associates fine colour with fitness and truth." In other words, it is efficiency with the brush, with the palette, and the tube—joined to observation.

All these statements of M. La Thangue are true, but, like the truth of which he speaks, they appear only to display one side of a subject that is illimitable. Granted that we presuppose the presence of that quality we call talent or capacity in the painter (for it is unbelievable that a person chosen at random could be taught to acquire "fine vision" or fine colour with any amount of scientific training), those of us familiar with the interiors of the Schools where this work is going on know how infrequently line and colour and accurate vision are accompanied by that supreme and unknown force which alone raises the work of a man to the position of great art. There must be the "sense" of the painter, that vision which sees the light that never was on land or sea, and can make poor mortals see the same, that can lift them up out of this sordid

life as they look on the world of his creation and see there made coherent all the vague impressions, the haunting melodies, the sense of beauty which in some moments gild their lives, but to which they could never give expression.

Theirs is the longing for what is perfect, his is the inspiration that gives it shape, and which can never be acquired by the labours of a lifetime. All this M. La Thangue may have included in his truth which is joined to fitness, for it is a truth which is coming home to the world. We have bowed the knee to money, we have worshipped intellect and written volumes on the supreme power of reason, on law and order and efficiency, but in the hour of our need, when hearts are wrung and men think in terms of emotion rather than of intellect, there is being raised many an altar to the unknown God, whose voice is heard in the soul and whose message is abroad in the refuge and the battlefield as well as in the picture-gallery and the concert-room.

Science has led us up through many ways to the temple of Inspiration.

Where Truth Lies

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT.

WE often hear it asked, when the present war is being discussed, how it happens that England and Germany are able to take such absolutely opposite though often quite obviously sincere views of each other's proceedings. We say the Germans are Huns. They declare that we are barbarians. How is it that Church dignitaries, historians, philosophers, scientists, statesmen on both sides can regard events from so hopelessly irreconcilable standpoints, allowance being made for genuineness of sentiments in both? At first sight the question seems unanswerable without recourse to the suggestion of some psychological aberration in either people, or perhaps in both. Indeed, I have heard a perfectly patriotic Englishman, staggered by the apparently preposterous views of some great leader of German thought, exclaim almost pathetically: "Is it possible that he is right and I am wrong? Is he mad, or am I?" I nevertheless believe that a steady examination of all the factors that have gone to the making of this war will demonstrate that the English view is now absolutely the right view, while that of the Germans, though wrong, is neither quite mad nor entirely inexplicable.

Let us take first the most tangible of the German statements. It has been said again and again by Germans of high position and great intelligence that this war has been prepared and forced on them by Great Britain, whereas we all know that this country did all that was possible to avert war, and struggled up to and far into the eleventh hour to preserve the peace. Is it simply insanity that prompts Germany to deny absolutely that which to us is the most obvious truism, proved by every official paper on the war that

has been published at home or abroad? Frankly, I do not think it is insanity, but a deep recognition of momentous fundamental facts that underlie the merely superficial facts that are at the moment in all our minds. In the first place, Germans quite honestly believe that they are the wisest, noblest, bravest, best-educated, most thorough, most gifted people in the world; and if that postulate were granted, would it be possible to deny to such a people the hegemony of the West they demand with such insistence? As it happens, they are none of these things, but their belief is natural, their claim entirely excusable. Certainly we should be the last people in the world to denounce the megalomania of the Teuton, for, if we are not its parents (which we may be), we are certainly its foster-parents. For half a century we have been lauding Germany to the skies. Her philosophers, her poets, her statesmen and scientists have been beslobbered with fulsome and silly praise. We have been adjured in a thousand speeches, in a million of leading articles, to copy her in this, that, or the other. From Carlyle to Lord Haldane—which is a long, long way—Britons innumerable have proclaimed their spiritual home to be in Germany. First-rate politicians like the late Lord Salisbury, and fifth-rate politicians like almost anyone else you like to mention, have cultivated German friendship and referred to her "kultur" with respect and admiration. Is there, then, any cause for wonder that this almost unknown people—unknown, that is, to the English generally—after three triumphantly successful wars, woke up one fine day to the fact that they, the acknowledged salt of the earth, had far less of the said earth than their admitted and to some extent proved merits entitled them? Germany, in fact, began to look round, and it was then she discovered that, although our self-elected wisest and best had their spiritual home in Germany, the rest of us had our material homes in the United Kingdom, in Canada, Australia, Africa, New Zealand, Tasmania, India, the West Indies, Borneo, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and in a hundred other places scattered over the face of the habitable and uninhabitable globe. What more natural than that Germany, whom we had praised so highly, saw no reason why she, too, should not have an overseas empire? On that day when Germany first dreamed of colonial expansion, this present war began. For as all the most desirable parts of the earth were already appropriated, it was clear that in the end someone must suffer if Germany was to attain that position in the world to which, on our showing no less than on her own, she was justified in aspiring. Happily, or perhaps unhappily, for Germany, in the early days of her expansion overseas, we were blind to the inevitable, our Governments were pro-German, and events drifted. It is true that South America presented delectable opportunities, and that against them was set the Monroe Doctrine, and behind the Monroe Doctrine the British Fleet, but all that could wait.

Germany expanded; Germany, still puffed up with

our praise, waxed arrogant, and at last, to the joy of those of us who saw a little ahead, and were not blind to facts under our noses, the two "Teutonic" peoples drifted apart. "Teutonic" peoples, by the way, suggests that other direction in which we ministered to German pride. For we were never tired of asserting our Teutonic origin, and of claiming that our greatness was due to Hengist and Horsa, to say nothing of Canute. And we, a Keltic-Anglo-Norman people, were told, and almost believed, that we were cousins to the Germanic-Mongol-Slavs who call themselves Prussians. It was a silly if touching illusion, but it explains much that puzzles us in the present attitude of Germany. But to resume. Having secured with our connivance more territory than she could deal with—for she is not a colonising genius; even the spiritual-homers do not claim that for her—Germany began to cast eyes on lands nearer home in Asia Minor and Northern Africa; and who barred the way? Who but her British cousins and admirers, suddenly become sane? For that is the fact—after half a century's lunacy we became quite sane. But we had driven Germany mad, with the results we see. Unintentionally, no doubt, but none the less surely, we did start this war when we ministered to German pride and winked at her wicked diplomacy. When the entente was established the gage was thrown down; but Germany, bemused by our continued praise of her "Kultur," could not believe that we should ever fight against our "kin," however less than kind they proved; and on the day that Sir Edward Grey declared war the amazement of the German Foreign Office was as genuine as it was justified. The German professor who declares that England has forced this war on Germany may be mad, but he is sanity itself compared with the British "philosophers" who, after Germany became a world-power and a sea-power, still maintained that the inevitable clash between the two Empires was unthinkable, and that it was our destiny to dodder down the ages in unnatural alliance with a rival with whom we had not one thought, one hope, one quality in common. We are entitled to call the Germans "Huns" for the crimes they have committed against civilisation. Are they entitled to call us barbarians for assisting to wreck a "spiritual home"? Perhaps they are.

A Call

THERE'S a strange wild call that sometimes comes to the hearts of men,
A passionate call by no language expressed, nor uttered by spoken word;
'Tis a swift lone call with a pulsing thrill and a world of exulting power;
And the wander-thirst can never be slaked
When a passion like this has once been waked;
No heart can lie still at the sound of it, no heart lie quiet when the call is heard,
Never again can a heart find rest when the uttermost depths of its being are stirred.

But it's: "Up and away, for the world is wide!"
The wind will veer with the turn of the tide,
The moon will rise with the set of the sun,
The great stars glimmer out one by one.
Away go the ships with their pulses a-quiver;
The west is agloom by a changeless decree,
The east is a gleam with a radiance to be,
And the widening mouth of the old grey river
Aflash with the sea!

Whence does it come, this rapturous call that words cannot express?
Is it born of the silence—conceived in the naming of things without speech?—
From a heart to a heart—an inscrutable Something—a sympathy sealed with a look?
A measureless music—a voice without tone?—
All this and much more; for have we not known
The roar of the great long rollers, the pebbly splash of the surf on the beach,
The swish and gurgle of foam at the bows as it ripples away in a long white reach?

Then it's: "Up and away, for the world is round!"
O follow the call of the Outward Bound!
The swift scudding clouds are all shadowy white;
Sail out to the infinite windy night!
The lights on the coast but distantly glimmer,
The North is aflash with her icicle towers,
The South is aflush with the breath of warm flowers,
Astern the dark headlands loom dimmer and dimmer,
Ahead is the sea!

What is this call, this clarion call of such passion and power—
This cry to go forth—to arise and be free?—who have known it or heard?
Who have replied to it? Lovers of Liberty—fearless, inspired by the rapture of Youth!—
By the hand of the Master Musician marooned
On the Isle of Unrest, and there faultlessly tuned
To respond to the great vibrations, the thrill and the pulse and the joy that are stirred
By the wild song of Freedom, as glorious and glad as the song of the thunder, the breeze, or the bird!

And it's: "Up and away, for the world is vast!"
O hark to the call of the breeze and the blast!—
The splendour, the beauty, the clamour, the crash—
The roll and the roar, and the hiss and the flash—
The voice of the tempest, hoarse, vibrant, and hollow!
Above is the great windy darkness—the light,
Below is the sound and the motion and might,
Afar the horizon is bidding us follow
The Call of the Sea!

HELEN JONES.

At the Royal Society of Arts, on Wednesday next January 27, the Hon. John Collier will lecture on "Portrait Painting."

REVIEWS

Where Armageddon Began

The Balkan Cockpit. By W. H. CRAWFURD PRICE.
(Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. CRAWFURD PRICE has within certain limitations made a most useful contribution to our knowledge of the two Balkan wars—that in which Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria joined hands to rend the Turk, and that in which Greece and Serbia fought Bulgaria over the division of the spoils. Nothing can, of course, excuse the Bulgarian atrocities which converted the second conflict from a tragic quarrel among quondam allies into ghastly butchery and wanton destruction of life and property. Bulgaria came so badly out the second war that many a long day will elapse before her doings are forgotten. On the other hand, we are not sure that Greece and Serbia were quite as fully entitled to admiration as Mr. Crawford Price would have us believe. It can only be said that he states his case most forcibly, and writes with inside knowledge of much that happened on the Greek side. His account of the Greek and Bulgarian wrangle over Salonika and Nigrita goes far to convince us that Greece through energy and pluck got in first, and drove the Bulgarians, who looked to wear all the laurels, to madness in consequence.

Some of Mr. Price's pages make very picturesque reading. Those devoted to Serbian efforts against the Turk will be especially interesting to people who have not perhaps quite understood the military qualities Serbia has shown in facing the strength and numbers of Austria. Take the desperate fight at Prilip, where the Serbs secured position after position from the Turks at the point of the bayonet, and lost nearly 2,000 in killed and wounded. "The Serbian peasant is a simple idealist steeped in tradition and superstition," and a schoolmaster, serving as a private, explained to Mr. Price why they showed "such tremendous *élan*" after their gruelling at Koumenovo: "During the combat," he said, "we all saw St. Sava robed in white, and seated in a white chariot drawn by white horses, leading us on to victory!" That, as Mr. Price says, was a strange story to hear from the mouth of a warrior and a man of education in the twentieth century. There is also the story of Marko Kraliévitich, the national hero, who, with his horse still lives in a cave near by Prilip. The Serbian soldiers fully believe the romantic legend which tells how Marko and his steed will reappear and guide them to victory against the Turk. Such traditions, Mr. Price considers, are more potent instruments than modern shrapnel. They certainly lend a welcome touch of romance to the often sordid record of the Balkan imbroglio.

Mr. Price has clearly been at immense pains in the collection and preparation of his material, and, as he knows the countries concerned pretty thoroughly, his book is deserving of more than superficial attention by all who are interested not merely in the future of

the Balkan States but of nations generally. As the present world-war was due entirely to events in the Balkans, the book has the further value that it shows the conditions which largely made Armageddon inevitable. "War is hell," wrote Mr. Price, after witnessing the scenes in the Balkan cockpit. The horrors and agony of 1912-13 seemed to provide a warning against their repetition over a wider area; the fact that the warning went unheeded may well make humanity despair of that abiding peace to which it ever looks forward.

Poets of Peace and War

Children of Love. By HAROLD MONRO. *Sing-songs of the War.* By MAURICE HEWLETT. (The Poetry Bookshop. 6d. each, net.) *The Winnowing Fan.* By LAURENCE BINYON. (Elkin Mathews. 1s.) *Poems of War and Peace.* By S. GERTRUDE FORD. (Erskine Macdonald. 1s.) *The Silk-hat Soldier.* By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. (John Lane. 1s.) *War Poems.* By JESSIE POPE. (Grant Richards. 1s.)

It is with a sigh of relief that we turn from the rigours and rumours of the daily papers and the stream of topical books to consider some recent verse. Not entirely, perhaps, is this a change, for our poets cannot possibly neglect affairs of war; but, at any rate, there is a chance of music and melody. We take Mr. Harold Monro first, because in some respects his work is the most striking of this group. He is sparing with his music, certainly; in "The Poets are Waiting" he asks: "To what God shall we chant our songs of battle? The professional poets are measuring their thoughts for felicitous sonnets; they try them and fit them like honest tailors cutting material for fashion-plate suits." This he splits up into ten short lines, the effect being anything but poetic; but he is not to be judged by such rebellions against the old, sweet shackles of rhyme. His poem "Youth in Arms" begins on a charming note:

Happy boy, happy boy,
David the immortal-willed,
Youth a thousand thousand times
Slain, but not once killed,
Swaggering again to-day
In the old contemptuous way . . .

There are some wonderfully fine descriptive poems in this thin volume, and one exquisite fireside study, full of sad beauty, entitled "Hearthstone." We feel, as we read, that it will be a matter for great regret if a true poet allows himself to be spoiled by any new craze for "realism"—too often an excuse for ugly, lazy work.

From the "Poetry Bookshop"—an enterprise which we are glad to know is only hindered, not stopped, by the general depression in literary matters—comes Mr. Hewlett's booklet of war-songs. Humour and pathos are blended here; "Brave Words from Kiel," a dialogue between a Teuton publicist and a British sailor, is exceedingly amusing; and Mr. Hewlett shows his

mastery of a swinging rhythm in nearly every page. The muse of Mr. Binyon is graver, more scholarly. All his poems deal with some aspect of the war, but they are careful, austere, polished; also many of them are strong and impressive. "The Fourth of August" is typical:

Now in thy splendour go before us,
Spirit of England, ardent-eyed,
Enkindle this dear earth that bore us,
In the hour of peril purified.

The cares we hugged drop out of vision,
Our hearts with deeper thoughts dilate;
We step from days of sour division
Into the grandeur of our fate.

Though we must say that the rhyming of "vision" with "division" gives us rather a twinge—coming from Mr. Binyon. The poems "To Women" and "To the Belgians" are thrilling, and to most critical readers will seem the best in the book.

It is something to have written a good sonnet, and Miss Gertrude Ford's "Prayer for the Fleet" is a very fine Shakespearean sonnet indeed, well knit and finely thought out. The rest of her poems are not nearly on this high level; the serious rondeaus fail to appeal, as might be anticipated, and in "The Soldier's Mother" one is compelled to ask whether a grief-stricken woman would use such terms as "fiery holocaust" and "flaming havoc," or talk about shattered temples and "myriad murders." Miss Ford is not a severe critic of her own lines; but, knowing other work of hers, we hope for a selection of her best poems later on.

Mr. Richard le Gallienne has taken the frill from his pen and written some poetry without too much prettiness, and we like him the better for it. His "Cry of the Little Peoples," which runs through several pages, is moving in its simplicity:

We ask not coaling-stations, nor ports in the China seas—
We leave to the big-child nations such rivalries as these.

We have learned the lesson of time, and we know three
things of worth:

Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

O leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,
A little grass, and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree;

O leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky,
To drive our mills, and to carry our wood, and to ripple
by . . .

The note changes to a quality of sternness as the couplets move on, and the result is a dignified poem which far exceeds in value the dainty trifles of former years. Other stanzas in this volume betray the alteration of mood. Is it possible that the war is going to turn Mr. le Gallienne into a real live poet? If so, we hope he will throw his roses and ruffles away—he has played with them long enough; they have grown faded and dusty, and his nightingales are tired of singing. In this book, at any rate, there is unmistakable poetry, and more must surely come from the same refreshed source.

Of Miss Jessie Pope's "War Poems" little need be

said. They are well known already, and, as a rule stand above the level of average verse. Occasionally we find awkward phrasing; in "The Zeppelin Armada" two lines occur which are simply clumsy:

A well-equipped and handy air patrol
Would circumvent an aerial attack.

Too bad even for second-rate topical verse! However, in many other lyrics Miss Pope is clever, witty, and earnest; the general effect is good, and we wish all war-poets were as rhythmical.

The Musical Future of Russia—IV

BY D. C. PARKER

(Conclusion.)

THERE is, of course, nothing novel in music being thus wedded to religious ideas and philosophical schemes, as in the case of Scriabin. Theosophists, indeed, tell us that the loss of Wotan's eye has a particular meaning for them. The works of Wagner's maturity were inextricably interwoven with philosophical ideas. It seemed impossible to explain either the personality or the musicianship of Wagner without copious reference to Schopenhauer's teachings concerning the renunciation of life, the longing for the great void ("Tristan and Isolde"), to Nietzsche and the Will to Power ("Siegfried"), to Buddhism ("Parsifal"). But the necessity of having to take into account such considerations tends to widen the range of discussion. Even to-day musicians are not quite sure how much importance to attach to the mysterious connection which "The Magic Flute" has with freemasonry. But Mozart's opera and Wagner's music-dramas have come to be regarded as music, and it is their musical value which has kept them alive. Whether it will ultimately be the same with Scriabin it is impossible to say, but the point is interesting. Apart from his religious-philosophical theories, Scriabin dreams of a union of the arts of a different nature from that for which Wagner worked. His scheme includes colour and perfume.*

Whatever we may think of all this and of his music as such, there is no doubt about his originality. With Schönberg and Strauss he forms the musical trinity concerning whom much ink is being spilt. Schönberg is a more purely musical enigma. The problems surrounding the notorious "Five Orchestral Pieces" and the "Gurre-Lieder" are problems mainly for the musician. Compared to Scriabin and Schönberg Strauss is easily understood, for of all the prominent moderns he is the one in whose works the relationship to the past is more clearly apparent. He is the lineal descendant of Liszt and Wagner. Scriabin is, I take

* Is it at the dictates of some subtle instinct that Erik Satie has some of his pieces printed in red? Compare also Liszt's idea of blending picture and sound, a scheme which occupied his mind when he was composing his "Dante" symphony.

it, one of those composers not easily comprehended by the large public. It would seem as though his music could be understood only by those who have both musical perception and spiritual understanding. About him, as about the modern Russians generally, there must be various opinions. The artist draws his strength from many sources: from Sinai law, from Olympus wisdom, from Parnassus inspiration. And while to the majority the latest manifestations of modernity must appear as the freakish fancies of glorious fad-dists, or, perhaps, of "characters" with a spark of the divine fire, it is our bounden duty to follow their activities with that assiduity from which alone can emerge, in its appointed season, the appreciation which is born of knowledge.

With the new art comes the new interpreter. Many people used to deplore the fact that the vocal virtuoso of the Rossini-Bellini-Donizetti days was no more. With the rise of the Wagnerian music-drama a new type of operatic artist appeared. Similarly, our introduction to the Russian operas is inseparably associated with Chaliapin. To say this is not to disparage other singers; but Chaliapin is unique. He is a singer who can act. He appeals to you more by his intelligence than by his voice. Like Gorki, the former kvass-seller, he is a son of the people. And mention of his name and those of Kousnetzoff, Baklanoff, and Paul Andreev reminds us that we may confidently expect many fine interpreters from the Russia of the future.

Perhaps enough has been said to show that great interest surrounds the doings of contemporary Russian musicians. Those of us who are not constitutionally antipathetic to new manifestations will watch the inevitable development closely. In addition to those writers already referred to Rheinhold Glière (a pupil of Arensky, Ippolitov-Ivanov and Taneïew), Tscherepnin, Medtver and Rachmaninoff are well known already. Travellers speak of the fascination of Russia. To the intellectual wanderer, to the student who makes his way through the mazes of modern music Russia is quite as fascinating as she appears to those who view her physical features. For she kindles the imagination and, beyond the intricacies of the score, we see all the life of a great Empire with its teeming millions, and catch the echo of those winding waters of the Volga so long consecrated in song and story.

The war in Europe has made it impossible to carry through the arrangements for the Fifth International Congress of Philosophy, which was to have been held in London in September, 1915. Before last July the arrangements for the meeting had, to a great extent, been completed. In announcing the abandonment of the Congress, the members of the General Organising Committee express an earnest hope that the confederacy of the entire philosophical world will not be set aside for a longer time than outward circumstances render absolutely imperative. They are returning the subscriptions of members, but pledge themselves, as soon as possible after peace is restored, to promote the continuance of this international bond

The Case of the Public Schools

By S. P. B. MAIS.

THE entire Press having made a dead set against the playing of professional football, it seems only natural that each man should attack his neighbour for "slacking" and shirking when he finds him employed in his spare time in any action savouring of enjoyment. Why have horse-racing; why are people still seen playing golf; why are the theatres still open? All these and other questions are being bandied about, and have apparently led to that extraordinary photograph in a recent number of the *Bystander*, which depicted three present burly Etonians after a game of football, a footnote pertinently asking, as a rider, why they and their like are not at the front. Fancy Public Schools still playing football, the very men who should lead us in emergencies still continuing their old fetish of games, undisturbed by all these repeated calls of patriotism! "A crying shame; a disgrace to the nation," so runs the indictment.

As a rule, we of the Public Schools run the gauntlet of much ignorant but scathing criticism without attempting to retaliate or to defend ourselves. That there are sad abuses in the system we know; but we neither spread abroad our vices nor talk about our virtues; we are equally unaffected by sentimental panegyric or puerile hostility: it is considered "bad form" to discuss our merits or deficiencies in public; but there comes a time when plain speaking becomes imperative. Do people really think that we are oblivious of our duties, disregarding our duty to the country? I would ask all such to visit us here for a day. Ever since early this morning, when I had just time during a hurried breakfast to scan the pages of the *Bystander*, which keeps us in merry mood when we most want it (long may it continue so to do), until now, when, after a still more hurried dinner, I have just half an hour to express my thoughts on the subject before catching the last mail to town, I have spent what would be called by the most strenuous soldier a fairly full day of military training. Between breakfast and twelve-thirty I conducted two lessons in mathematics, one in English, one lecture on Infantry in Defence; from 12.30 to 1.15 I drilled my platoon; from 2.15 to 5 I took my company to attack some heights a few miles out of the town in the drenching rain, over fields hardly to be differentiated from lakes; this was followed by a quick bath, tea, and school-work till seven; in an hour I hope to be out with the battalion on night operations. I do not think that there has been much chance of football, although it is what is called (I do not know why) a half-holiday.

We do play football, of a sort, on three afternoons in the week; many schools do not get as much as this. And of what age do you think our boys are? There is no single boy in the whole school, out of three hundred, over the age of seventeen, who has not already been refused for the Army on account of his heart or eyes. Does tradition go for nothing? Do those brass tablets

which take up nearly every available inch on the chapel walls mean nothing to us? There is not a boy in the school who is not wild to get to the front, to do something active for that England which he scarcely knew to exist before the war, but which now occupies his daily thoughts and his nightly dreams.

What do you suppose our boys are reading in the little spare time they get nowadays? "The Murder in the Red Barn" or the latest number of the *Boy's Own Paper* or *Chums*? Come with me into their studies; you will find "Infantry Training, 1914," "Field Service Regulations," or "Baden-Powell's Quick Training for War." What illustrated paper is eagerly pored over in the house-room? *Land and Water*, for the sake of Hilaire Belloc's inspiring articles on the situation in Belgium and Poland. Listen to the conversation in dormitory. It is not concerned with who is likely to gain his school or house colours, of the fatuity of his masters, or the punishments undeservedly gained during the day. That frenzied, loud-voiced gang in the corner is debating savagely by what right Henryson's section removed their white handkerchiefs from their hats last night when they were acting as enemy sentry groups to try to catch all the scouts in the darkness on the Common, who tried to break the cordon of their lines. That fellow in bed with his arm bandaged was not hurt in playing "Rugger"; he damaged himself breaking through a hedge in the blackness of night, trying to catch an unwary messenger who had inadvertently fallen in with those who were on the look-out for him and had dashed off, trusting to the darkness to escape.

Our whole life is one long military training. All those masters who were able are already under arms; the rest are taking their own work and that of those who have gone. There is not one among us who are left who would be taken for the regular army. The boys are officers in embryo, and they know it. They will give the lead to England; they always have and they always will, once allow them the chance.

Are we backward? Look at Charterhouse, with over 2,000 serving, or at Eton, with her 1,066 under arms, 150 already killed, 226 wounded, missing or prisoners; or Harrow, with her 72 mentioned in dispatches. We do not want to talk about these things; it is not like us to mention them at all. Like Sir Richard Grenville, "we have only done our duty as a man is bound to do"; but when it is suggested that we are openly shrinking from our duty it becomes time to protest. That there have been many things wrong with the Public Schools in the past I should be the last to deny; but the old days of blasé indifference to the things that matter are over for ever. Keeness, enthusiasm, and an awakening to reality with regard to everything are the benefits which war has to give us in return for lost friendships, horrible separations, and interrupted careers. Think of boys playing games if you will, no longer with the idea of gaining colours or honour, for none of their old matches are now played, but just for the sake of the game, for exercise. Look at their faces as they

march through the town, the grim compression of the lips, and the alert, upright bearing. For once they mean business; they have already lost, so many of them, father, brother, friend, out there in the trenches or on the sea; these things are going to be avenged. England to them now means this gorgeous, loved Wessex, this school to uphold the honour of which they have silently pledged their name; they are quiet; they do not talk about it; they are merely waiting, and in the meantime training is the only way open to them—even by playing football, sometimes; but do not imagine from this, or because in the past games held too high a place in their estimation, that they have no soul above them. With Prince Hal, they have seen all too clearly the error of their ways in the past, and when they see the travesty of their past selves caricatured as it is in that nightmare of a photograph in the *Bystander* they say, and with perfect truthfulness, with the warrior King:

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self.

If the world will only wait it shall most certainly perceive; in the meantime, let the world refrain from adverse criticism on what it does not understand. We are not Marcus Aurelius; although it is a lie, yet we are hurt, even deeply hurt; we would not be misunderstood. Were we not wounded at want of faith, nothing on earth would have induced us so to defend ourselves against calumny and disgraceful insinuation.

The Theatre

"Kings and Queens"

IF it is Mr. Rudolf Besier's idea in his new play to prove that kings and queens are quite ordinary human beings, he has succeeded admirably, for the atmosphere of "society" might easily be substituted for that of royalty, and the dear old triangular plot would work out just as well. As ever, the acting of most of the company at the St. James's Theatre is superb, and gives a feeling of vitality and freshness even at the most reminiscent moments. The play is reminiscent in more than one sense; we have, as in "His House in Order," the tempestuous, rebellious heroine, repressed and misunderstood by her husband and his mother; we have even the influence of the "dead hand," discovered to be not quite so moral as it was supposed to be, and—another resemblance—the hint of a public celebration of the one who has gone. However, the treatment is excellent, and the impending tragedy is pleasantly evaded by the skill of the dramatist. Miss Marie Lohr, in the part of Queen Charlotte, who runs away from her kingly consort Richard VIII because his stern sense of duty blinds him to the harmless frivolities of dress and the vagaries of a pretty, high-spirited woman, shows her fine capabilities for passion and

pathos; her scene with the gay old King Frederick IV, her uncle, when she is overcome by memories of her lost baby, is wonderfully moving. Mr. Arthur Wontner and Sir George Alexander share the honours as the two kings—the one quiet, rather grim, tremendously in earnest, the other the genial, happy counsellor who knows the world of men—and especially women—and by his skill heals the breach. Mr. Ben Webster has a thankless part in Prince Louis, the *tertium quid*; he does his best, but is too stagey, too jerky in his tense moments; we are inclined to think that he overacts his part when glaring, defying, or making love. He certainly lacks the ease of the other members of the company, but much can be forgiven in so difficult a character. As the Dowager Queen Elizabeth—not of the ruffe—Miss Frances Ivor proved convincing, and the other smaller interpretations were in skilled hands. We trust the play will have good success; in spite of the shock to our system of seeing Sir George Alexander with an iron-grey military moustache, "the voice is Jacob's voice," and the irresistible charm of manner and movement was never more finely in evidence.

The Philosophical Society

THE last of the series of three "Juvenile Lectures" arranged by the Philosophical Society was given at Leighton House on Wednesday, January 13, by Mr. W. J. Melhuish. The subject, "The Story of a Dinner," was treated in the delightfully chatty and informal manner which his hearers have previously enjoyed. Tracing the permanent relation between food and life, the lecturer explained clearly the values of various types of food as regards heat-giving and body-building, illustrating his remarks by blackboard diagrams. He then proceeded to discuss the processes of digestion and assimilation, and if his matter was not altogether new to older members of the audience, it was presented so charmingly that the boys and girls could not fail to be instructed, while all were thoroughly interested. The secretary, Mr. H. Godson Bohn, spoke of the objects of the Society, and it is to be hoped that further meetings will be widely supported. The series of lectures by Mr. Melhuish has proved a great pleasure to all who had the good fortune to attend.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE LATE SIR JOHN HENNIKER HEATON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—If any of your readers have letters or interesting reminiscences of my father, the late Sir John Henniker Heaton, I shall be most grateful if they are sent to me, as I am editing a volume of his Life and Letters.

Every care will be taken of anything entrusted to me, and it will be returned as soon as possible.

Yours, etc.,

ROSE HENNIKER HEATON.
(Mrs. ADRIAN PORTER.)

6, St. James' Court, S.W.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

MORE business has been done on the Stock Exchange, and the number of bargains grows each week, but no one is making any money, and very few of the firms are paying their expenses. However, the Stock Exchange is open, that is one thing, and fixed prices enable the banks and financiers to get out whenever there is any demand. Up to the present very little unloading has been done, mainly because there are no buyers about. Another reason why the banks have not been able to unload is that they fix the prices at too high a level. The general opinion is that a great many of the prices will have to be lowered before any trade can be handled. When the history of the past crisis comes to be written it will be found that the banks were in a hopeless condition, and could only be saved by abandoning themselves to the Treasury. The banks were so closely interested in the Stock Exchange that they agreed with the Treasury that the Committee of the House must be tied up just as tight as the bankers themselves.

This week the Treasury has issued a notification that it will allow no public issues to be made unless they are passed by the Government. It is understood that about half a dozen loans and new issues are being hung up. I am the last person in the world to defend the promoter who is usually out to rob the public. But I certainly think that the stupidest promoter knows a great deal more about finance than the cleverest Treasury official. The excuse made by the Government is that every farthing of money saved by the people must be invested in War Loan. If there are 45,000,000 inhabitants in Great Britain, and each one can save a shilling a week, which is surely not a large amount, that is £2,250,000 or £117,000,000 a year, and all this money would have to go to the Army and Navy. Of course, many people save a great deal more than a shilling a week, and the great object of the Government is to take every single farthing that we possess and spend it upon blowing Germany into the air. We can't complain, because Germany is doing exactly the same thing, and the only question in anybody's mind is which country will be able to play the game the longest. As Englishmen we are confident that we can outstay Germany, but the Germans are equally confident that they can beat us. They do not like the prospect, however, and I read a piteous letter from the General Manager of the Dresdner Bank in Berlin to a friend in England, which showed how utterly broken down he was and how completely conscious he was of the terrible trouble that the war had brought upon the world. Of course, this manager, who is one of the greatest financiers in Berlin, was firmly convinced that the whole trouble had come through Russia, and this seems to be the opinion of all the German financiers. Whether this is a pose which they are told to adopt, or whether it is genuine, I do not know. The manager said that it was an awful thing that two countries which did such splendid business together should quarrel, and declared that there

was plenty of room in the world for both. It was this manager who prophesied the war, and who got out all his clients, but it would appear that he did not think Great Britain would back up Russia and France. I confess that the tone of his letter gives me some hope to think that Germany would gladly make peace. But I am afraid that big as the Dresdner is it has no power at all now that the war has once started. The Court and the military completely control the situation, and unless they can manage an honourable peace will be wiped out, for there is nothing more certain than that the German nation will depose the Hohenzollerns if they are totally defeated.

It is possible that Mr. James White will secure Treasury recognition to the Boston prospectus this week. It is all underwritten and half of it subscribed, and it seems to me a very fair industrial proposition. I am rather doubtful, however, whether Van den Berghs will succeed in their effort to get the Treasury to permit an issue of 6 per cent. notes, because the Van den Berghs had until quite recently, and may, indeed, have to-day, sixteen German branches, and the Treasury may want to know exactly how these German branches obtain their margarine. But I am quite certain that the Van den Berghs are clever enough to give a satisfactory explanation, for they know well that England must win. To speak vulgarly, they know on which side their bread is buttered.

Most people seem to think that the quarrel with America over the copper question is certain to end amicably, and that the *Dacia* difficulty will be got over. I am not at all sure that the public is right. I have never found any friendly feeling in the United States. The Yankee is out for money and nothing else, and unless he can get what he wants he becomes an extremely disagreeable person. Therefore I advise all my readers to refrain from buying any American security until the war is over.

Rubber keeps hard; I understand that the United States are to be allowed to purchase a thousand tons, and that if they can promise not to send any to Germany they will be allowed to take further supplies. It is of vital importance that we should control copper, rubber, and perhaps cotton, whether the United States likes it or not. There have been no reports of any importance in the Rubber market, and the price of all shares keeps very steady. The annual statements of most of the companies will soon be out, and I think we can rely upon the bulk of them maintaining last year's dividend.

Oil shares are dealt in quite freely, and Shells have had a small rise. Royal Dutch are also harder, but Burmah have been weak, as the Anglo-Persian does not feel justified in paying the preference dividend and the Burmah Company will have to find the money. Spies and North Caucasian are steady; there is some dealing in Roumanian Consolidated; Ural Caspian have also been mentioned. But I do not think that this is the moment to buy oil shares. Mexican Eagle has shut down.

There has been business in Mines during the week, the jobbers apparently being anxious to lure the public in. Modder Deeps have been the feature, and Oroville have also been agitated backwards and forwards. It seems a perfectly safe thing to leave the Mining market severely alone.

In the Industrial market armament and shipping shares have been freely dealt in and both are hard. I have again stated that I think it safe to purchase all armaments, as it is impossible that any of them can fail to issue good reports; but I believe that the shipping boom will not last many months longer, and if any further rise occurs it will be safe to get out.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

AMERICANS AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—As one who has visited America and has many friends there, I am convinced that the sympathies of the large majority of the people who count in that country must be with their British cousins. The man in the street on this side, however, who has not a personal knowledge of the American people, is bound to be influenced by the actions of the American Government. The latter may not necessarily convey the views of the American people, and it seems a great pity that any bitterness of feeling or misjudgment should occur when there may be no real cause for it. But what is one to think of the actions of the American Government? Assuming it is a fact that American shipping has been affected by the precautions of the British Fleet, a note is presented to the British Government, friendly, no doubt, but why did not the American Government present a *friendly note* to the German Government so soon as they violated the engagements of the Hague Convention by sowing neutral waters with mines and thus *not only endangered American shipping, but the lives of American citizens?*

That is what the man in the street wants to know, and, as a great admirer of Americans, they should put themselves right if their Government are unable or unwilling to do so.

I am quite sure also that the American people, if they could find means to express themselves, would do so in no half-hearted manner as to the violation of Belgian neutrality. The absence of such expressions up to the present misleads the man in the street in his judgment. It would surely be a matter of much regret if loss of respect for our friends occurred without real cause, and if your paper can help by bringing home to the American people what I am sure they will at once recognise as logical, I think you will be doing both peoples a service. Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY A. BENNETT.

Albright Leigh, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

January 18, 1915.

PERISCOPES FOR THE TRENCHES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—At the present time hundreds of lives are sacrificed by men exposing themselves for observation purposes in the trenches. The majority of these lives could have been saved by the use of a very simple instrument, a trench-periscope. The following gives a rough indication of the requirements:—

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Notes of the Week

Contraband: An Authoritative Statement

IT is of the essence of such disputes as have arisen over the question of contraband that a good deal of casuistry should creep into the arguments. America is dimly conscious, judging by the remarks which fall from certain of her public men, including no less a person than Mr. W. J. Bryan, that she is not playing the game, and she will no doubt derive immense satisfaction from the criticisms which have recently appeared in Berlin of her unduly favourable treatment of Germany's enemies. Where both sides complain, perhaps, after all, the Americans may hope to make out a case of strict neutrality. Meantime, apart from events in the war itself, no subject is so much discussed in England as America's action in regard to contraband. We are fortunate in being able this week to lay before our readers a statement by an expert on the American side, which will certainly command wide interest. Professor Woolsey occupied the Chair of International Law at Yale down to 1911; he is the editor of works on International Law, and he is America's foremost authority on the subject. We cannot accept his conclusions, but his arguments are none the less enlightening on that account.

The Naval Victory

Admiral Beatty has administered sharp chastisement on the buccaneers who think undefended towns proper places for bombardment. On Sunday morning he discovered a fleet of German cruisers making for the English coast. They promptly turned and fled, but the superior speed and gun range of the British vessels enabled Admiral Beatty and his cruisers to force them to battle. The result was the sinking of the *Blucher*—a heavy loss to the Germany navy—and serious damage to two others. The British had 14 killed and 27 wounded. It was a smart bit of work, and everywhere outside Germany has been hailed with joy, particularly in the Colonies. The *New Zealand* took part in the action, and the southern Colonies justly feel that their contributions to our naval resources have been of real Imperial service. The German version of the affair affords an admirable illustration of the manner in which the German public is being deceived. It is admitted that the *Blucher* was lost, but as an offset it is claimed that a British cruiser was sunk. Admiral Beatty gave up the pursuit when his flagship was struck

below the water-line and found himself in proximity to the German mines. This is interpreted, for the benefit of the German man in the street, as a retreat from a fight which he was unable to continue. Germany's official reports are thus naively exposed. The French authorities have just branded them as inventions or gross distortions of fact. We shall now be better able to judge of German "victories" and "successes" on the Eastern and Western fronts, which are not confirmed by Russia or France.

Events on Land

The Kaiser celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday on Wednesday. Rejoicings must have been of a chastened character. If things have gone badly for him at sea they have hardly gone well on land. The Russians have been active in East Prussia and dislodged the enemy at various points; in Galicia they have repulsed German attacks and made captures. On the West there has been a more or less continuous series of artillery duels with the advantage at almost every point in favour of the Allies. Here and there a violent struggle has taken place for trenches which have been captured, lost, and recaptured. The Belgians in the North and the French in the South have made further progress, however slight, and the British at La Bassée have successfully met five determined attacks by superior numbers and inflicted heavy losses. The Germans, as usual, scored—according to their official reports. British aviators made a raid on Essen and destroyed an important motor-car factory. At Libau a Zeppelin dropped bombs on the town without doing any material damage, and was brought down by Russian guns. The Germans fail equally badly in controversy. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg has attempted to explain away his "scrap of paper" reference, and has promptly been met by the most crushing reply from the British Foreign Office. German moral defences are shattered more easily than German physical defences.

The Empire and the War

Professor Spenser Wilkinson's address at the Colonial Institute on "The War and the Empire" was excellent so far as it went. It did not go far enough. It was too much war and too little Empire. He pointed out that German policy has performed the miraculous feat of securing Great Britain an alliance with two of the Great Powers of Europe. It has done more: it has shown the reality of the devotion of the Dominions and Dependencies of the Empire; India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa sprang to arms as a unit. That is the greatest fact of all. Sir George Reid made thrilling reference to the 22,000 Australians he had seen under arms in the shadow of the Pyramids. Whilst Professor Wilkinson was speaking at the Colonial Institute, Mr. Harcourt, the Colonial Secretary, was addressing the Victoria League. He gave a masterly review of the manner in which he had been "snowed under" by offers from every British possession from India to the Falkland Islands. He made short work of the "carpings of fools."

Contraband and Copper

BY THEODORE S. WOOLSEY, A.B., LL.D.

THE tendency of every great military Power so to fashion the rules of war as to emphasise the value of that arm in which it is strong, has been often noted. Thus Germany in all the codes of land warfare has tried to limit the use of civilians for home defence, and in Belgium has stopped it by wholesale execution. Similarly England has stood out for such rules of naval capture as regards enemy's property and contraband, as tend to make her control of the sea most remunerative. This was the case in the Napoleonic Wars—it is the same to-day. Occasionally the neutral worm turns; his State Department remonstrates, his merchant shippers cry for justice; that also is the case to-day.

An alert Department of State, conscious of this tendency in a belligerent, should try to check each instance of it as it occurs by friendly protest. In default of this, if illegal hindrances to trade have been allowed to pile up, remonstrance *en bloc* is much more difficult. Our recent note to the British Government complaining of the delays to shipping, the vexatious methods of search and the various limitations put upon our intercourse with other neutrals, was not unnatural, it was friendly and justified; it was good as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. We have performed the duty of neutrals in an exemplary way, and why are we not granted the rights of neutrals? Let us see how they have been curtailed.

Our complaint relates to search upon the high seas, not to the fact of search, but its method. At the time of the Boer War several German steamers bound for the neutral port of Lorenzo Marquez, visited by British cruisers on the Red Sea, were made to unload their cargoes at Aden. The wrath caused by this had not a little to do with the German naval programme of 1900. But they all contained some contraband. Only a small percentage of our cargoes during the present war include real contraband for Germany's use, yet many have been held up from five to thirty or forty days, have been taken ashore for examination, and the risk and cost of transport considerably enhanced. This violates the right of the neutral submitting to search, that it be conducted with no greater detention than is necessary for thorough examination, and that unless suspicious circumstances appear only the ships' papers should be inspected.

But we are told that some cotton bales contained copper, hence all packages are suspicious. This inference is unjust to the innocent shipper were copper contraband. If copper can be shown to be not contraband, the argument breaks down entirely. Copper and rubber are two commodities which are in use both in peace and in war. They have not before been held con-

traband. Rubber, in the Declaration of London, was placed on the list of articles which could under no circumstances be contraband, while copper was not mentioned at all. Early in the war they were both placed on the "occasional" list. Then, apparently, the British authorities realised that by the Declaration of London the doctrine of the continuous or indirect voyage could not be applied to occasional contraband. To meet this difficulty copper and rubber were placed on the "absolute" list, although the Declaration says that only articles exclusively used for war may be added to the list of absolute contraband by a declaration "which must be notified." This is so technical as to need explanation. We were shipping copper to neutral ports. It was therefore not contraband, and could not legally be seized, because a hostile destination is essential to contraband. But, said the English, it goes overland, across Italy or Holland or Denmark to an eventual hostile destination, therefore it is contraband. Our reply should have been, you may be excused, owing to its large use in making cartridges, in calling copper occasionally contraband, but you are expressly forbidden by the Declaration of London to make it absolutely so, hence its shipments to a neutral port cannot be interfered with. The "continuous voyage" cannot apply. The only answer possible is to deny that England is bound by the Declaration of London because Parliament refused to ratify it. This is true, yet early in the war the Admiralty announced that it would nevertheless be governed by it, though making changes in it.

But the rules governing contraband did not originate with the Declaration in 1909. The naval code embodied the accepted law, a few points remaining in controversy. Whether one judges the British actions by the rules of the Declaration in 1909, therefore, or by an earlier standard, her fault in calling copper absolute contraband is the same. I understand Germany has made Swedish lumber bound to England contraband, which is also unwarranted. Both belligerents are inclined alike to disregard neutral rights. The seizure of copper is but one instance. Taking reservists out of a Dutch ship on the high seas, if the facts are correctly stated, is another instance not essentially different from the Mason and Slidell case. Making the whole North Sea a war area when it had hitherto been high seas, and hence incapable of such appropriation, is a third instance of belligerent aggression.

These are highly technical questions, but vital to the neutral shipper. Yet it is not a question of profits, it is a question of law and of rights. Like the great majority of thinking Americans, I regard Britain as in a sense my champion against the spread of certain ideas dangerous to civilisation. But I want to be without reproach. For her sake as well as for our own, if she values our good-will, we should insist that she keep within the law, and when she alleges necessity as an excuse for framing new law or violating the old, we should remind her that Germany gave the same reason when she invaded Belgium and lost her honour thereby.

The True Value of German Scholarship

THE war has put an end, as far as one can tell at present, to all excavation for archæological purposes. Soon after the outbreak, all members of the Egyptian Civil Service on leave were ordered to return to their posts, but not to take their wives with them. In these circumstances, it is unlikely that any expedition will leave Europe for Egypt this winter. Farther East it is even more unlikely that any excavation will take place under English or German auspices, and the British Museum works at the Hittite capital of Carchemish, the first-fruits of which were in August issued to the public in Mr. Hogarth's introductory volume, have been closed down. We shall therefore have to be content with "marking time" for an indefinite period, and with taking stock of the results of recent work. We shall be the better able to do this that the import of all foreign archæological journals into London has practically ceased, few French and, of course, no German periodicals of the kind bearing a later date than August 1 having reached these shores.

Another effect of the war may be that English scholars may at last come to recognise more fully than most of them do at present the gigantic "bluff" in which the German professors have for some time been engaged in archæological as perhaps in other matters. In Egyptology they attempted to secure the field for themselves by inventing a system of transliteration founded on the unproved assertion that Egyptian was a Semitic language, and consisting mainly of commas, apostrophes, and other diacritical marks instead of vowels. The use of this has always been reprobated by our allies the French, who, with their usual clear and logical insight, perceived that its only effect was to interpose another set of hieroglyphs between the student and the word. As the key to the decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphs was a French discovery, and the late Director of the Service des Antiquités in Egypt, Sir Gaston Maspero, is admittedly the first of living Egyptologists, this should have settled the matter for most people. Yet, by dint of ignoring or slighting, as far as they could, the work of any Egyptologist who did not adopt their shibboleth, and by skilfully playing on the weakness of those English and American scholars who show an unreasoning admiration for what they call German "thoroughness," the Berlin School of Egyptology so far succeeded in their object that, while many English-speaking Egyptologists who at first

rejected their transliteration have since adopted it, there have been no conversions the other way. An *enquête* which the Society of Biblical Archæology held on the subject some twelve years ago showed that the majority of European scholars were then against it, and that none of the Egyptological journals in England, France, Sweden, and Italy made use of it. Since then the Berlin boycott has had its effect, and the German transliteration has been admitted into all, or nearly all, periodicals dealing with Egyptology on equal terms with the older transliteration. The object of such manœuvres may be judged from the remark made by one of the heads of the Berlin School to a Swiss Egyptologist of world-wide reputation who had differed from the German on the construction of an Egyptian inscription and had quoted another text in support of his view. He was told, in reply, that the text quoted by him could not be accepted as evidence, because "it had not been sent to Berlin for verification." In other words, Berlin, and Berlin alone, was to decide on the validity of the reading.

Nowhere has the Prussian claim for supremacy in such matters been more marked than in the sphere of Biblical criticism. To do them justice, the Germans have always approved themselves most industrious collectors of facts, and of all the sciences subsidiary to archæology, philology is that which has most appealed to them. The consequence has been that many English and American critics of the second—I do not think any of the first—rank have looked upon their *dicta* as to the text and authorship of the different books of the Canon as indisputable. The climax was perhaps reached with the publication of the "polychrome" Bible, in which the English text of the Pentateuch appeared in all the colours of the rainbow, according to the different authors to which German scholars assigned various passages, or in some cases even individual words in the original texts. Hardly less startling to old-fashioned people was the appearance a few years later of the "Encyclopædia Biblica," where several German professors, with the aid of a few Swiss and Dutch colleagues trained in their methods, were allowed to publish, under the editorship of a high dignitary of the Church of England, articles denying on textual grounds the truth of the Virgin Birth, the Incarnation, Resurrection, and other dogmas to which the same Church stands committed.

That in this respect the Berlin professors did not, up to the outbreak of hostilities, alter their methods is plain from Professor Wellhausen's *Kritische Analyse*

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der Apostelgeschichte, which was one of the last books to get through before the Ultimatum. Professor Wellhausen tells us, as it were, *ex cathedra*, and without other evidence than his own examination of the text, that the Acts of the Apostles show clearly that the Apostles' belief in the objective reality of the Resurrection of their Master was due to a collective hallucination which seized them not before but at the time when they found themselves under the necessity of affirming it dogmatically; that the statement in the same book as to the institution of Stephen and the rest of the Seven Deacons is false; that these officials were really the chiefs of a group of proselytes recruited from among the Hellenising Jews; and that the conversion of St. Paul took place before and not after Stephen's martyrdom. As for St. Paul's journey from Caesarea into Italy, he says that this was not written by any companion of the Apostle, but was a skilful adaptation of some itinerary or narrative of travel which the editor had read and interpolated with fictitious adventures of St. Paul for the sake of edification. All this is put forward in the well-known didactic and arrogant manner of the Prussian writer, and will no doubt impose upon many English and Scottish divines who may happen to be unfamiliar with the habit of mind induced by the German doctoral thesis, which aims not at the truth, but at demonstrating the would-be doctors' skill in dialectic by the defence of some apparently indefensible position. Professor Wellhausen first gained notoriety in this country by his attack on the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, and was allowed to give his views on that subject, to the exclusion of all others, in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Both he and Professor Harnack, whose lucubrations on the origins of Christianity have been received as inspired by English Protestant divines of a certain school, have been foremost in preaching war against England in season and out of season, and perhaps their English admirers may now come to see that, like most German scholars, they are better at collecting bricks than at building houses.

To turn from the doings of our enemies to those of our friends, the meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions which took place before hostilities were declared must have been full of interest. Father Scheil there called attention to the bilingual vocabularies, in Semitic, Babylonian, and Hittite, discovered by the late Professor Winckler in Cappadocia and just published by Professor Delitzsch. According to the learned Dominican, these vocabularies will eventually give us the key with which to unlock the closed door of the Hittite language, and we may expect them to be supplemented when excavation begins again by other tablets of the same kind. He also presented, on behalf of M. Gauthier, the excellent secretary of the French Archæological Institute at Cairo, a description of the newly found fragments of the Palermo Stone, which forms our most trustworthy record for the order and history of the kings of the

first and other early Egyptian dynasties. When the full report of these papers comes to hand there will be plenty to discuss.

F. L.

The Last of the Parnassians

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.—III.

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

IN his adherence to the theory of a school so manifestly *passée de mode* as that of the French Parnassians, James Flecker seems, to my mind, to reveal his highly developed faculty for self-criticism. His whole poetic equipment—his training, habit of mind and natural aptitudes—made him in sympathy with this school, and had he achieved the highest of which he was capable he might have become an English Régnier or Hérédia. Like the Parnassians he had a fine sense of language, using words and epithets with the nicest scholarship; and like them he arrived at a high level of technical perfection, while his emotional range and his powers of expressing emotion were limited. The impulse which led him to aim at "a beauty somewhat statuesque"—a beauty which his poems show that it was within his power to create—seems to have been based on a profound self-knowledge, for he was not remarkable for originality or depth of feeling, and had no flashes of the blinding inspiration of genius. Such inspiration as he had, he derived chiefly from literature, from history and mythology, from places or from beautiful things, rather than from life. The description of the French Parnassians which he gives in his introduction to "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" applies to himself almost exactly. "The French Parnassian," he writes, "has a tendency to use traditional forms and even to employ classical subjects. His desire in writing poetry is to create beauty: his inclination is toward a beauty somewhat statuesque. He is apt to be dramatic and objective rather than intimate. The enemies of the Parnassians have accused them of cultivating unemotional frigidity and upholding an austere view of perfection." This desire to create beauty, on the part of the Parnassians, justified in their eyes as well as in Flecker's an infinity of labour. The true Parnassian might easily spend, like Oscar Wilde, a whole morning of work in deciding to insert a comma, an entire afternoon in reversing this decision and taking it out. The great debt of gratitude which contemporary English poetry owes to James Flecker lies in the fact that in an age of anarchy in verse he took the trouble to master the technique of his art, in an age of formlessness he upheld the finest traditions of form. Of his contention that the Parnassian theory, being a Latin theory, "is therefore the more likely to supply the defects of the Saxon genius," though it will hardly gain acceptance, there is much that could be said in favour.

James Flecker was in no sense a great poet, but in a strictly limited field he succeeded in his desire to

create beauty whilst occasionally achieving something very like perfection. The work which he put into his poems gives them a curious solidity. They are nearly always rather cold, but they are highly polished and durable: like hammered silver vases, yielding beautiful sounds. One can well imagine that the best of them will stand the test of time, and it is not unthinkable that his lines "To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence" may live to carry their message through the ages to some craftsman as conscientious as himself. Certainly there is nothing in the subject matter of his verse which is calculated to limit its appeal to his own age. He has no message to grow stale, and the clear cut, glowing pictures which his poems bring before the mind, should prove as charming a century hence as they are to-day. Sometimes it is the Moslem East which furnishes their setting, as in the Prologue and Epilogue which give name to his latest and ripest volume, the ghazel "Yasmin," and in Saadabad:

We shall watch the Sultan's fountains ripple, rumble,
splash and rise
Over terraces of marble, under the blue balconies,
Leaping through the plaster dragon's hollow mouth and
empty eyes:
Waving cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad.

At other times he conjures up for us sunny visions of the Ægean Islands, as in the poem "Hyali," with its graceful reminiscences of Keats.

But slowly fade, soft Island! Ah, to know
Thy town and who the gossips of thy town,
What flowers make sweet thy meadows, what winds blow
Across thy mountain when the sun goes down.

There is thy market, where the fisher throws
His gleaming fish that gasp in the death-bright dawn:
And there thy Prince's house, painted old rose,
Beyond the olives, crowns its slope of lawn.

And is thy Prince so rich that he displays
At festal board the flesh of sheep and kine?
Or dare he—summer days are long hot days—
Load up with Asian snow his Coan wine?

Behind a rock, thy harbours, whence a noise
Of tarry sponge-boats hammered lustily:
And from that little rock thy naked boys
Like burning arrows shower upon the sea.

Or, again, with exquisite artistry, he evokes a vision of old China:

And still behind
Down the canal's hybiscus-shaded marge
The glossy mules draw on the cedar barge,
Railed silver, blue-silk-curtained, which within
Bears the Commander, the old Mandarin,
Who never left his palace gates before,
But hath grown blind reading great books on war.

It would be easy to multiply instances of the painter-like quality in his art; of his delicate manipulation of colour and of his mastery of metrical effects. But to show him in another and rarer mood, when his intense love of his country combined with the poet's prophetic

instinct had awoken in him an unusual emotional intensity, I will quote the last verse of the last poem in "The Golden Journey to Samarkand." The poem is called "The Dying Patriot."

Sleep not, my country: though night is here, afar
Your children of the morning are clamorous for war;
Fire in the night, O dreams!
Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,
South to desert, east to ocean, west to snow,
West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides I
must go
Where the fleet of stars is anchored, and the young
Star-captains glow.

We can ill afford to lose a poet who could write like this.

Democracy and Dominion

BY EDWARD SALMON

NEITHER Greek nor Roman, neither Spaniard nor Frenchman, was ever faced with the sort of imperial problem which confronts the Briton to-day. It is a problem which we shall have to attempt to solve, according to our lights, without guidance from history. Are democracy and empire compatible? Can peoples who enjoy perfect freedom in their own countries, and are hardly conscious of the overlordship of another and far distant land, whence sprang the parent stock, be trusted for ever to fall into line, and, if so, will the union of so many diverse bodies for the attainment of a common end, make for the happiness and the progress of the world at large? Such union means world dominion. It is not certain, said Mill, that the despotism of twenty millions is necessarily better than that of a few or of one. No individual, no oligarchy, ever exercised despotic sway without ultimately generating forces of opposition and emancipation; in Germany as in Russia, unlike as they are in every respect, despotism is challenged; the war has perhaps disguised the movements which were either profoundly modifying or destined profoundly to modify the familiar régime; benevolent or otherwise, despotism invites attack from the multitude. Despotism has always been regarded as inseparable from dominion. Will the British race provide the exception? There is no precedent for free democracy being called upon to carry the burdens of empire, to face the international crises which empire cannot escape, and to stand in the hour of trial four square in defence of interests five or ten thousand miles from its own home. Whether diplomacy can be successfully conducted from the forum of a democratic country is a subject exercising the brains of many students who believe that democracy will advance to greater triumphs than any it has enjoyed; whether half a dozen democracies, such as largely go to make up what we call the British Empire, can hope, without surrender of some part of their democratic claims to the judgment of individuals who will not necessarily be representative of themselves, to ensure a wise and permanent dominion, is an even more anxious and debatable problem.

These questions acquire force from the study of one of the most fascinating volumes called forth by the war. Points are raised by "The War and Democracy"* which it would take many articles to consider, however inadequately. In its way, the fact that so valuable a work can be the resultant of several minds looking at the same issues from widely different platforms seems to warrant hope that the Empire itself may not find unity in diversity impracticable. There is only one lache, apparently, in this otherwise comprehensive survey: Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Great Britain are all carefully considered from the democracy-cum-dominion point of view. Why not France? Whilst Germany under the malign influence of Prussia has been moving onward, if not upward, as a world-power under conditions of pseudo-democracy, France, beaten as an empire in 1870, has consolidated her resources and advanced her dominion in reliance solely on democracy. France is surely affording an object-lesson, as striking as the rally of the Colonies, Dominions, and Dependencies of the British Empire, in the essential strength and purpose of a people self-governing and self-led. Democracy in France is proving itself more fitted for dominion than did Napoleon or any of the Bourbons. And for this reason: Democracy calls up a nation, where Despotism calls up an army. France should unquestionably have had a chapter to itself. This oversight apart, one can say little that is not in praise of such essays as Mr. J. Dover Wilson's on "The National Idea in Europe, 1789-1914," and "Russia," Mr. Alfred Zimmermann's on "Germany" and "German Culture and the British Commonwealth," Dr. Seton Watson's on "Austria-Hungary and the Southern Slavs" and "The Issues of the War," and Mr. Arthur Greenwood's on the "Social and Economic Aspects of the War." Admirable are the analyses of the constituents of the countries concerned—Germany with her militaristic and super-state creed, Russia with her spiritual forces compensating for much that has served to foster misunderstanding of her true character, Austria-Hungary with her almost inextricable racial tangle, and Great Britain whose Empire is "a world-need." Incidentally, among the best things in the book are Mr. Dover Wilson's pages on small nations. Intolerable to the Treitschkes and the Bernhardis, small nations are likely to be augmented in numbers by the war provoked by Prussia. Mr. Wilson suggests that they are as valuable to the world to-day as they have ever been. What do we owe to small nations? "Our conceptions of law to a city called Rome, our finest output of literature and art to small communities like Athens, Florence, Holland, and Elizabethan England, our religion to an insignificant people who inhabited a narrow strip of land in the Eastern Mediterranean." It was, he might have pointed out, one small nation which provided the excuse for the war, and another small nation which, when the war had

* *The War and Democracy*, with Chapters by Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson, J. Dover Wilson, Alfred E. Zimmermann, and Arthur Greenwood. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

begun, saved Western Europe from being overrun by the Kaiser's hordes.

The war might perhaps be described as one of Democracy *versus* Dominion; upon the issue certainly depends the degree in which Democracy will itself enjoy dominion, or Dominion will reduce democracy to a condition indistinguishable from vassalage. If Germany is beaten it can hardly be doubted that the Prussian military caste will have to make terms with the people it has betrayed. Mr. Zimmermann says quite truly that the German Empire is not a democracy and is not governed by Ministers responsible to Parliament. Elsewhere in the book an anonymous writer advances the specious theory that German statesmen have taken immense pains to make their policy a democratic one. "The whole nation is behind them because for years and years they have taught the nation, through the schools, the universities, and the Press, their own reading of history and their own ideas of what true civilisation is." On such terms any machine is democratic: democracy would mean the dragooning of a nation to act as one man at the bidding of an adventurer or War Lord. That is the ideal of Kultur. Infinitely preferable is a tub-thumper who may fool all people some time, and some people all the time, but cannot hope to fool all the people all the time. The tub-thumper is a danger both to dominion and democracy, but he is a danger we must face if the people are to have leaders, and the one outstanding fact in history is that people without leaders accomplish nothing. It is for the leaders to educate the people aright—not awrong, as in the case of Germany. The plea for "the democratisation of foreign policy" is very difficult to maintain: the man must negotiate, the mob must endorse, and it will endorse with the more confidence if it has been educated to understand the position taken up by its leaders. It was, we are assured, not a question on August 3, 1914, of what the French President expected of the King of England, but of what Jacques Roturier expected of John Smith. I venture to say that John Smith's view depended entirely on what Sir Edward Grey told him, and if Sir Edward Grey had not taken the line he did he would still have received the support of John Smith and other Johns besides, though he would certainly have handed his name and fame down to eternal shame. Democracy depends for its success upon its leaders, and the leaders of the democracies in the Dominions beyond the seas happily did not hesitate any more than Sir Edward Grey and his principal colleagues. In times of peace democratic leaders may theorise about World-States: in time of war the instinct of self-preservation makes them pillars of the Mother-State.

The Barclay System, consisting of a series of correspondence lessons on the development of the mental faculties, contains a vast amount of genuine guidance, which should be of service to those who are ambitious and wish to use their abilities to the greatest advantage.

On Bogeys

IT is but recently that men have realised how great a part has been played by fear in the making of the world. Fear has been the lash, the goad which has driven civilisation into being. It has not been so much the desire for betterment as the wish to avoid discomfort and distress that roused men to the discoveries with whose results we are all so familiar.

In the beginning of things it was fear of destruction that led to the formation of societies and cities; it has been fear of pain—Nature's sentinel that mounts guard against the onslaught of disease—that has brought about the marvels of the laboratory of to-day. So with the lower animals; that wonderful intelligence, at times appearing more luminous than the light of reason we see in them and call instinct, is the record of a long evolution of fears, of attempts to cope with enemies and sufferings. This class of fear is, if we may so call it, legitimate. Placed in the midst of hostile forces, called on to battle against the violence of Nature, of beasts and fellow-men, man's only hope of self-preservation, of the continuance of the race, lay in the knowledge and acceptance of the fact of danger and in taking adequate measures to meet it and ensure his safety.

Such fear has been conducive to infinite advancement in bringing about conditions in which human society could develop and expand.

But side by side with that, and never wholly eradicated, there has dwelt in the breast of man from times of which there is the remotest trace of knowledge another kind of fear, and one from which there was no means of escape, no possibility of overcoming by any organisation of his forces, or by use of the stores of knowledge so dearly bought by necessity. It is fear of the unknown, of the invisible. Always like a pall it has hung between the eyes of man and joy in the sun which warmed him, in the children of his love, in the possessions which labour has granted him. Philosophers have seen in it the keystone to all religions, the origin of ritual and sacrifice, and of the elaborate ceremonial accompanying birth and death in primitive societies.

Man felt that he came into the world accompanied by a malign and powerful Fate, whose presence all his life encompassed him, who was a menace in his hours of prosperity, and the cause of the unexpected blows dealt him from time to time by Fortune. The origin of these beliefs is wrapt in mystery, hidden behind the veil of time; but the folklore, the legends, the mythology of every race, whether of the East or West, is full of incarnations of these evil influences. To this day, in China, in the aborigines of Polynesia, in the tribes of Africa, there exist the remains of ancient devil worship frankly practised; in the legends of the North there are traditions of the snow-spirit, of the werewolf; in Spain, of the vampire battenning on human life; everywhere there are elves and goblins, mischievous spirits whose mission is to annoy and

trouble the human race—embodiments of an adverse Fate in things both great and small.

To-day we call such things by the name of Bogeys. Science, pitiless dissector of the beautiful mysteries of Nature, has laid all legend on the rack, and wrested from it its secrets, leaving only the bare and sometimes repulsive outline. Storms have been tracked to their lair, electricity is robbed of its imaginative terror, chained to the tramcar and the kitchen range; the mysterious drifting snow, beloved of Northern seers, has been catalogued in its chemical proportions; the very rainbow has been translated into the lens which robs us of the last vestiges of imagination; but for all that the Bogeys have not been laid. True, we bring up our children to laugh at fairies; we substitute the Cinema, the prosaic ugliness of reality, for Cinderella or the sparkling joys of the Arabian Nights; in schools nothing is taught but that which can be verified. We allow our minds to dwell only on what our senses assert to us; we look askance at anything not comprehensible; yet still there are bogeys abroad in the world. And to some it appears that the things of which we are now afraid are less magnificent, far less worthy of fear than the unknown forces in whose bondage are the Chinese peasant, the men of the old Greek tragedies, or the Russian peasant who crosses himself ere he steps over the threshold of his home.

The spirit of fear is the spirit of serfdom, and the soul of man can never enter into that freedom he is so fond of declaiming as his birthright while by it his mind is held in thrall. Men who are stronger have used it as a weapon whereby to gain ascendancy over the weak; they have forced them to uncongenial labour by the fear of poverty; it has been the secret of priestcraft, of the sweating system, of the whole hateful rule of tyranny by which the world has been cursed.

In the days of old, men shivered when the blast shrieked in the chimney; their cheeks paled at the lightning flash; when sickness had their children in its grip, they sacrificed to evil spirits instead of applying healing drugs. To-day they sacrifice on the altars of public opinion; they make bogeys of respectability, of appearances, of conformity to certain standards and traditions, which rob the will of freedom as completely as any of the superstitions or fetish worship of savage races.

The hardest bogey to slay in the whole category of English superstitions is the bogey of Tradition. Because once it was found convenient to perform a certain action, at one point on the road of knowledge to erect a signpost pointing a certain way, never must the signpost be obliterated, never must the deed be accomplished but according to precedent established. This is the lesson the war is slowly but most surely teaching us, that tradition must give way to necessity and greater knowledge. The world moves, and we must keep pace with it; the old order changes, and would we be at all in the running we must take our places in the new. The bogey of Compulsory Service may prove to be an unsubstantial ghost, to be but

another name for a better and national Discipline. We are fighting the greatest war of history for the freedom of the States of Europe—a war levelled against the bogey of Militarism, of a form of government that would sacrifice individual freedom to fear of the State, every consideration to that of force; but there exist those who believe that another struggle is taking place, as critical as in the arena of the battlefield. It is for the eventual overthrow of the tyranny of fear. Fear is the outcome of ignorance, of spiritual darkness and misapprehension. Man is the only being who can stand erect and take in the broad sweep of heaven and earth with direct and searching gaze; he is the one to whom it has been granted to possess all things by virtue of knowledge, of sympathy, of the understanding which links him to the secret things of the universe; but this can avail him nothing unless he possess himself, unless he be freed from the domination of any power which is greater than his own will. The war has already broken many fetters, laid low many bogeys; men are finding themselves, their fellows, the intention of life, as never before; it will have accomplished its mission when it has freed nations and individuals from the thralldom of Fear.

REVIEWS

The Eternal Quest

Know Thyself. By BERNARDINO VARISCO. Translated by G. SALVADORI, Ph.D. (George Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

FOR good or for ill, the mind of man must be ever questing. It is not enough to know that we are set here, in the midst of a beautiful, dreadful world—which, on inquiry, is found to be a tiny planet attached to a not very important sun; it is not enough to know that even by years of study and laborious research we cannot understand fully the ground we tread, the air we breathe, the mystic forces we use every day and hour. Beyond all this stand great spectral problems which have piqued philosophers throughout all ages since coherent thought began; the problems of time, of space, of the reality of things. What is this extraordinary limit which we call Time, ticked off by the earth-clock in years; and when the last revolution has been made, what remains? Nothing, or a tremendous, inconceivable, limitless Future? Again, what is this ethereal engine of thought that is carried about in our weak, vulnerable bodies, yet reaches forth in magnificent spiritual wayfaring until with gladness it finds the outer courts of God, or with sadness and stilled pulses is forced to say, "He is not there"? Thick and fast the eternal questions crowd upon us; again and again the wise men follow some new, bright star, only to watch it sink veiled in mist, and to confess that the ultimate truth eludes them.

It is better so; for if we knew all, if we "gain the

whole world," what has happened but the losing of our souls? The very existence of the soul lies in its constant seeking for its source and its bourne. Blind save for gleams of mysterious light, deaf save for strange, exciting echoes, it gropes and listens, ever hoping, never despairing, bearing with it the certain knowledge that on some far-off day the divine radiance and the great voices towards which it turns as a flower turns to the sun will come to satisfy its passion of longing. And all these volumes of the philosophers, from Lucretius to the most modern theorist, are but little fluttering signals spelling out the first simple words of the great unknown alphabet, calling to one another in the dawn.

Philosophers, if they are wise—and they surely should be—avoid the dogmatic utterance, the glib definition; yet in the book which forms our theme we find a charmingly easy definition of the soul. The soul "is simply the complex of conditions which make certain functions of a living body possible," and "the problem of immortality is only apparently significant." Happy man, thus to brush away the burden of a thousand years! There is no fine humility in this treatise; on the other hand, much self-assertiveness appears, and the pompous note is occasionally sounded, as when the author says: "He who wishes to know my doctrine should study it." Here and there comes a striking thought. "Both materially and dynamically," says Professor Varisco, "life is nothing but a minimal part of the universe—minimal and negligible. Most physical facts, if not all, and especially astronomical facts, which are the grandest and also the most decisive with regard to the physical conditions of life, are altogether independent of life"; to which we should be inclined to add the qualifying phrase "as far as we know." This is in direct conflict with the ideas of Professor Heath Bawden, whose admirably clear exposition of Pragmatism we reviewed in these columns.* Professor Varisco has not learned the art of dealing with a complicated subject in simple language; and if it be said that such a method is impossible, we refer him to the works of Heath Bawden, Henry Jones, and William James. He has written a book for expert metaphysicians; for the ordinary educated man he does not even clear the ground, and his pages of intricate word-spinning, in which there are long paragraphs which become almost meaningless by their repetition of stiff and formal terms—upon the significance of which even the first authorities are at variance—have the effect of wearying even the earnest reader. The work will find its place upon the catalogues as a necessary item, contributed by Italy, to international discussion of abstruse ideas, and will be referred to by philosophers of the future, thanks to the labours of the translator, Professor Salvadori; but we feel that with a little more attention to the admittedly difficult problem of lucidity its value to all readers would have been greatly enhanced.

* THE ACADEMY, August 13, 1910.

Shorter Notices

The Record of a Bank

Banks are so essentially part of the economy of modern affairs—no great crisis, indeed, can occur without impressing that fact on public attention—that a record of any leading institution of the kind in any country must carry with it an importance wider than that of the concern itself. They are the pivot of credit in peace time, and the source of protection when "the blasts of war blow in our ears." What they mean to a country in its business and its resources we may gather from "The History of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd." (Glasgow: Maclehose). The Bank was founded in 1862, and this book is a memorial of the good work it has accomplished, whether in helping the pioneer to open up the wilderness or to finance a three-years' war. Recent as the founding of the Bank was, it affords some idea of the progress the world and the Empire have made to be reminded that in 1862 steamship communication with South Africa occupied forty days, the cable was undreamed of, and responsible government only vaguely mooted. The Bank has more than grown with the growth of South Africa. While the record throws valuable light on the economic developments and changes through which the country has passed in the last half century, it is worth reading for the general interest of much of the material; the illustrations are always good, and some are quaintly illuminative. Unfortunately the author, Mr. G. T. Amphlett, did not live to see the volume published. He succumbed to malignant fever contracted at the Victoria Falls twelve months ago. The History, therefore, is not only a tribute to the public services of the Bank, but as the directors say, "a tribute to the memory of a faithful and devoted servant."

Romance and History

In an essay on "Historical Romance in the Nineteenth Century" (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s.), twenty-four pages devoted to the work of Sir Walter Scott out of forty-seven seems a large proportion. The author, Marjorie Noel How, B.A., knows her Scott thoroughly, and for this part of the booklet we have nothing but praise. In the essay, however, as a form of literary art it is necessary to weave the material more tightly and neatly than Miss How has done; having finished with her favourite historical novelist she discusses rather loosely the claim of a few other writers to fit her title, and ends, as she began, with a quotation from Stevenson—a familiar device which saves much trouble but which the essayist should leave to learners. For a small work there is too much reference to authorities. "Professor Herford says. . ." "Stevenson has pointed out. . ." "Walter Bagehot remarks. . ." These interpolations are useful, but weaken a short essay, giving the impression—we do not say a truthful impression—that the author's own ideas were not too abundant. It is clear that Miss How has read widely, and that she could do better if she would reconsider the demands of the form she has chosen.

"Our Villa in Italy" (T. Fisher Unwin 5s.) is a book to delight the connoisseur. The author, Mr. J. Lucas, who went to Italy for a holiday and made his home there, describes the beautiful furniture, the garden, the neighbours, all with enthusiasm, and the illustrations—especially those of outdoor life—are something to dream of in these dark days. The book is a second edition, attractively produced, and not overburdened with the collector's point of view.

Fiction

QUITE a number of works have been written round that fine fighting regiment of devil-may-cares, the French Foreign Legion. Some have taken the form of memoirs, others of novels, and now Vere Shortt has added yet another to the latter category. "Lost Sheep" (John Lane, 6s.) is a graphic, vigorous story so far as the Legion is concerned, the military adventures and the romance leave nothing to be desired; but, as a whole, it is somewhat marred by the earlier part, which seems lukewarm and lacks the raciness one would expect in the description of the life which drove the hero, a cavalry officer, to become a "Légionnaire."

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim long ago made his mark as a prolific writer of exciting stories, the more or less improbable incidents of which have been swallowed, *cum grano salis*, and forgiven for the enjoyable thrills they have given. Unfortunately, perhaps because Mr. Oppenheim does not appear to be always in the vein, there is often a lack of uniformity with regard to merit, and of the volumes which bear his name some are good, some bad, others only indifferent. Nevertheless, one always looks forward to a new story from his pen. His latest, "A People's Man" (Methuen and Co., 6s.), seems to us neither good nor bad, therefore we must reluctantly classify it amongst the indifferent ones. The idea upon which it is based is a bold and novel one, and Maraton, the maker of new world-conditions, is a fine type; a most charming love-story finds a place in the midst of more dramatic and strenuous happenings, and an intriguing German, though not over-convincing, plays the part to be expected of him in this year of grace.

While not for a moment denying Alice and Claude Askew credit for writing an interesting story, it must be admitted that at a time when so much gloom and distress unavoidably manifest themselves in other directions, a little brighter book than "Trespass" (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) would have been welcome. The scene is laid in the Transvaal, the actions taking place on a Dutch farm. Two girls, the daughter and niece of the farmer, present a great contrast the one to the other. Sara, the daughter, is a complex character; her stern Puritanical upbringing vies with her love of life and her desire to marry the man of her choice—her father's overseer, who, she knows, will never meet with the old man's approval. Her cousin, Anna, a less conscientious and more light-hearted maiden, loves the same man; so, when another suitor appears for Sara, the reader will understand that there are sufficient complications for the authors to straighten out. Sara is weak; in seeking to please father and lover she fails in such a way that tragedy haunts her for the rest of her life. The first part of the story is convincing, but the one sorrowful note struck again and again—and that one only—throughout the book is a very great undertaking for any author to try and accomplish, while at the same time not allowing any flagging in interest, and it must be said that in the present instance the reiteration does at times pall upon the reader.

Of a Little Dinner in Soho

IN Rabelais's great treatise called "Pantagruel" there is a certain minor character with whom I have always had a good deal of sympathy. He was monk or friar—I forget which—and, being in Florence, his friends insisted on his "doing" that famous town, all as if he had been an American tourist of this present age. They showed him picture galleries, they trotted him round churches.

"These sculptures," said he, "are rare, I confess; as for these galleries and alabasters, or whatever you call them, I have nothing to say against them. But all the time I have been in this town of Florence I have not seen so much as one poor street of roasting-cooks; and in my own good city of Lyons there are fourteen streets of roasting-cooks, all ancient, savoury, and aromatic."

It is a noble protest, and always comes to my mind when I wander about Soho, where are the savoury streets of the roasting-cooks in our London?

I have always been a lover of Soho. I remember when Sebastiano Bongiovanni still kept his restaurant in Rupert Street; here, they say, Stevenson and Henley dined together long ago. Then, later, there was a little place at the lower end of Wardour Street; here at one time you could get an admirable bouillabaisse, as good as that which I have eaten at Pascal's in the old port of Marseilles. And they served langouste also, which, in my opinion, is a lobster that is better than lobster, though most English tables ignore its excellence. I remember a friend of mine puzzling the proprietor by always demanding it under the name of "mongoose," which is not at all the same thing.

In my young days you could get good Chianti in Soho; it was contained in thin flasks, with a stratum of oil at the top to preserve the wine in good condition. The waiters of those days had a peculiar knack—the slight cork having been drawn—of giving the flask a shake or flip, expelling the oil, but not spilling the wine. Somehow Chianti does not taste as good as it used to; but this may be the effect of advancing years.

And it is, perhaps, these advancing years that have made me of late but a sparing visitor of the Soho streets at dinner-time. Youth loves to be abroad when the stars come out, and adventures readily in dinner as in all else; riper age, grown sluggish and over-cautious, stays at home and eats at home. So I visited Soho a few nights ago with something of the feeling of an exile returning. But I was glad that I had returned when I found Bohemia, which is in Frith Street, not far from Shaftesbury Avenue. The sign is good; it reminded me of Murger's immortals, of Rodolphe and Mimi, Schaunard, Marcel and Musette. There are sad things related of these in the book; they died or grew wise or came into small fortunes or fell into other sorry courses, so the author tells. But I will not believe it; for me Mimi is still eating her radishes and her sardine and drinking her Beaune wine "dans un petit panier";

that company still sups well, wondering who on earth is to pay the bill—though there are no bills in those Elysian fields where Rodolphe and Mimi now feast happily for ever.

I don't remember whether we had radishes at the Bohemia in Frith Street, here below. I know we had sardines, because the manager took a pride in them, and very justly. It is a common mistake to think that a sardine is a sardine. It often isn't; indeed, not long it was proved in the courts that it is frequently a bristling, and now and then it is an infant mackerel. But these sardines of the Bohemia were sardines, small and delicate and old in their oil. Good sardines are like good wine; they improve by keeping, by allowing the fine olive oil to permeate the tender flesh, removing all asperities and fishy crudities.

There were other excellent *hors d'œuvre*, anchovies, and filleted herrings, and a tasty Russian salad. I was glad to find that the cook was of my opinion in one matter, which opinion is, indeed, the faith of the true church of cookery; that is, that oil is to be used liberally in salads, vinegar sparingly. Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig certainly chopped up their monstrous and historical salad with "plenty of vinegar," and it may be conjectured that it was this fierce and fearsome acid, and not the contents of the famous teapot, which led to the quarrel over Mr. Chuffey and Mrs. Harris.

Well, to the *hors d'œuvre* succeeded a bowl of turtle soup, a dish that needs no praise. After the soup a grilled sole with "devilled" sauce, then a roast partridge with salad, omelette au Kirsch, ripe Camembert cheese, black coffee. It was a dinner to satisfy the late Archbishop Benson, who said that this meal should be "plain but perfect."

And while we ate we drank a wine that is, to our loss, but little known in England, though it is amongst the best of wines. It is called "Châteauneuf du Pape"; it is red; it is rare; and it comes from Provence, whence so many admirable and beautiful things have come. I drank it and relished it, not only for its corporal savours, but for the memories it brought back to me. Once again I went down the rushing Rhone in the boat from Valence, once again I saw those enchanted shores—Montpellier, Orange, Avignon, with its white walls flushing in the sunset glow; once again I heard Mistral's song:—

Cantas, cantas, magnanarelle
Li magnan soun grande, li magnan soun belle;
Li magnan soun belle et s'endormoun di très.

There is drinking and drinking. A sun that had set on the white rocks of Provence nigh twenty years ago shone again for me as I drank my bottle of good Provençal wine.

And, by the way, how about Rodolphe and Mimi at Bohemia? I think that I caught sight of them, happy and enchanted, in an inner room, discreet and apart, to which you go down by stairs; and there you see the veritable stars. But all about us were sturdy fellows in khaki, bound for the wars in the Low Countries. Bohemia feeds these at half-price, and Bohemia

does well. And they do well also. Dugald Dalgetty understood all that was to be understood *de re militari*, and he, well advised, made his first question of the "provaunt and viviers." Good meat, good drink, and a victorious soldier are well-matched companions.

SAVARIN.

MOTORING

THE heavy military traffic on the main roads during the present abnormally wet season has caused many of them to be in a very bad state for motoring, and numerous complaints have been received by the Automobile Association from its members during the last few weeks. The committee of the Association desire, however, to point out that it is unreasonable for motorists to expect in war-time the same travelling conditions as in time of peace. In normal times, the Association has always been active in encouraging or urging the prompt repair of roads, and by the aid of their patrols' reports, supplemented by the complaints sent in from members, it has been kept well informed as to the poor road conditions all over the country, and has carried out efficient work in improving them. But at present, for the reasons indicated, it is devoting its attentions more particularly to roads actually dangerous to motor traffic, rather than to those that are merely uncomfortable and unsatisfactory. During the past week it has done good work in bringing to the notice of the proper authorities the exceedingly bad conditions of portions of the Great North Road, and of a main road in Kent, and in each case the contractors have arranged to carry out the necessary repairs at once.

The Dunlop booklet for 1915—"All about Dunlop Cycle and Motor Cycle Tyres and Sundries"—is now ready, and the Dunlop Rubber Co., at Aston Cross, Birmingham, will be glad to send a copy to any cyclist or motor cyclist applying. It contains many new features of interest. For instance, the "Special" cycle tyre has been superseded by a cover of entirely new design—the Dunlop "Magnum." The special claims made on its behalf are that it will stand up on roads of the worst type, coupled with a resistance to puncture. A second introduction is the Dunlop Auto-Wheel cover, which is also of the rubber-studded type. Motor cyclists will find tyres to suit every purpose, from the light-weight motor cyclette to the heavy side-car combination. It must be a matter of some difficulty to introduce novelties into such a complete list as the Dunlop, which now contains 52 varieties and types, but it has been done. One of the most interesting and novel features for 1915 is the "Combination"—a steel-studded and rubber-studded cover intended for the driving-wheels of side-car machines, where extra strength and gripping powers are required; while at the other end of the scale are the new motor-cyclette rubber-studded and ribbed covers, the former of which is made in two sizes and the latter in four.

The National Gallery

FRIENDS of the National Gallery are feeling profoundly grateful to Sir Claude Phillips, who has called attention in an article (*Daily Telegraph* of January 21) to the unsightly and unpractical glass screens—or rather sheds—there, which have recently so incensed everyone who really cares for the pictures obscured behind them. We justly say obscured, for on quite nine days out of ten these conservatories are misty with a faint grey steam from the atmosphere of the place.

It is impossible to enter into the spirit of a picture unless terms of intimacy can be established with it. To enjoy it we must be able to choose the range at which we will examine it. The covert insult offered to the general public—as to "the Herd," in Nietzsche's sense—by the monstrous apparatus of steel and glass is not all. The very purpose for which the pictures are placed in a public museum is defeated.

Sir Claude Phillips, by his exceptional genius as a connoisseur, enjoys great prestige in this country, in everything relating to art; perhaps his protest will be received as interpreting a public as incensed as himself but less able to express itself with effect.

After all the National Gallery as an institution does exist for those who love its possessions, and who have none of their own of such importance to enjoy.

The public is not disposed to bear the insult to which it feels itself subject with any better grace from the fact that the contrivances referred to made their appearance just as the suffragette menace, on which the excuse for them would be framed, entirely passed away with the outbreak of the war.

The Belgian Field Hospital

AMPLE testimony by competent witnesses has been borne to the beneficent work accomplished by the Belgian Field Hospital. Originally established in Antwerp early in September, the hospital was moved during the bombardment to Furnes, some seven miles in rear of the fighting line. It is the only British hospital acting under the directions of the Belgian War Department. From its unique position it is able to give medical aid as speedily as possible. Not only are the chances of saving life thus immeasurably increased, but, as every mile to the wounded man is necessarily torture, the difference to him between being transported seven miles to Furnes and twenty to Dunkirk or many more to Calais cannot be exaggerated. The hospital is prepared to follow the advance of the Belgian army, always keeping within sound of the guns. Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians has expressed confidence "that England will afford this hospital the necessary aid in order that it may continue its labours," a confidence which carries a sacred obligation. Funds are urgently needed, and subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary, 21, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, who will forward a pamphlet giving full information.

In the Temple of Mammon

THE most important news of the week is that a conference will take place in Paris between the English, French and Russians to discuss the finance of the war. Russia, although she has a very big holding of gold, no doubt wishes to preserve this in order to keep up the value of the rouble note. France has also an ample gold supply, but her note issue is even bigger than that of Russia. We have a comparatively small note issue, and our gold supply is nebulous, for no one knows exactly how much gold is in the tills of the banks. The London, City and Midland is the only bank that separates its gold item. It is not altogether a question of gold but of credit, and the credit of the Allies is infinitely greater than that of Germany and Austria. Indeed, we may rule out Austria's financial credit altogether, for the country is in a most disturbed condition and the finances grow worse every day. Germany has mobilised all her wealth, and her note issue is covered as to over 41 per cent. in gold. She has borne the strain of the war extremely well, probably because she has bought all her supplies very cheaply and is still working upon the hoard of war material collected before the struggle broke out. France and England have had to spend the most money. Exactly how much money the war costs no one can say. The latest estimate is ten millions a day, but whatever it costs no one denies that it is a prodigious sum, and a large proportion of it has to be found each week. In order to arrange funds the three nations will meet in Paris.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Lloyd George, who represents England at the Conference, will be guided in his action by the advice given in France. The French are excellent financiers; they are cautious, they understand political economy, and they understand the minute details of finance. Mr. Lloyd George is an admirable orator, but he admits that he knows nothing whatever about finance. However, he is very shrewd, and he will probably see quickly that the French Finance Minister is a master of his subject. Not only will the three nations have to arrange their own finances, but they will probably be called upon jointly to accommodate Roumania and Servia. Japan will certainly need a loan. Some hundreds of millions will have to be found before next May, and there should be no difficulty about this. The modern system is to issue bonds and arrange with the State Bank that these bonds can be borrowed upon up to par value at ordinary bank rate. This is equivalent to issuing paper money, or rather it is a method of condensing the wealth of the country and storing it in one reservoir. Nobody is very seriously hurt, and as the money must be found it is perhaps the readiest way of finding it. It is perhaps an advantage to be able to pay taxes and meet Government debts with these bonds, and this is sometimes done. We ourselves shall have to issue another three hundred and fifty millions in May, and in a few weeks we shall probably find that Russia and France are both of them offering loans in London, Paris and Petrograd. But there is very little capital in Russia, and the bulk of the money will certainly have to be found by the English and the French.

The tone of the American newspapers seems to be moderating, and perhaps the Yankee financier thinks that he was rather foolish to try to pick a quarrel with Great Britain when she was sending him huge orders for ammunition and clothing. But I never yet met a Yankee who was satisfied. If they had the whole world they would cry for the moon. They must know in the United States that we could not under any circumstances allow them to supply Germany, and they have any number of precedents for our action. But the German element throughout

America is strong, and we have not heard the last of the trouble, therefore I again repeat my advice of last week to keep out of all American railways.

There is a little business in Rubber shares, and some of the least valuable have had the most markings recorded. This is a common trick and enables the promoter to pretend that there is a good market in the shares that he has to sell. However, the best rubber shares look hard, and should certainly be kept, for as I have said before there is very little chance of rubber going below 2s., and for immediate delivery it fetches 2s. 2d.

There is very little doing in Oil shares, and the changes are not important. Royal Dutch round about 40 and Shell at a shade over 4 are probably the best things to buy, but it seems ridiculous to invest one's money in Russian Oil shares; there are optimists who buy both Spies and North Caucasians, but I fully expect to find the price of oil in Russia gradually fall. Roumania is still at work, but the war will sooner or later stop the wells; therefore I advise my readers to get out of Roumanian Consolidated, which, though a good enough company, is likely to have a bad time later on.

In the Mining market the dealers still do a fair business in all the Eastern deep levels. Modders, Modder Deeps and Modder B's are the fashion, and clearly the Germans through their English friends have been trying to get rid of Geduld. I think this market will die down. Oroville's continue a fashionable counter, and an effort is being made to put up all Indian mines. Against these I have very little to say, as they are clean, honestly managed concerns, and are reasonably valued; also the final dividends will shortly be declared.

Armament shares are the one fashionable market in the House, and those of my readers who took my advice and purchased when the war began have a very handsome profit to take. I do not think that the rise is anything like over. We must not forget that every one of these companies is working night and day on contracts which show a magnificent profit. Nobels must be making a fortune; Kynochs, which have been run up to 16, are also hard at work; Birmingham Small Arms have risen 2s. 6d., and look like going higher; there is a poor market in National Explosives, which look extremely cheap at 17s. 6d. There has been a fair amount of buying of Beardmores, but although this company will probably come out with an excellent balance sheet it is no more a favourite of mine than Cammell Laird, for neither concern is well managed. Armstrongs and Vickers have both risen, and both are certain to see higher prices.

In the Industrial market shipping shares are very hard, and meat shares have also been bought.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

THE TROOPS AND THEIR FOOD.

It is announced that the contract for feeding the Territorials at the White City has been placed with Messrs. W. and R. S. Kerr, of Glasgow.

A staff of 250 men will be sent to London. The food cooked at the White City daily will amount to 2½ tons, while 1½ tons will come from Glasgow.

If the contract, which extends to April, is as successful as have been other Scotch catering arrangements it should last till the end of the war. The series of exhibitions of 25 years ago, starting with the Health Exhibition—the "Healtheries"—were running for several seasons when a most noticeable improvement took place in the catering for the public. So striking was the change that visitors made inquiries and learnt that the catering was then being done by a Scotch firm. Scotch enterprise may again prove beneficial to both soldier and civilian.

CORRESPONDENCE

"BIZ."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I outline an American point of view, suggested to a man in the street by Mr. S. A. Bennett's letter in last week's ACADEMY, entitled: "Americans and the War"?

I do not love the ruthless Hun,
And scorn the fierce invader
For all the wicked things he's done;
But as a peaceful trader
I'm bound to speak him fair at times—
I guess that's pretty often—
And thus towards his many crimes
I somehow seem to soften.

For "biz" is "biz," pray bear in mind,
And Uncle Sam's no noodle;
He lives on terms with all mankind,
But those are terms of boodle.

I cherish peace all things above,
My yearning there increases;
Yet still I have a rival love
That takes the form of "pieces."
For martyred Belgium how I feel!
That whole affair was rotten.
To put things right I'd give a deal—
A big square deal in cotton.

War may be war, but "biz" is "biz,"
Three cheers for "Yankee Doodle!"
We live for liberty—Gee whiz!—
The free pursuit of boodle.

W. H. GADSDON.

SEA POWER AND WORLD POWER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—That is a very interesting suggestion of Mr. J. Ellis Barker's in his informing article on the Economic Future of Germany, in your last issue, that the war might remain undecided and "end in a draw, an event," he says, "which after all is possible, though not likely."

If such a result is even remotely possible it would destroy a large part of the claim made on behalf of Sea Power. For if there is anything at all in this claim, such a result as Mr. Barker suggests is absolutely impossible of fulfilment. Unless and until Germany can destroy the combined Fleets of England and her Allies, Germany is already beaten to the earth, and this notwithstanding that the Allies may do no more on land than hold back the German legions at the German frontiers in the East and the West. For the silent, constant pressure on the Fatherland of the Sea Power of the Allies must in time strangle the Empire.

And as Mr. Barker acutely observes, the Triple Entente could obviously only agree to a cessation of hostilities "after a long-drawn-out struggle." Will he say that Germany is more likely to sustain such a struggle, without access to the seas, than are the Allies, with full access?

Le Matin has neatly summarised this aspect of Germany's economic future. "Germany's future," it says, "is not on the sea, as the Kaiser asserts, but under it."
Your obedient servant,
H. GILHAM.

ENGLAND'S "GREATEST POET."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—"James Elroy Flecker died at Davos last Sunday, and England has lost her greatest poet," writes Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole to a contemporary. Most people (including myself) had probably never heard the name of this "greatest poet" until now, but there is a saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. Perhaps James Elroy Flecker is an instance. Yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.
January 17, 1915.

"War Facts and Figures" is an encyclopædia of useful information compiled for and issued by the British Dominions General Insurance Co., Ltd. There is a great deal in the volume which will make it of handy reference not only on various phases of insurance, but as to the strength of forces now engaged in world conflict, the personalia of leaders in the different countries, and important places along the far-flung battle fronts. The collection of photographs and maps is excellent, and special articles like Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's on the war, Mr. Archibald Hurd's on the issue of the Sea Affair, Mr. F. A. Talbot's on "The Cruise of the *Emden*," and Mr. C. G. Grey's on Aircraft, lift it above the category of a mere compilation. Into such a work some errors are bound to creep, as all who have had to prepare anything of the kind know. Those we have detected are more or less obvious, and will not materially detract from the usefulness of the volume, which may be had for the asking on application to the offices of the Company, 1, Royal Exchange Avenue, E.C.

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Notes of the Week

Germany's Efforts

ALL suggestions as to peace talk in Germany or Austria may be dismissed as purely imaginary. That Austria and Hungary would be glad to withdraw from the contest we can readily believe; Germany is in a very different case and very different mood. She sees the ship of State, the result of half a century's laborious effort, on the rocks, and she will use her last man and her last depreciated Reichsbank mark-note in the hope that something may happen to save complete wreck. At the moment her official communiqués are her only solace; she keeps up her courage with the aid of obvious canards. East and West movements are steadily but relentlessly against her. Marshal von Hindenberg has again hurled his men on the Russians, with disastrous consequences to himself. The Russians officially declare that the German losses are colossal. The Russians are showing great activity along the whole extraordinary line they hold. In the West the vigorous artillery duels have been relieved by further strenuous but unavailing attacks on the British near La Bassée. Germany would lose all with a lighter heart if only she could deliver one smashing blow at Britain.

German Outlaws

In the admirable and amusing verses which appeared in our correspondence columns last week Mr. W. H. Gadsdon traced America's attitude in the war to "boodle." Even American boodle-seekers may find occasion to think when they read of Germany's latest exploits. One of her submarines has found its way, pluckily enough, into the Irish Sea, and has sunk two or three merchant ships after setting their crews adrift in open boats. German submarines are clearly prepared to stake everything on an attempt to carry out Admiral von Tirpitz' threat to raid British commerce. To what extent they will succeed remains to be seen. If they managed to inflict any very serious damage on trans-Atlantic traffic the sufferers would be as much American as British. America might then turn round and ask Great Britain why she did not find some way of ensuring that command of the seas which is so inconvenient to the American runner of contraband. In sinking defenceless trading ships the Germans are violating international law as surely as the bombardiers by sea and air of unfortified towns. Russia will not

waste false sentiment on any caught in the act: she will treat them as outlaws. Great Britain may yet have to do likewise.

Questions for Parliament

Parliament reassembled on Tuesday. There are many urgent questions to be tackled. Information is wanted not only as to certain things connected with the war by land and sea and the policy to be adopted to meet grave issues which German practices have opened up, but as to economic problems, such as the increase in the price of food and coal, the alien enemy still active within our gates, the provision for men and the dependents of men who have sacrificed limbs and impaired their manhood in the trenches. Happily these things can be discussed, and where necessary criticism may be made, without introducing party feeling. Mr. Asquith gratefully acknowledges the co-operation, "patriotic in spirit and inestimable in value," of leading members of the Opposition, but, as he said, responsibility was not and could not be shared with the Government.

The Mahout and the Bantam

Lord Rosebery has been called the Orator to the Empire. We wish we could have a speech per day such as he delivered in Edinburgh on Saturday. His description of Prussia as the Mahout driving the German elephant was perfect. Great Britain has been charged with wishing to paint the map red: Prussia would like to paint it black. Then Lord Rosebery easily disposed of the objection held in some quarters to the taking of men under a certain height for the Army. He, naturally perhaps, when we remember that he does not himself stand six feet, finds many reasons why we should have a Bantam Battalion. A five-foot man enjoys some advantages: he is not overgrown, he is just as sturdy, he offers a smaller mark. Lord Rosebery might have added that the Prussian army found its ideal in men who stood more than six feet high, and it remains for the five-foot Briton to show that the extra inches were no guarantee of military superiority.

Khaki

Is khaki a failure? The *Evening News* has come to the conclusion that it is, and that some modification of what was regarded as the invisible mantle should be introduced. On that we make no comment; we have, unfortunately, not had the opportunity of judging in circumstances that count. But we tell a story which recently came to us. It was found in an attack by the Germans that their blue-grey uniforms faded into invisibility at a certain point, and the covering artillery-fire had to cease many minutes before the men had advanced as far as was desired before delivering the attack. On the other hand, the French, in their red trousers, have been found to be visible to their own artillery at far greater distances than the Germans. The result is the French artillery can cover an advance for an appreciable time longer—an inestimable advantage. It may be so with khaki.

Socialism at Sixes and Sevens

SOCIALISM has suffered a set-back as the result of the war. Will it, when peace comes, recover its shattered forces and march forward to victories greater than any enjoyed in the past? Socialists are confident; indeed, they seem almost inclined to dispute with Prussian Junkerism itself for the dominance of the world. The one thing estimable about the Socialist is his invincible optimism; with his aid man never is but always to be blessed. He is the victim of his own amiable delusions; yet the aspirations of the true Socialist are quite intelligible; he wants so badly to enter into possession of something which does not belong to him, and, as he is generally poor, we have seldom or never had the opportunity of testing how far he is prepared to surrender something belonging to himself for the common weal. At present he shows himself solicitous chiefly as to the effect of the war on his propaganda. His views on the war itself are entertaining in their variety. So far as we can gather, he is incapable of looking at it or its probable outcome with corporate eye and single purpose. Even the *Socialist Review* does not help us to an unqualified conception of the standpoint adopted by the Socialist in view of a world catastrophe in which a good many Socialists are playing their part, even laying down their lives, like ordinary heroes. With exceptions, Socialists are finding patriotism greater than Marxism; it has been left for certain British Socialists to distinguish themselves by discovering that Germany was in the right. That Mr. E. D. Morel should associate himself with those rare birds in England who hold Germany guiltless does not in the least surprise us. In the interests of truth he wishes to dispose of the legend that Germany's attack on France was unprovoked, and he enjoys the support of Vernon Lee and the Independent Labour Party, in this perverse and wholly chimerical crusade. Russia was the real criminal according to one of the pamphlets issued by the Independent Labour Party—also, of course, in the interests of truth. "Every country except Russia strove for peace," we are told by a writer who should find the letter from the Tsar, just published, a trifle disconcerting. No military caste, we are assured, was strong enough to make war if the diplomatists, Sir Edward Grey among them, had not played into the hands of the peace breakers. "The flood of stuff poured out about warlike historians and philosophers is but academic vanities and pomposities mainly used by publishers for making profits." That, at least, for the Treitschkes and the Bernhardis, is a refreshing pat on the back from an Independent British Labour Party man. When the war is over, the Socialist intends, we understand from Mr. A. W. Humphrey's "International Socialism and the War" (P. S. King, 3s. 6d. net), to impose his will on the settlement. Perhaps.

If we want to find one clue to the origin of the war, apart from the international and racial animosities and ambitions which provided the immediate excuse, we have

to go no further than the Socialist Party in Germany—a menace which Prussianism in peace-time found more and more inconvenient. That, indeed, is Mr. Hyndman's view. As Prussianism has got to be crushed, it is on the cards that German Socialism may rise phoenix-like from its ashes. Meanwhile German Socialism seems to have adopted an attitude towards other Socialists not less superior than Prussia's attitude towards all other nations. M. Ch. Paix Seailles, in the *Socialist Review*, enters a fine defence against the vapourings of the Morels, of the action France was compelled to take in order to rid herself of the German nightmare. Incidentally he shows how little sympathy French Socialists, however eager to give up national claims, even Alsace and the Revanche, for the sake of peace, got from their German neighbours and pseudo-confrères. "We found," says M. Seailles, "we had not really been dealing with a German democracy, fighting against Prussian feudalism and seeking the moral support of other nations for claims of political liberty and national justice. What we were dealing with were German workmen, anxious before everything about their material interests, very indifferent to the interests and especially to the feelings of others, and more inclined to share in the products of Pan-Germanic rapine than to combat Prussian militarism." We need only turn to Mr. Hyndman's article in the *English Review* on the coming triumph of Marxist Socialism for further enlightenment on the Prussia-like pretensions of the German Social Democrat. He shows how the German Socialists have been a stumbling block in the path of their fellows. "For many years the New, like the Old, 'International' has suffered from the dictation of the German Social Democrats and their special friends from Austria, Holland, and Scandinavia." It is a pretty picture of international altruism at sixes and sevens, stumbling over the stones which particularism places in the way of the idealist. Yet Mr. Hyndman is still happy; he knows Socialism is going to play its part among the great world forces of the future.

Socialism will survive just so long as there are men to follow any economic, political or cosmopolitan will-o'-the-wisp. We get down to the common sense of the Social Democratic position with Mr. W. H. Mallock in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Mallock has a knack of brushing aside the cobwebs, laboriously illogical, which the Socialist constructs for the benefit of any sentimental bluebottle who happens to be buzzing around, investigating structures he does not understand. Mr. Mallock might have written his article as a reply to Mr. Hyndman's, which, of course, he had not seen. "The more strongly Social Democrats of the School of Marx insist that the economic interests of the masses in all countries are the same the more clearly does" the attack on Belgium "show that men, as concrete entities, are not, as the Marxians contend, motivated to action by economic interests alone." Marx was as wide in his reasoning as Norman Angell himself. If the influence of the war on democracy is not disastrous, the explanation will be found, not in the predominance

of the many, but in the readiness of the many to follow the enlightened few. As Mr. Mallock well says, "Labour moves at the bidding of the picked intellects of the world." Democracy will doubtless have a new chance, but it will triumph or fail as it chooses its leaders wisely or unwisely. Mr. Mallock thinks that one of the principal results of the war "in a wide political sense will be to convince even men of the most conservative sympathies of the true value of the democratic element in Government and the dangers to civilisation which may arise as a consequence of its being unduly atrophied in the case of even one great State." Germany has shown the dangers of excessive oligarchism; we have to beware of going to the other extreme, indistinguishable from Social Democracy so called, which would inevitably involve reaction. But we shall run no such risk till Social Democrats have found a way of reconciling their own obvious differences.

The Civilian in Wartime

BY F. G. AFLALO.

ONE peculiarity in the mind of the soldier as distinguished from that of the civilian in these times of stress must be evident to all who have had opportunities of conversing with officers home on short leave from the trenches, and that is his comparative lack of hatred of the enemy, towards whom his non-combatant friends at home feel far more malice. In all probability the same holds good of the enemy, and the fanfaronade of hate that resounds in the *Berliner Tageszeitung* and *Hamburger Nachrichten* may find but a faint echo in the breasts of those deputed to give effect to the bloodcurdling threats of frightfulness. After all, this warmth of feeling is only to be expected in the passive onlooker, whether he is swayed by partisan feelings at a cricket match or looking on at war through the safe medium of the newspapers. He has not, like his friends at the front, the opportunity of working off his superabundant emotions with sabre or rifle. Giving and taking hard blows is a wonderful safety-valve for pent-up feelings, and, lacking such distraction, the civilian gives vent to them in anathema of his country's foes.

But the whole mentality of the man debarred by circumstances (not inclination) from doing his share of the fighting is interesting. Chief among his feelings is a thirst for the latest news from the front, and the

meagreness of official news during the earlier weeks of the campaign goaded the readers of newspapers to give free rein to idle imagination. It is quite certain that the arid précis of the French "three o'clock" is but a skeleton version of the fierce fighting described as a "slight advance" or "quiet"; but, even with such absence of romance from the published archives, there was hardly any need to transport over English railroads half a million Cossacks never born of woman, to kill the German Crown Prince half a dozen times, or to terrify nervous old ladies with circumstantial accounts of Zeppelin attacks on London.

Another little foible, the origin of which is apparent, is the civilian's passion for expounding problems of strategy and riddles of tactics—in other words, to teach the Headquarters Staff its own business. In every club in the realm such battles have been won on land and sea as easily eclipsed Marathon, the defeat of the Armada and all the rest of Creasy's fifteen to boot. Cracow and Przemyśl have fallen before these wordy warriors like Jericho before the trumpets of Joshua; Berlin has all but opened its gates to Cossack and Cuirassier, the enemy's fleet has been dug out of the Kiel Canal "like rats," and the Russian flag has floated proudly from Königsberg to Constantinople.

This perverted fertility of suggestion on the part of those least qualified to offer it may be traced to a mistaken idea that our progress in East and West has been too dilatory, a fallacy shared by few who have had a chance of actual talk with men back from the front. While these speak (when they speak at all) authoritatively only on what goes on in front of their own little section of the fighting-line, their story carries the conviction that, though Germany must lose the odd trick, anything in the nature of a sweeping drive of the enemy back over his river frontier is out of the question. In the meantime, it behoves us civilians, who are doing none of the work, to be patient with the efforts of the soldiers who are doing it all.

As to the alleged apathy with which the bulk of the civilian population has been charged, I think it is exaggerated. There are no doubt youths, in whom mind does not govern matter, who can take greater interest in the fortunes of a football match; but in the individuals of the community who count, much of the indifference is less a mood than a pose. What, after all, would be effected by a downhearted absorption in the carnage over the water? The most flattering tribute that non-combatants can pay to those who are remaking the map of Europe is a calm awaiting of events. In

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many cases apathy is impossible, for there are dear friends at the front, or there have been; and there are more sordid, though no less insistent, reasons why many of us can rarely take our thoughts from a state of affairs that has temporarily made all our best-laid schemes go wrong.

Most who have not "got a job," who have tried in vain to do our share as fighting men, as interpreters, or in some other capacity once removed from actual warfare, feel, unless our hair be white or our dotage patent to all eyes, the reproach bestowed on "slackers," since the "great rejected" wear on their sleeve no advertisement of either willingness or incapacity. A happy few, however, are spared such outrage by finding odd jobs to do in connection with charity organisation, recruiting, or other work incidental to a state of war.

I have endeavoured to give expression to the "war thoughts" of the average civilian too old to wear the King's uniform. The mentality of the "mouse," eligible as to age and physique and unfettered by dependents, but deaf to the suasive call of "*dulce et decorum*," etc., I confess myself unable to fathom. It is, however, neither a delectable nor profitable subject for research, and I gladly leave its analysis to those qualified to apologise.

The Sower

IN the country every season has its charms. The town dweller is prone to look with pity, not unmixed with contempt, on the villager in winter, on his muddy roads, his absence of cinemas, of electric lights, of trams and facilities for shopping, but he who is at heart a country-man finds compensation for the lack of these advantages in the unceasing interest arising from intimacy with the things of Nature. The very season itself, the character of weather, is changed by its environment.

The Londoner registers fog and snow, frost and rain, sleet and mud, as so many varying degrees in the scale of unpleasantness; to the countryman they are invested with personality, with good or evil propensities, according to their effect upon his land, his crops, or fruit trees; the personal element of discomfort is merged in concern for the husbandry of which he is foster parent. Again, the man who lives in town, surrounded by the finished products of manufacture, of science and commerce, thinks very little of the source of things; it is to him as if there were no means of production but those to which he is accustomed, no origin beyond the warehouse or the counter. The countryman is close to the heart of things; his is the responsibility of the seed which germinates, of the bread which is the life of man, and of the beasts who minister to his strength and endurance.

It is the fashion to look down upon the villager as of duller intelligence, of more limited outlook, of a bovine nature, as akin to the vegetation with which he

is so closely connected. True it is that, class for class, he lacks the shrewdness of those whose living is dependent on their wits, on going one better than their fellows; he has no disposition to hustle, nor the gift of repartee that embellishes the lad about town. Instead, he possesses a remarkable fund of patience and endurance, wedded to a knowledge of the things of Nature which is often united to sound judgment and mechanical capacity. His is the lore of the plants and the animals beneath his care, of the seasons, of wind and weather, of wild folk of the downs and woods where the clean wind fills his lungs and pumps the good red blood to his heart. For the cinema he has the constantly changing panorama of Nature, the greatest scenic artist. Probably he takes little notice of it, nor sets much store by his fund of knowledge. It is to him as instinct, imbibed with his mother's milk, on the first journeys taken with father to tend the lambing in the snows, to note the progress of the sprouting corn, to help gather apples in ruddy autumn. Birth and death, growth and decay, the miracle of spring, and the long sleep of winter lose all significance by their familiarity. Nevertheless, his is the lore which lies at the foundation of all things, below science and culture, below manufacture and the attendant luxury it imparts to the habits of men; it is the bed-rock on which the fabric of society is built, this knowledge of Nature who supplies the essentials of food and drink and clothing, the prime necessities of life.

This is one of the almost forgotten truths the war is bringing home to us. So much we have taken for granted in the years of peace. Grain and flesh, wool and fruits, poured into our markets, flooded our shops, we scarce knew whence, nor cared. Necessities apparently secure, we gave our whole attention to luxury, to progress in the mechanical arts. The grim touch of war has changed all this. To-day the husbandman is once more occupying his real position in the scheme of things. Necessity has compelled a new interest in the fields whose brown earth is now turned up in rich furrows beneath the plough, in the meadows where cattle stand and fat sheep graze, in the Sower who can now be seen any day on the hillside, following the drill or striding across the land. "Seed for the sower, bread for the eater." Old as the hills, familiar in picture, story, and song, in the parables of philosophy and religion, is the figure of the Sower, as, basket on arm, a stalwart figure against the winter sky, with rhythmic motion he dispenses the grain, the principle of life, while the birds of the air wheel round him, eager for chance grains that the wind sweeps from their destined harbour. His is a profession, dignified by antiquity, as skilled and definite as the well-digger and kindred arts which have descended to us from the remote ages when man lived by the tilling of the ground. It is interesting in that it is one of the few handicrafts the octopus of machinery has failed to stifle in its embrace.

But it is not by his picturesque aspect that the Sower now arrests our attention. The bread of the nation, the future feeding of its people, is one of the economic

problems of the hour. War is teaching us how dependent we have permitted ourselves to become on the output of other countries for the vital necessities of bread and meat. It is impossible for England to be self-supporting, but experts are constantly asserting the advantage which would be obtained from raising more wheat and more cattle at home, while by support and protection this could be made profitable to the farmers.

At the moment prices are at a level which seriously threatens the health of the mass of our people. The staple food of the working class is now white bread and margarine, washed down by weak tea with little sugar and less milk. Cheese, bacon, fresh meat are rarely obtainable luxuries. On such diet it is impossible for men and women to conserve health and energy for good work, while it threatens the future of the children who will be the mainstay of the race. Those in possession of comfortable incomes are unable to comprehend the difference caused by a rise of 2d. or 3d. on a pound of meat, of 1d. or 1½d. on the quartern loaf, of 1d. or 1½d. on each pound of sugar to those whose weekly wage is at all times a bare sufficiency, and affords infrequent chances of the little luxuries as dear to them as to us. To all of us the war means self-denial, to the "poor" present conditions mean actual deprivation of nourishment enough to maintain full powers of mind and body in the hardships of an English winter, hardships added to enormously by the advance in the price of coal.

We are told that this is due to our unpreparedness for a state of war, to difficulties of transport and unloading; that prices are at their highest, and that there is reasonable hope they may in due course drop towards their normal level. These statements may help us to accept matters philosophically, but they are poor comfort to the mother surrounded by a batch of hungry children, unable properly to supply their wants. War has cast the whole of our economic administration into the melting-pot of its fiery trial, and is revealing many glaring defects, hitherto hidden or glossed over. It is gross treachery to express any admiration for Germany; nevertheless, she stands to view as a model of forethought, thrift, economy, and wise prevision. These may be virtues prostituted with a base and unworthy end in the present war, but they are virtues England can well afford to emulate. No nation can be happy or intelligent which is not well fed, and it is for us to see now that the children, the nursing mothers, the father who is the wage-earner, do not suffer in mind as well as in body from the stringent economy in thousands of homes which is the necessary corollary to the abnormal prices in the market-place.

The painter members of the Friday Club will hold their Annual Exhibition at the Hall of the Alpine Club, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W.; it will consist of works executed by the members during the past year. The Exhibition will open on Monday, February 8, and will continue till Saturday, the 27th.

REVIEWS

A French Professor on Blake

William Blake, Poet and Mystic. By P. BERGER, Docteur-ès-Lettres. Authorised Translation by DANIEL H. CONNER. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

A HUNDRED years ago, William Blake was alive—and neglected; to-day he is recognised as one whose poetry sometimes touches the highest peaks of lyric beauty, and whose art reveals the pilgrimage of a soul. We are not of those who worship Blake as an immortal, incomparable genius; but it is undoubtedly true that from this imaginative dreamer, who seemed totally unfitted for life in any practical world, came some of the most original work that has ever been known—work that in the fields of both literature and art has piqued the curiosity and roused the attention of many competent critics. His engravings and paintings have been discussed freely; his poetry has not had so great an amount of attention, and in a review of Mr. Basil de Selincourt's volume on Blake in *THE ACADEMY* for July 17, 1909, we hinted that there was room, in spite of the exhaustive and sometimes exhausting analysis of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats, for one who would treat the poems "in a manner which has a wider appeal than such clever and patient probing can ever possess." A French scholar has now done this, and done it brilliantly; in this masterly work, which has been translated perfectly, we have the critical yet sympathetic valuation of Blake's literary aspect which has long been needed.

It would be very easy to misunderstand this strange, fantastic mind, this spiritual waif cast adrift in a dreadfully practical world. Blake's ideas ran in a precisely opposite direction to accepted behaviour; he was constantly trying, as it were, to float up-stream, and the strong current of opposition, naturally and irrevocably baffling his efforts, annoyed him. Reason and logic irritated him; his first principle was distrust of experience, confidence in vision and in imagination. So rebellious a soul, cribbed in so healthy and robust a body, might easily have led to lawlessness and desperate social anarchy; yet he was a lover of his home and a true husband—in spite of the stanzas in which he railed at the conception of a love bound to one object. His mind leaped instantly from the material to the ethereal; his soul took refuge in dreams from the troubles of Hayley's tedious friendship and public neglect. He overthrew conventions in his verse—not in his life; an intimate with several active revolutionaries, he was too much of a dreamer to become identified with their inglorious conflicts. Quite seriously he wrote to Flaxman, while on a visit to Felpham: "Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are most distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen;

and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses." These visions and voices were always with him, and, as Professor Berger remarks, "It is not easy to answer the man who says, 'I have seen.'" The outward creation was merely a window, through which he perceived what to him was reality; thus his insistent spiritual exaltation made of death a beautiful escape from bondage:

The Door of Death is made of gold,
That Mortal Eyes cannot behold;
But, when the Mortal Eyes are clos'd
And cold and pale the Limbs repos'd,
The Soul awakes; and, wond'ring sees
In her mild Hand the golden Keys:
The Grave is Heaven's golden Gate
And rich and poor around it wait;
O Shepherdess of England's Fold,
Behold this Gate of Pearl and Gold!

The tangle of the complicated "mystical" books is patiently and lucidly unravelled by Professor Berger, as far as may be; he admits, however, that "in the end his mystic vision and the symbols which described it reached a sphere in which our eyes could no longer follow them, our minds no longer comprehend them. They are beyond us, and almost cease to be literature." Into all the speculations which are excited by these extraordinary outpourings, sometimes vividly reminiscent of the Biblical language in which Blake was steeped, we cannot follow the author of this book. The poet was spoiled by too much mysticism; there are dozens of passages which could only be understood or enjoyed by a mind the duplicate of his own—perversely obscure, packed with mysterious allusions, brilliant with meaningless words. When all is said, however, there are the perfect "Songs" which will outlive his vast, echoing, self-created universe, recapturing some of the lost Elizabethan music; and with them we may well be content. We have nothing but praise for this very fine exposition of a difficult theme; it should stand with the work of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats, and with Mr. de Selincourt's careful critique, as an indispensable contribution to literary criticism of a fascinating period.

The First Duke of Marlborough

John and Sarah, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough
(1660-1744). By STUART J. REID. (Murray. 16s. net.)

MARLBOROUGH the victorious general and, as it seems to us, clever, good-humoured, handsome man of the world, has suffered for generations beneath the acerbities of his critics—from the not-too-well paid bitterness of Swift even unto the politically biased philippics of Macaulay.

At the present late date comes Dr. Stuart J. Reid to the rescue of a reputation which we had long ago restored for ourselves. Dr. Reid has had many advantages which we have missed. For some years the letters

and documents at Blenheim Palace have lain open before him; thus a whole world of intimate historical information is his. It may be owned that some other writers might have made a more interesting and engrossing book on the subject, for the author lacks something of literary charm, and beyond carefully producing his evidence and deductions, occasionally two or three times, does not do much more to intrigue the attention of the reader. But the historical position is of such intrinsic value and the documents are of so profound an authenticity that no one could have failed to make a remarkable book of this study of the lives of the first Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. In regard to Dr. Reid's style, we may refer to one at least of his incorrect similes. He is telling us of the early days of Churchill's love affair and the nice conduct of Sarah's fan. "It is impossible to resist the conclusion," he writes, "that she played with him in the sheer wantonness of power, like an angler who knows that the fish at the end of the line, however it may struggle, cannot escape." A fisherman does not "play" his fish in the sheer wantonness of power, but simply because his best chance of landing his captive is to wear down its strength. To use wantonness of power, however one may take the phrase, is not the angler's way. Such a disconcerting statement on the part of the author would be of small importance, save that it shows the general lack of a close hold upon his style and subject. But still the *intime* of court and camp during the days of the last of the Stuarts has rarely been set more fully forth than in this stout volume.

One point of especial interest is the admirable introduction by the present Duke of Marlborough. As with all the various writings by members of the Spencer-Churchill family which we happen to have read, it is at once charming and profound, displaying an intellectual breadth of view and a strong grasp of detail which are very welcome. It is rather curious to note that the writer of the introduction and the compiler of the book occasionally form slightly different conclusions as to the two main characters with whom they deal. But such divergences add piquancy to the story of the lives of those important people whose little failings and great qualities have so deeply impressed themselves upon English history.

"No complete vindication of Marlborough has hitherto been attempted," says the writer of the introduction, and incidentally in effecting this purpose the volume deals very fully with the life of Queen Anne and the history of various Governments, also considers many motives, often overlooked, and revises many dicta once held to be the words of absolute wisdom. Writing in April of last year, the Duke speaks of the fluidity of present-day opinion as opposed to the rigidity of, say, the views of Macaulay, and adds:—

It can at least be laid down that the principles of English classical Liberalism are no longer accepted as possessing the universal soundness claimed for them by their earlier advocates. It is no longer true to say that government by a Ministry responsible to a

representative Legislature is the last word in political wisdom. No one who considers the preponderant place occupied by Germany in the modern world can maintain that Parliamentary institutions afford the only avenue to national greatness.

Since these words were penned we have had plenty of evidence that the Duke foresaw something of the present struggle. As for the rest, this life of the first Duke and Duchess shows us that their generation was no nearer "the last word of political wisdom" than our own, and that the great personages of the age of Queen Anne were uncommonly like the leading actors in our own drama. For this and many subtler reasons Dr. Reid's book is one that will be read with great interest and, philosophically speaking, with some benefit possibly to those who believe in warfare as an ideal issue of life.

Professors and the War Lord

The German War Book. By J. H. MORGAN. (London: Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

Germany, France, Russia, and Islam. By HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE. (London: Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.)

It might almost be thought that we had already a surfeit of Treitschke and Bernhardt and German war books. Yet here are two which provide much material, not perhaps wholly novel, but full of fresh, valuable, and curious interest calculated to tickle the intellectual and patriotic palate of the Briton. In a way Treitschke and "The German War Book" are cause and effect, and, if we would thoroughly appreciate and understand the modern Prussian spirit, we should study both. Treitschke and his disciples preached militarism as the ultimate sanction and guarantee of German supremacy till the morality of all Germany became a negative quality. Mr. Ellis Barker, at the end of his translation of Bernhardt's "Unsere Zukunft," published here under the title of "Britain as Germany's Vassal," gave the German laws of war. They enabled anyone who cared to read them for himself to judge as to how far Germany has violated her own rules and precepts. Professor Morgan goes one better; he gives in their fullness the Usages of War as drawn up by the German Staff, and subjects them to a searching critical analysis. The German Staff preaches humanity and respect for the laws, but introduces so many exceptions and extensions, which are to be justified by the necessities of warfare, that we have no sort of difficulty in realising how it is the German army in Belgium and France have adopted methods of "frightfulness." There is hardly one of their own primary precepts which they have not outraged, and there is hardly one to which they do not provide exceptions which seem to have become the rule. Many severe things have been said in condemnation of Germany, but we really think Professor Morgan's book is the severest condemnation of all. His own chapters

are excellent reading, especially when he deals with Treitschke and his kind:

"Nothing is so characteristic of the German nation as its astonishing single-mindedness—using that term in a mental and not a moral sense. Since Prussia established her ascendancy, the nation has developed an immense concentration of purpose. If the military men are not more belligerent than the diplomatists, the diplomatists are not more belligerent than the professors. A single purpose seems to animate them; it is to proclaim the spiritual efficacy and the eternal necessity of war." Professor Morgan quotes Mommsen: "We Germans are not modest, and don't pretend to be."

Better proof of the force of Mommsen's confession could not be found than in the essays Treitschke wrote during the years 1870-1886, which are now reproduced. Treitschke was wrong-headed; he went hopelessly astray in his estimate of international relationships; he hated France, held England in contempt, considered it a disgrace for any nation to be associated with Turkey, lauded Russia as Germany's truest friend, and foresaw a time when Germany, reunited under Prussian auspices, would overlord Europe. His chapters on the Oriental question, on Alsace-Lorraine, on Luther and the German nation, and on Empire, though written in very different conditions from the present, are all worth careful reading. Some of his resurrected pages will raise a smile, but there is tragedy over them all, nevertheless. Prussia has attempted to do even more than he ever dreamed, and the upshot is a world in arms against her.

Revelations of a Governess

What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince.

By an ENGLISH GOVERNESS. (Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.)

ENGLAND—even her enemies admit the fact—has been a most successful colonist. The reasons for this success are many, but briefly it can be accounted for by the great consideration shown to other nationalities or races with whom the conquering nation has come into contact, and oft-times by a remarkable understanding of and sympathy with another's point of view. German diplomats have watched this policy, smiled to themselves, and thought that it merely needed a strong, firm hand to crush with ease so lenient and foolish a people.

Since August last, the Press has been flooded with authentic accounts of this fixed notion of the Fatherland, and yet it is doubtful whether the majority of English people believe or ever will believe the true nature of Germany's hate for them now that the latter have discovered that English toleration does not mean weakness, that underlying tenderness, firm and unyielding principles may be tenaciously held. The anonymous author of the book under review adds but another stone—although an important one—to the contemptible structure—Germany's designs on three of

the capitals of Europe. As an English governess in a German royal house, this lady had ample opportunity for observing the methods in which princes, destined to serve their country in one of its services, received their early training at the hands of a young military officer. Her first introduction to her pupils, four years before war broke out, revealed them manœuvring a toy invented by Count Zeppelin. An excellent plan of London was on the table; the young experts had just succeeded in dropping a bomb from a Zeppelin, pulled by a wire, on Westminster Abbey.

With characteristic lack of suspicion, our author passed through incidents and events which not until the very last did she connect with Germany's ultimate designs. Through a very outspoken countess, connected with the inner circle of political and military affairs, she was told many things little to the credit of the society in which she moved. She had the good fortune—or misfortune—to meet the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Count Zeppelin, Bernhardt, and the principal military leaders who foregathered at the houses and palaces of her employers. One can infer from her revelations that it is almost an impossibility for a German to be a gentleman. Here is an instance of the Kaiser, small in itself, but showing the ill-feeling, discourtesy, and horribleness of the would-be dictator of Europe; the story is told by the countess:

Strange that a great man can be so little. He enjoys putting people out of countenance. I was very sorry for one man to-day, Count von ——. The Kaiser kept watching for him to put something in his mouth, and then asked a question. It happened again and again. The poor fellow nearly choked and had tears in his eyes.

The book is well written, interesting, and teems with instances showing the utter lack of anything approaching honour or straight dealing where German interests are involved, German concerns at stake. For the time the voice of controversy is silent between Germany and the Allies in order that the guns may speak, but the time will come when peace proposals must be dealt with; then England must not forget, in her natural desire to be generous to a fallen foe, the many warnings this and other books have given of the unfortunate characteristics of the nation with whom she will be treating.

Metamorphosed Russia

Friendly Russia. By DENIS GARSTIN. (London: Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

"FOR a couple of hundred years Russia has been a fabulous country to the English imagination, a wilderness of wolves, serfdom, and cruelty. It has been the foil to our dazzling liberties, the darkness to accentuate our enlightenment. It has always been Bogey, Bogey Russia, which had 'designs'—on India, on all the world. Incredible cynicism and wickedness was its mental quality, combined with amazing political devotions. It was not simply a case of ignorance; it was a

case of imaginative misrepresentation upon a basis of ignorance. There was a vast literature in which this convenient Russia, all anarchists and secret agents, played its part." Thus neatly Mr. H. G. Wells, in an introduction which he says no one will read, sums up the Russia we knew or thought we knew in the 'seventies, the 'eighties, even the 'nineties. Has Russia changed so remarkably in a generation that the country, to all who take the trouble to understand her to-day, is as far removed from the old ogre-like entity as, say, a good Christian is from a South Sea cannibal? Or were we merely in the past being fed on the fictions of excited imaginations? If Mr. Garstin stood alone in the discovery he has made of a Russia, not merely friendly, but warm-hearted and simple, with many of the characteristics on the possession of which Britons pride themselves and many others which Britons might perhaps emulate with advantage, his picture might not carry much weight. But everyone who goes to Russia nowadays comes away with the same impression of this great country. Its people have not won their freedom as we know freedom yet, but the cynic may doubt whether, after all, they will be any happier if and when they get it. These pages will provide much food for thought, whether they are concerned with the Russian in his home-life or the Russian in his relations with officialdom. Some of Mr. Garstin's sketches are of the lightest of texture, but they are all admirable and instinct with a serious purpose, and they work up almost dramatically to the close when war with Austria and Germany was declared. The rally of the Russians to the call was as inspiring as it was unmistakable. Russia is united to-day as she never was united before; she has learned and applied many lessons in the past ten years, and possibly one of the best guarantees of her future is the intense partiality of her people for most things English. They hate the Germans, and they regard the war on which they have embarked as a Holy War. Russian officialdom has much to answer for, but it is miles away from the cast-iron régime which has brought Germany to her present pass. In one neat sentence Mr. Garstin illustrates the difference between Russian and German in their treatment of the Poles. "The Poles preferred the severe Russian rule to the no more severe German rule because the Russians were far less capable of carrying out their severity." Indolence is the besetting sin of Russian bureaucracy. But the war has stirred Russia and its governors to their depths. It may mean her metamorphosis. "All the Russia I know or of which I hear seems eager with new hopes and new ambitions," says Mr. Garstin. "The result of the war will probably affect the progress and evolution of Russia more than of any other country."

Messrs. Jack announce another six volumes in the "People's Books" Series:—"The Hohenzollerns," by A. D. Innes; "Treitschke," by M. A. Mugge; "The British Army," by Captain Atteridge; "Germany," by W. T. Waugh, M.A.; "Belgium," by Frank Maclean; "A French Self-Tutor," by W. M. Conacher.

Shorter Notices

Training the Wild Beast

We do not know a great deal by personal observation in this country of wild animals and their ways, a day or two at the few zoological gardens available being our only chance of watching them. The fascinating subject has been thoroughly treated in a book which should appeal irresistibly to young people, "From Jungle to Zoo" (Stanley Paul, 6s. net), by Miss Ellen Velvin, F.Z.S. It appeals, also, we need hardly say, to older folk, the stories and experiences gathered by the author being extremely varied and interesting. She tells of the training of apes, and of their almost human intelligence; of an elephant who, once bribed with a pailful of hot whisky, absolutely refused to go through his performance in future without a repetition of the dose; of the tigers which at one time—about fifty years ago—were a terrible menace to villages in many parts of India. But of all her pages perhaps those relating to the training of animals are the best. She has met and talked with many women-trainers of lions, bears, leopards, panthers, and even dromedaries, and has come to the amusing conclusion that "they are *all* afraid of mice!" The psychology of animals is a study in itself—the sudden obstinacy of an elephant who is usually docile, the respect paid by tigers to a trainer whom they have once mauled, but who perseveres, the different tempers and dispositions of the animals, all these matters are discussed in this book with pleasant humour and expert knowledge. The author must be heartily congratulated, and the photographic illustrations she has secured are vivid and sometimes quite extraordinary, evidently obtained by exceptional opportunities.

Notre Dame de Sainte Guillotine

The horrors—and the incidental romance and beauty—of the French Revolution are vividly portrayed in "Behind the Scenes in the Terror," by Hector Fleischmann (Greening, 12s. 6d. net). The work has been admirably done into English by Mr. Henry Blanchamp, and much of the material it contains strikes us as fresh. The author has delved industriously among the pamphlets of the period, which provide the most realistic pictures and impressions of the agony, the resignation and the heroism of the unhappy victims of a period of madness and lust of blood. The persons of the Terror were scattered throughout the City, "in convents, private mansions, and palaces." The fortunate ones of the 9th Thermidor providentially escaped. But "how many others suffered on the red altar of Notre Dame de Sainte Guillotine? A passionate interest was attached to their last days, their last moments," and it is this passionate interest which this volume revives. Madame Roland and Robespierre, Alexandre de Beauharnais, Marat, and the rest contribute to a poignant record which sometimes almost turns the mind aside in sheer disgust, at others gives one the heart-ache and sickens one with the crass brutality of it all. It is a misnomer to speak of the inhumanities of the time as the refinement of cruelty; the devices for intensifying the agony of doomed and helpless men could not by any stretch of words be called refined. One of the useful things in this book is "the Revolutionary Calendar"; it is not always easy to remember the relations of Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Fructidor, and the other periods adopted by the Revolutionaries.

Fiction

WHEN the cover of a new work bears so startling an announcement as "one of the most powerful, absorbing, and up-to-date novels of recent years," the reviewer is naturally on his guard, and wonders why it should be sent him for criticism. But putting aside this poaching on another's preserve, and, in the peculiar circumstances, with an especial desire to be quite fair to the author, we cannot help saying that this preliminary puff of "The Soul of England," by Austen Verney (Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley, 6s.), is a mistake. Far from being absorbing, it is tedious; it may have been slightly up-to-date when written, for it deals with matters which were subjects of discussion during the last few years, but events have been moving so rapidly of late that it is now practically a "back number"; and if we have failed to discover any particular power in it, we have found plenty of pedantry instead. The principal characters are a noble lord who is a student of life and its problems; his niece, a young unmarried lady interested in lectures on maternity and the hygiene of infancy; her mother; a clergyman engaged in settlement work in a poor district of London; a general in favour of compulsory service; a Labour member; and some Old Coggers from Fleet Street, who furnish between them a perpetual jeremiad on the condition of England. Most entertaining reading for these hard times!

All who have enjoyed those tales of the Wild West, "The Night Riders" and "The Watchers of the Plains," and they are surely more than a few, will welcome Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's latest story of the Canadian prairie, "The Law-Breakers" (Chapman and Hall, 6s.). It deals with the same strenuous life of the Prohibition days, and the adventures of the police-inspector fighting whisky-running provide exciting reading. But love is not forgotten, for Mr. Cullum is generous and lavishly dispenses a double dose of the tender passion.

"Mushroom Town" (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is written in Mr. Oliver Onions' usual brilliant and characteristic style, which is apt to become rather overbrilliant at times, and hence at least slightly confusing to the ordinary reader who has not a soul above the tinselled novelette. But Mr. Onions has his own delighted audience who know how to appreciate him, and if there is not much story in "Mushroom Town," of the sort generally expected in novels, there is plenty of entertaining writing which will lure the reader on and give him cause to ponder more than once. Llanyglo is, as Eye-Witness would say, "somewhere in Wales," and from a tiny village it has sprung up in a very short time to the position of an overgrown composite town, with a Great Wheel and other kindred abominations. As is well known, Mr. Onions is an enthusiast in matters Welsh, both with regard to the Principality and its inhabitants, whom he knows thoroughly. Two of the characters in his present story, Daffydd Dafis and Mr. Gordon, the Liverpudlian, are admirable in their conception.

Tears and Tones

IF there were twenty different methods of making torpedoes we should expect to find that the chief exponent of each method considered his own to be the only safe and invulnerable one; and we should also expect that any mere mechanic, not of the family or school of Whitehead, who ventured to disagree with one of the twenty experts would have a very bad time of it. But the professors of vocal technique are more in number than the torpedo-makers, and long experience of their ways has shown us that each holds his own way to be the infallible one. We can never forget Sir George Thrum's opening address to his celebrated pupil the "Ravenswing"—"We must begin, my dear Madam, by unlearning all that Signor Baroski (of whom I do not wish to speak with the slightest disrespect) has taught you." He who has never taught, but only studied, singing must be careful how he adventures himself on the battle-ground, covered as it is, in the view of the different generals, with the dead and dying. But having read Mr. Breare's book on "Vocal Technique"* with care and a good deal of interest, we feel that we may pluck up a little courage when we hazard a few comments upon it, for the author is clearly not one of the ogres who love to make mincemeat of their foes, but a genial, humoursome human being who tries to treat his subject with common sense, and an amiable companion for the possessors of wayward throats.

The book is not a reasoned treatise on the vocal art; it is rather a collection of recipes, an expounding of the many secrets which Mr. Breare has found useful in teaching his pupils. Singers who have made some progress in their studies will surely be able to pick up some valuable hints from this notebook of a successful teacher of long experience, though their own Thrum will probably dismiss a good many of them as thoroughly Baroskian. Mr. Breare, at the beginning, maintains a theory to which we cannot imagine all the other voice-trainers subscribing without demur. He says that, since it is a fact that a singer does not hear the true sound of his own voice, "the would-be successful singer must first learn to judge of his voice by those sensations which come to him through tones his adviser's experience has proved to be infallible. He may likewise avoid vocal impurities by detecting the sensations inseparably connected with undesirable sounds in his voice." To a certain extent there is truth in this proposition, but it will not carry the artist very far, and we fear that the "infallible" adviser has yet to come into the world, for there is much difference of opinion as to "tone." No doubt Baroski thought the Thrum tone abominable.

Though Mr. Breare's book may give much help to an intelligent student, we should hesitate to put it into the hands of a tyro and say, "There, this will teach you all

you need to know." We say this because there are undoubtedly persons who have such perseverance in study, and such a gift of educating themselves by the aid of primers and text-books, that they manage to succeed without a master; and others, less capable, are tempted to think they can do the same. It is true that we know a gentleman who taught himself to play golf, and now rejoices in a very low handicap, solely by the help of Mr. Braid's manual and the "will to power." But he is an exception, and we doubt if it is possible to train one's own voice merely by book-learning. Mr. Breare gives ample illustrations of his methods. He takes his examples, rightly enough, from the older masters—Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn—giving passages from their most widely known songs, and showing by means of a musical shorthand how every note is to be formed. As we look upon the score, thus annotated, of "With verdure clad," we tremble as before a Sisyphus-task. Are we really to distinguish between all the bodily sensations produced by the making of each of these notes! In the eighth bar we are bidden to "smile" on an F. For us tears would be more likely, the tears of desperate helplessness; we should probably look our gloomiest, and emit what Mr. Breare pleasantly calls a "God help me" note. If, after this, we were ever fortunate enough to regain our sober senses we might gradually be restored to cheerfulness by coming upon the numerous shrewd sentences which adorn our book, and the remarks with which we can so readily agree. With thankfulness we shall read that "there are weak notes in most voices," and that "contraltos are not alone deficient in variety of colour." We will try our hardest not to commit that "worst of all vulgarities, an unpardonable slur, which may illustrate sea-sickness but never lyrical pathos." If our voice is soprano we shall, alas, be reduced to a sensation of impotency when we read that "sopranos sometimes produce the 'street or pantomime tone,' and also the 'cat tone,'" the only soprano heard by Mr. Breare who never emitted the "cat-tone" being Mme. Patti. We must derive what comfort we can from the assurance that if we sin, as we certainly must, it shall be in the company of Mmes. Albani and Melba. If we are a contralto, we will shun the "Elijah," for some contraltos "hoot the words 'Woe, woe,' like night-owls," and we would not be numbered with these. We can do our best to avoid the company of "the many vocalists" who are "lip-lazy and tongue-idle," but how dread a task it will be to have to reduce to obedience those "unruly mouth-corners" which are "even more disastrous to the singer than an unruly tongue." Did Solomon or the author of Proverbs or David's singing-master know this, we wonder, about unruly tongues?

Perhaps it is as well that our singing-days are over, and that we need not embark on the troubled waves of voice-cultivation, but may be content to read about them. We shall certainly recommend Mr. Breare's book to several young acquaintances whom we suspect of "unruly mouth-corners," and from whom we have on too many occasions heard "cat-tones."

* *Vocal Technique*. By W. H. BREARE. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Theatre

War Plays

ALTHOUGH the subject is of such intense interest, a few "topical" plays recently produced in London have caught the spirit of both comedy and tragedy. But two, at least, have succeeded in winning the just support of the public. "La Kommandatur," at the Criterion, by Monsieur Jean François Fonson, is crowded with knowledge, despair, and laughter, and splendidly acted. "The Man Who Stayed at Home," at the Royalty, by Mr. Lechmere Worrall and Mr. J. E. Harold Terry, is not in the least of the same school as Monsieur Fonson's *comédie-dramatique*, but it is none the less a very dramatic, cleverly arranged and written comedy, certain to delight every class of play-goer. Recently, when we had the pleasure of seeing it, the house was crowded as on a first night. From the small amount of standing room at the back of the pit which was ours for half-a-crown, no intimate word, no cautious glance, no smile or tear was missed. The excitement and liveliness of the whole affair was not allowed to slow down for a moment, and the packed audience thrilled to every emotion and answered to every suggestion. As "The Man," Mr. Denis Eadie is splendidly convincing. He has not, of course, the extraordinary chance of showing his versatile powers as in "My Lady's Dress," but the part of Christopher Brent gives him at least three very marked characters to present. There is the accomplished and ever-ready servant of the British Government who is so successful in frustrating the well-laid schemes of the enemy within our gates and close to our shores; there is the quite charming, stupid fellow he wishes to appear to the Germans whose wiles he is fighting with their own methods; and there is the sincere and tender lover as he appears and is to the Molly Preston of the beautiful Miss Isobel Elsom. Mr. Eadie is continually delightful, holding his audience in the easiest, most graceful way possible. He is supported throughout with remarkable skill. That subtle and cruel old lady, the Fraulein Schröder, who has lived for twenty years in England and learnt to think so ill of us and managed to plot against us so deeply, is given with perfect artistry by Miss Mary Jerrold; an English boarding-house type by Miss Jean Cadell is a charming piece of gentle irony. Miss Ruth Mackay as the associate of Brent in his business of spy-hunting is more than equal to the many calls upon her powers. Where all are so good, it is almost invidious to call attention to the remarkable Fritz of Mr. E. Henry Edwards, the German servant who is supposed to be Dutch. But he gives so complete a picture of both the gentle and the frightful sides of a man of his country that he commands our utmost admiration.

If Monsieur Fonson's drama of the German Government in Belgium, which he sets forth so freely, and at the same time so exactly, is far more tragic and less

artificial than the English play, it also contains much of laughter—the laughter which hides bitter tears. Here, too, the acting is instinct with sincerity and joyful with the fine spirit of accomplished art.

The newer soldiers of our country, or the older ones who have a little leave, often form the main body of theatre-goers at the present time. For them we can imagine no more engaging and informing plays than "La Kommandatur," with its clever Belgian company led by Mmes. Delmar and Dieudonné, MM. Libeau and Duquesne, and the play at the Royalty.

EGAN MEW.

MOTORING

IN many parts of the country the military authorities are instituting conditions which render motoring impossible in certain districts between 4 or 5 p.m. and 7.30 a.m., such conditions applying equally to motor-cycles and motor-cars. Reports are to hand showing that barricades have been erected at points where all motorists are challenged by sentries at (among other towns and districts) Horsham, Guildford, Godalming, Milford, Rake, Canterbury, Slough, Sarre (on the main Margate road), and on several roads in Norfolk. It would also appear that, after sunset, cars are not permitted to leave certain towns (Slough, for example) at all. This military control of main roads was commenced on January 26, and may continue indefinitely. Furthermore, in some unlighted towns and districts no lights whatever are allowed on motor vehicles, very stringent regulations to this effect being enforced on all roads leading into Canterbury. Motorists are advised to be exceptionally careful in selecting routes running over level crossings, some of them being closed entirely and guarded by sentries throughout the night. The Automobile Association is carefully collecting information in connection with this prohibition of motoring after dark and the extinction of motor-car lights, and members who are contemplating journeys into areas affected by the new regulations are cordially invited to call or telephone to its head office or any of its branches for the latest details.

* * *

It will be recollected that upon the outbreak of war the road patrols of the Automobile Association were conspicuous for their readiness to enlist or rejoin the colours, no fewer than 250—about half the total number—responding to the call of the secretary, Mr. Stenson Cooke, who himself relinquished for the time his responsible duties at Fanum House to act as their captain. We note from the casualty lists that already two of them—Private A. Nevard, of the Argyll and Sutherlands, who was a well-known figure on his beat near Colchester, and Patrol J. R. Gallery—have given up their lives for their country. Another, Corporal F. H. Smith, who left the A.A. Touring Department for the front as a motor-cycle despatch-rider, has been seriously injured.

The City

HERE is not likely to be any material improvement in Stock Exchange business till the authorities make up their minds to sanction the reduction of the minimum fixed for Consols and other first-class securities. It is obviously absurd that the public price should be over 68, whilst private dealings are taking place at 66 or less. There is a tremendous amount of money about ready to take advantage of tempting bargains, but the public are more than usually cautious when the uncertainties of war conditions warn them that they may lock up cash hopelessly; and if they are to come in they want to do so at the lowest figure at which a little inquiry among brokers will tell them they should be able to buy. The notification by the Treasury Committee that new capital issues must only be made after official sanction will do much to prevent speculation and the flotation of some undesirables. There can be no question that the order meets with approval everywhere outside the office of the mere company promoter. It is eminently desirable that as much cash as possible should be kept available for any new war loan, and this accounts to some extent for the unwillingness to authorise the reduction of prices to levels which might bring money out of the metaphorical stocking.

Some of the speeches delivered by the chairmen at the bank meetings were of quite remarkable quality, whilst they unquestionably threw a flood of light on the financial position. All are agreed in praising the action taken by the Government to cope with a crisis as unprecedented as it was sudden. Seeing that the Government acted after consultation with the banks such praise is perhaps not wholly unlike that of the King of Denmark who thought of his murdered brother Hamlet "together with remembrance of ourselves." The banks are at least happy in being able to show, whatever criticism may be forthcoming on some points of their policy, that they have weathered the storm which burst upon them without mishap. Sir Edward Holden, at the London City and Midland, boldly took up the challenge that the German banks have done better than the British, and gave elaborate reasons why he did not think that all the carefully laid plans of the enemy financiers have been as successful as is made out. Of course, the comparison is hardly fair, because German bankers have been sharply thrown back on conditions which largely confine them to the badly handicapped internal resources of their own country. Up to the present their expedients have been amazingly ingenious, but the test time will come when securities which have been pledged have to be redeemed. "It was easily conceivable," said Sir Edward, "that enormous losses would then occur to all those people who had been unfortunate enough to have become indebted to the war banks, the mortgage banks, or any other of those societies which had taken securities and goods in pledge." But he does not anticipate that Germany will find herself in such a tight financial corner as to compel her to stop the war for at least 12 months.

Sir John Purcell, at the meeting of the National Bank, said he anticipated a rebound in the value of securities after the war, but against this we have the view of Sir John Bethell, at the London and South Western Bank, that it would be many years before the world's trade was restored. "The destruction of property, the waste of capital, the heavy taxation in which Europe would be involved to pay the interest on the money which had already been raised, and on the hundreds of millions which must still be raised to meet the expenditure of the war, would press heavily on all classes. Their purchasing

power would be diminished, the standard of life throughout Europe must be lowered, and a shrinkage in trade seemed inevitable."

The Home Railway market has been somewhat "bucked up" by the declaration of an increase in the Lancashire and Yorkshire dividend to 6 per cent. compared with $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year ago. This followed on the maintenance of the Great Eastern. On the other hand the Great Northern reduction of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. was a disappointment. As the railways have all been more or less used for military purposes, it might have been expected that they would have made good under that head losses involved in general traffic, and most of them probably have done so. "Lights out" has, as was fully anticipated, been a costly policy from the gas companies' point of view. The South Metropolitan, after meeting the reduced statutory dividend of £5 4s. per cent., has to face a deficiency of £25,546, which goes far to wipe off the £26,748 brought forward from the last account.

Bovril has had its best year. Its report shows marked progress entirely apart from any benefit derived from Government orders, which have naturally been considerable. It made £20,000 more gross profit in 1914 than in 1913; it meets all ordinary charges, increases the deferred dividend from 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and carries to reserve £17,500 against £10,000, reducing its carry forward by £2,728 only in order to do this. A balance-sheet such as that of Bovril is not only satisfactory for the shareholders, but forms an excellent advertisement and guarantee for the future.

Life assurance companies have on the whole done well, notwithstanding the heavy claims which are directly due to the war. Some of them have actually increased their business in 1914. The National Mutual is one of the exceptions. It was romping ahead in the first half of the year, but all the advantage gained and more was lost in the second half. But so strongly placed are companies like the National Mutual that it can face the set back with something approaching equanimity. Return to normal conditions will see it going ahead again. A great question just now is as to the effect of the war on a mammoth concern largely supported by the lower classes like the Prudential. Its report, which is shortly due, will be of the utmost interest. From it we shall learn a great deal more that bears on the lives of the people in wartime than we can hope to get from the results achieved by offices whose dealings are with the upper and professional classes.

Our readers may be interested in some particulars of the career of Mr. Frederick D. Walenn, the painter of the picture presented with this week's issue. Mr. Walenn passed into the Royal Academy Schools at the age of seventeen, where he won the British Institution Scholarship of £100; he then studied in Paris under Ferrier and Bougereau. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1896, since when his pictures have appeared there very frequently. For the last eight years he has been Principal of the St. John's Wood Art Schools, and thoroughly realises the responsibility of his position. "I find," he writes, "that giving half the week to teaching and half to my own work helps both; I do not think one can teach continually without some practice in overcoming the students' own difficulties." Mr. Walenn is over the age-limit for enlistment, but is a member of the Artists' Corps in the Hampstead Volunteer Reserve.

CORRESPONDENCE

WAR EMERGENCY ENTERTAINMENTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I beg to send you a copy of a letter I have received from Sir Francis Trippell, and I should feel very grateful if you would kindly have it published. I am certain that you will consider it of public interest. Very sincerely yours,

ISIDORE DE LARA.

Claridge's Hotel,
Brook Street, W.,
January 21, 1915.

Dear Mr. de Lara,—

Some time ago I read with great interest a letter which appeared in the Press above your signature, announcing your intention of giving concerts every Thursday at the Steinway Hall, in aid of the musical and dramatic professions.

I understand that the programmes will be devoted entirely to the works of British composers, and that the manuscripts of any new works will be examined, and, if judged suitable, will be performed at these concerts. To give a stimulus to the discovery of new talent I propose to place a sum of £50 at your disposal to be divided equally between the authors of the first ten original compositions chosen by your Committee. Yours very truly,

FRANCIS TRIPPELL.

The Bath Club, Dover St., W.
January 20, 1915.

"FROM WAR TO PEACE" MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I have consented to take the chair at a meeting to be held at the Kingsway Theatre on Monday, February 8, and I would like the public to understand clearly the object of this meeting, at which the following resolution will be moved by the Hon. E. Lyttelton, Headmaster of Eton College:

"That whereas the present war is the result of the violation of International obligations, it is imperative that a peace should be established which will secure the collective responsibility of all civilised nations for the maintenance and enforcement of International Law."

The expulsion of the Germans from Belgium and the crushing of Prussian Militarism are the necessary preliminaries to such a peace, and to this every energy of our nation must be directed, but it seems to me that this energy will get new force if the great end to be obtained after the war is kept clearly before the public mind. To assist in doing this is the object of the meeting, at which Dr. C. W. Saleeby will deliver an address on "Our War for International Law." Tickets may be obtained on application to Mr. Mark H. Judge, 7, Pall Mall, S.W. I am, yours, etc.,

22, South Street, W.
January 27, 1915.

GREY.

** M. Georges Jamin, of the Ecole Lavoisier, Paris, who translated into French the poem "A Prussian Lullaby," which appeared in our issue of October 19, points out that owing to a slip one line was omitted from his rendering (THE ACADEMY, January 9). The omitted line is the sixth, and runs as follows:
Enseigne sans pitié le chemin du trépas,
Aux mères . . . etc.

DEMOCRACY AND DOMINION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Will you permit me to thank you for the suggestive article on this subject printed in your last issue, and to recommend a study of the grant of a free Constitution to Canada to remove any doubt as to the perfect compatibility of Democracy and Dominion.

It is true the Duke of Wellington opposed the grant, and informed the House of Lords that "their lordships might depend that local responsible government and the sovereignty of Great Britain were completely incompatible." Luckily for us, his grace was over-ruled, and the famous report of Lord Durham was acted upon.

"A new era in the Colonial policy of nations," says Mill, "began with Lord Durham's report, the imperishable memorial of that nobleman's courage, patriotism, and enlightened liberality." Time tries all, and time has amply proved the Duke of Wellington to have been wrong.

The case of Canada is really the keystone of the Empire. If there is one lesson more than another to be marked in the course of the terrible crisis of the past six months it is that of the unqualified success of Britain's policy of trust in the people overseas.

From all quarters of the world the sons of our Home Rule Colonies and unrepresented outposts have poured in uninvited to the aid of the Motherland. Does anyone agree with the Duke of Wellington that these brave children of a free Empire have offered us their lives because responsible government is incompatible with the sovereignty of Britain? No. They have given the world a noble demonstration of the perfect compatibility of Democracy and Dominion. Yours truly,

DEMOCRAT.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Yusuf Khan, the Rebel Commandant.* By S. C. Hill. (Longmans, Green and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
Pedralvarez Cabral: His Life and his Voyage to America and India. By James Roxburgh McClymont. (Bernard Quaritch. 7s. 6d. net.)
Cities Which Fascinate. By R. P. Downes, LL.D. (C. H. Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)
In Life's Golden Time. By Frank Cox. (C. H. Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)
Supplement to Indian Journal of Medical Research. Four Volumes. (Thacker, Spink and Co., Calcutta.)
The New Parent's Assistant. By Stephen Paget, F.R.C.S. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
Surnames of the United Kingdom. By Henry Harrison. Part 10, Vol. ii. (Eaton Press. 1s. net.)
The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed. By Cenydd Morus. (Theosophical Book Co.)
The Musical Faculty: Its Origins and Processes. By William Wallace. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)
Matriculation English Course. By J. C. Nesfield, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
A Guide to the Study of English. By F. J. Rowe, M.A., and W. T. Webb, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Sweet Miracle. By Eça de Queiroz. Translated by E. Prestage. (Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.)
Woman and her Car. By Leonard Henslowe. ("The Gentlewoman." 1s. net.)
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Notes of the Week

The War and the Outlook

GERMAN statesmen, admirals, and others continue to assure the world that the war can only end in a victory which will sound the knell of British tyranny and Russian oppression. Occasionally the note is rather more modest, as when Admiral von Koster explains why the German navy does not come out: "We must emerge unvanquished both on sea and land." To emerge unvanquished is hardly an echo of the flamboyant programme with which Germany embarked on the war six and a half months ago. If Germany could not win when she was all-powerful, and France, Russia, and Great Britain were unprepared, what hope can she have now when all three are growing daily stronger, whilst, as Mr. Harcourt suggests in a message to Canada, the resources of Germany, in both an economic and military sense, are on the wane? The fighting of the week has certainly not gone in Germany's favour, however much the German reports may seek to minimise the importance of movements on both fronts. Trenches here and there have been captured in the West, and in Poland General von Hindenburg has hurled his men in dense masses on the Russian lines in an effort to break through to Warsaw, only to be beaten back with appalling losses. Russia is having the best of it, and has made at least one move that counts in crossing the Bzura near its junction with the Vistula. In Egypt the Turks have been badly beaten, and have retired after losing some 300 killed and wounded and a thousand or two prisoners.

In Return for Hospitality

American opinion has been sharply affected in favour of the Allies by two things. Having failed to capture America through the instrumentality of Count Bernsdorff and Herr Dernburg, Germany has played what she no doubt regarded as a trump card. Germans who have found prosperity in the States and become naturalised have started an organisation to influence the voting at the next election in the interests of the Fatherland. The obvious desire to embroil America with the Allies has roused the strongest feeling, and even President Wilson has reminded the German American of his obligations. This sort of return for the hospitality they have enjoyed in America is just what was to be expected of Germans who have become her citizens. "Hands off the ballot-boxes!" cry the American

majority who are not German born. The menace is well calculated to induce a semblance of reason in American diplomacy.

"Frightfulness" at Sea

But as though the threat to carry the war into the domestic political arena were not enough, Germany has made assurance of annoyance to America double sure by declaring a submarine blockade of the British Isles, in which all neutrals would be involved. Never since civilised man appealed to the arbitrament of the sword to settle his differences has there been anything quite so cool as Germany's assumption that, if neutrals are sent to the bottom, she cannot be held accountable. She finds that Great Britain has persistently abused the neutral flag, and this is her answer. Where her decision is not merely farcical, it cloaks an intention of unmitigated piracy. Germany cannot blockade the British Isles with an odd submarine, but in the name of blockade she will sink any trading vessel, with non-combatant crew and passengers, whom she may suspect of being British. Such a policy is unwarranted by any law either of nations or of humanity, even if directed solely against an enemy. Germany will send a neutral vessel to the bottom at the peril of having the whole world in arms against her.

Russia's New Spirit

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, at King's College, last week, pleaded for a better understanding of Russia by the British people, and M. Aladin, who lectured on the spirit of his country, pointed out that it would be for the democracy of England to help the democracy of Russia. The change which has come over Russia must be accelerated by the war and its many at present unseen effects, not the least important among them being the presence of seventy young Russian students, driven out of Belgium, now at King's College. In a year or two, said Dr. Burrows, they would be lecturing in Petrograd on the British spirit. It is unfortunate that at this moment a trial should have taken place in Petrograd, recalling the old bad days. M. Bourtseff, the revolutionary who conducted his campaign against the Russian Government from Paris and dared not return to his own country, immediately on the declaration of war, in order to show that Russia was as one man in this great crisis, went straight to Petrograd. He was arrested, tried, and is now under sentence to deportation to Siberia. M. Bourtseff's courage and devotion, whatever his errors in the past, are too precious not to win sympathy even from those who loathe the revolutionary propaganda. Will the Tsar permit him to be sent to Siberia? It is a great opportunity for showing the reality of the new spirit.

Points from Parliament

Desirous as all good Britons are of seeing some modification of the party system, it must be confessed that the suspension of party spirit makes Parliamentary proceedings a little futile. Mr. McKenna's precise association with the release of enemy aliens from con-

centration camps is not made clear by Mr. Asquith's announcement that responsibility was assumed by the War Office three months ago. Are we to believe that Lord Kitchener's work in recruiting an army is thus accompanied by War Office sanction of recruiting the number of enemy aliens at large? Mr. Tennant, in introducing Army Estimates for 3,000,000 men—a very satisfactory round figure—said recruiting has been excellent, but we want yet more men; he could not go into details. We are left, quite properly, like the enemy himself, to form our own conclusion as to how near we are to the 3,000,000 limit. Sir Stanley Buckmaster showed irritation in dealing with certain reflections on the Press Bureau; he denied that he and his colleagues wished to suppress news of disasters, but the Bureau does not even afford facilities for publication of successes. Why, asked Mr. Bonar Law, cannot we be told all about that "tremendous event," the Battle of Ypres, one of the biggest things in the history of the British Army? Mr. Asquith says our total casualties to date are 104,000. We might at least be permitted to know something of the glorious deeds for which our manhood pays so dear.

Lord Londonderry

The Ulster cause loses one of its stoutest supporters and public life a high-minded, wholly disinterested, and much respected figure in Lord Londonderry. His Irish Viceroyalty of 1886 to 1888 is still remembered for its vigour on the one hand and its sympathy on the other. If Lord Londonderry's gifts were not brilliant, they were pre-eminently sound, and the nation is the poorer for his too early death. A keen sportsman, an even keener politician, he was a model landlord, the staunchest of colleagues, and a strenuous fighter whose blows, sharply felt at the moment, left no bitterness. "The most modest, unselfish man I've ever come across," writes Mr. Walter Long.

A Busy Novelist

The death of Miss Braddon, whose work began to entertain the public as long ago as 1862, when the famous "Lady Audley's Secret" made her name, must call to mind some appreciation of her talent and astonishing output. More than sixty novels came from her busy brain, and, born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, she wrote almost to the last year of her life. Her work, critically considered, seems to fall into place as marking a stage of transition between that of Jane Austen—whose heroines are occupied with mild, domestic matters—and that of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose ladies of leisure find problems of the vote and the "sphere" of modern women more to their taste. Miss Braddon possessed an amazing facility in the spinning of plots, and her stories were always of a healthy tone. It has been said that she appealed chiefly to the servants' hall, but, as a matter of fact, her admirers were many among all classes. Her son, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, has attained a recognised position as a novelist, and his work bears many traces of the same skill and the same faculty of holding the reader's interest.

Shining Seville

BY BART KENNEDY

IT is a town of a shining dream, of gay colours and bull-fighters, of winding streets and plazas, of gorgeous flowers and orange trees. In it the sun shines as it shines nowhere else—a burning full orb of gold. To be in Seville is to feel a fine strange riot in the blood. You live, as it were, in a fierce, clear dream. Of all the towns of the world the town of Seville is the most wonderful and magical. It is a place gay and tragical and gorgeous and strange, a place full of art and beauty and glorious barbarism.

You go to the bull-fight, and you hear the shouts of the thousands in the arena. You hear a bursting blare of trumpets. You see a marching of gay and gallant *toreros* clad in finery adorned with gold. They are here to make sport with death. They are here to shake the dice with the old grim conqueror of men. For it is not given to the *torero* to tell whether or not death will visit him in the arena. The bull is a mightier foe than the tiger.

Or you wander into the vastness of the old Cathedral. Herein is the glory and the wonder and the mystery of God. Herein live great, strange organ-tones. On the vast walls are pictures. Pale lights shine in the distances over dim altars. Kneel here and pray. It is a fitting place.

Bells sound through the hours of the day and through the hours of the night in glorious, sun-lit Seville. Deep, booming bells, bells of softness, bells of golden tones, bells of tones of silver, bells of strange dread, bells of sadness, bells that send forth peals of joy and happiness. Are you one who loves the sound of bells? If so, you may take joy of them in Seville.

Are you one who loves beautiful women? If so, you will see them as you pass—entrancing women with glorious eyes. Nowhere will you see such women. If you lose not your heart in Seville, it is because you have none to lose. Take note of them as they come along. A plain woman is so rare that you see her with surprise. There are more beautiful women in Seville than in any other town in Europe. They are full of fire and life and health and grace. They walk with swinging steps. Some of them have in them the wild fine blood of the Arab; and some of them are descended from the Irish who came to this Seville some century or so ago. Here is a woman coming along. Surely she is Irish. Yes, she is, but she was born here in Andalusia, and her people were born here before her. In her beautiful face is a soft tint of gold coming from being of a land where the glorious sun shines as it never shines in the land of her forefathers.

You enter the Museo where are kept the pictures of Murillo, the great painter. It is filled with his Madonnas and saints and angels. Here is a picture of the Divine Child. It is strangely tender and beautiful—and human. The angels and saints and children

of Murillo are all most human. Well may it have been that this great artist painted better than he knew.

Here is the Teatro-Circo Esclava. You go in and take a seat, and the music rises around you. On the stage a comic opera is being played. But the people of the audience are, of the two, more interesting than those of the stage. These people of Seville know the secret of getting the most out of life. They let themselves go. They are not as the cold, restrained people of England. They possess the supreme wisdom that realises that the present moment is of all moments the best. When it is gone, it is gone never to return. And so they let themselves go. Many of them hum the air that is being sung on the stage; but no one minds. Everyone is out to be gay and merry and have a good time. Amongst them is a sense of fraternity. When the opera is over you may, if you wish, go to the back of the stage. Things theatrical are more free and easy than they are in England. The people of the stage are not too proud to meet the members of the audience and to talk with them. And the doing of this means no more than friendliness.

Perhaps, afterwards, you will drop into a *café cantante* in the Alameda. Here you will find things going at a glorious rate. There is a little stage, and on it a performance is being given. It is in a sense a variety entertainment, but it is in no way like a variety entertainment in England. There is no formality about it. The artists are more intimate with, are more in touch with, their audience. Jokes pass freely between them. And now and then an artist comes and sits with friends in the audience. There is a good deal of dancing on the little stage. The bolero is much favoured. This is a wild, whirling, very frank dance. But you will see dancers in a London music-hall that are far more calculated to offend the sense of propriety. Its frankness saves it. There is nothing about it that is prurient or suggestive. It is a wild, maddening dance. And one cannot imagine it being really danced anywhere but in glorious and wonderful Seville. You may perhaps have seen it danced on some stage in London; but if you did, you saw but a pale and weak imitation of it. Spanish dancers, when they are in London, are unable to let themselves go as they would here in Seville. For an English audience understands not the spirit of this dance. And so it is that the bolero cannot be danced before them. The cold audience of the North is apt to think that the spirit, the vitalising essence, of this glorious dance is sensuality. This is not so. Its vitalising essence is the fire and abandon and wonder of intense life. In Seville a child might see the bolero.

Wonderful is the night in Seville. The stars shine with a strange glory, and through the night the bells sound. You are in a city of enchantment. In the blue darkness of the sky above is an effect of magical clearness. Around you are the lights and sounds of the town. Above you is the clear burning of the far stars. And wonderful is the dawn in Seville. There is a trembling in the air, the light comes, and the sun is

swiftly up. The beautiful town is flooded with soft gold. You still hear the bells, but their sound now has another meaning. They are the heralds of a new day—a new time.

The old winding streets and the plazas are filled with an intense light. The Guadalquivir is a river of smooth, moving brilliance. And at times there rises in the air the sound of songs. People are singing as they go. The joy of the new day is upon them.

Seville, the town of a shining dream, is awake!

The Effect of War on Sport

BY F. G. AFLALO.

THE ethical aspect of the question how far war should put an end to sport has been dealt with sufficiently in the public Press, more particularly with so wide an interpretation of the word as to include football and horse-racing; but there is another side of the matter which has not so far been considered, and that is the compulsory abandonment of field sports that stand for much in the normal year of those able to enjoy them. There is no crime in fishing or shooting so long as such pursuits do not prevent those who enjoy them from doing their duty in the national crisis. Nothing could, in fact, be more pleasing than a letter, which I was recently privileged to see, in which a youthful subaltern at the front begged his father, an old master of hounds, to send him out one more couple of beagles, as the pack already provided was insufficient to show sport in the intervals of fighting.

Yet however ready those too old, or otherwise unfit, for service might have been to spend the present winter in pursuit of big game, immense areas of Europe and Africa have been closed by the presence or proximity of military operations. This embargo on districts ordinarily the scene of either organised shoots or solitary stalks reaches from the Ardennes to Africa.

All through Central Europe, the game animals must have appreciated the unusually long close-time. The German-descended red deer of Freyr and other Belgian forests, and the boars that come down to the valleys of the Ardennes when the snow lies thick on the hills, must have missed the continuous fusillade that has ever been their welcome in the short winter days. Peaceful indeed has been the lot of the great Brunft-Hirsch of the royal forests of Austria, the graceful roedeer of the Tyrol, the lynx, bear and stags of the Carpathians, and the majestic moufflon, introduced half a century ago into the hill strongholds round Gyimes, and they should multiply exceedingly. Hungary, now in the hands of our allies, has always been the finest game country in all Europe. The average year's bag of red deer, many bearing magnificent antlers, has exceeded three thousand, and on the estate of Count Frederic Wenckheim twelve guns have before now bagged as many hares in a single day. Sportsmen at home have been able, even in these grim times, to shoot their few brace of pheasants and hares, always with an eye to the requirements of

military hospitals, without interruption, but compared with the colossal game returns in Hungary their meagre bags are insignificant.

Rumania and Bulgaria have so far kept outside the general imbroglio, and we may suppose that sport has not been wholly neglected. The October bear shooting may have attracted as many devotees as usual, and Prince Ferdinand may have enjoyed his customary chamois drives on the Rhodope. Servia's big game may be said to have vanished with its forests, but the wonderful snipe and woodcock shooting in the Topshiderek preserves must have been wholly neglected this winter for sterner occupation, and, with a neighbouring gallant little kingdom fighting for existence, we may well imagine that the woodcock round Cetinje and Antivari have also gone unscathed. Turkey has never achieved wide fame as a sportsman's paradise, and this obscurity is chiefly appreciated by the few resident Englishmen who have hitherto enjoyed excellent deerstalking round Strandja, and both boar and roedeer shooting near Ovacik and elsewhere in the wooded hills that guard the Gulf of Ismid, in the safe seclusion of which the invalid *Goeben* enjoyed a period of convalescence after injuries sustained in the Black Sea.

It is, however, in the game countries of Equatorial Africa, of late years the rendezvous of big game hunters from all the world over, having supplanted in their favour the exhausted districts farther south, that the war must most effectually have paralysed at once the business and pleasure of *safari*. Not this winter have Masai and Swahili boys been in request as guides or porters round Kijabe and the prolific game tracts that lie south of the Uganda Railway, between the Reserve and the German border. There has been no occupation for the skilled Sudanese trackers who have of late years found lucrative winter occupation in the Bahr el Gazal and Sennar Province. In other and happier days I have taken leave of expectant sportsmen starting inland from Port Sudan or Mombasa, but this Christmas there was neither the heart nor the opportunity to bag lion, elephant, rhinoceros or antelopes in that most perfect of winter climes. Some of those good sportsmen, indeed, have, alas, gone to happier hunting grounds. I remember meeting a lady in British East Africa who, earlier in the week, had shot two lions in one day in the Simba Hills, no great distance from Nairobi. Now, forsooth, her husband, a gallant officer of the Irish Guards, who was out with her at the time, lies buried somewhere a little west of Mons! Of a truth, this business of big game stalking has always been recognised as fine training for Englishmen, and nobly they have put it to the proof by their splendid courage and endurance in the greatest game of all.

The next meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society will be held on Wednesday, the 17th instant, at 8 o'clock p.m. precisely, at 20, Hanover Square, W., when Professor G. Sims Woodhead, M.A., M.D., will deliver his presidential address on "Some of the Microbiological Problems of the Present War."

The Romance of Pictures

BY SOPHROSINE

THE end of art is enjoyment. Every man attains to enjoyment by different means, and inclines to believe his way the only lawful one. The use of the word "culture" is forbidden, but unfortunately no one has been enterprising enough as yet to coin a word to replace it, nor have we another term which so completely expresses a lofty and superior state of mentality; hence the writer will make bold to use it. "Cultured" people maintain that they alone have the right to speak of art, and that they alone possess the secret of enjoying it. Their verdict is that only the man who is qualified to appreciate the subtlety of texture of a Vandyke portrait, the secret processes by which Rembrandt attained his wonderful effects of lighting, the opulence of Rubens, the new life and spirit that Constable introduced into English landscape painting, is qualified to feel real pleasure in these paintings—in a word, he must possess knowledge, understanding, and sympathy.

From this the man in the street often begs to differ. There is a sense in which all of us are children, where the mystery of the unknown, the unapproachable, affords us strange upliftings of spirit, and a delicate sense of pleasure, such as can never be granted by the things of which we have intimate knowledge. Criticism, understanding the science, the labour that goes to make a work of art, is too often the rough finger that knocks the bloom from the fruit, that tarnishes the brightness of belief in a fairyland where genius works with perfect joy amid surroundings of peace and beauty. Let us keep some of our illusions and remain eternally young.

Happy is the man who can walk into such an exhibition as that of the Grosvenor Gallery and lose himself for a time in the mere beauty of the pictures that hang on that fascinating rose-hued tapestry, without a thought in his mind as to the palettes and brushes of those who produced them, and without worrying to apply to the catalogue in order that he may be in the right frame of mind to consider the work of some great master. Outside, the great world strives and cheats and kills its fellows, but here is rest and refreshment for the senses. What more can you ask of any painter than that he take you from depressing realities into the land of romance, where dream lords and ladies linger, where are such trees and mountains and enchanted castles as were never seen by eyes of men, such flowers as never grew in human parterre, but were sown there by the hands of elves and fairies?

So much of the pleasure we, the uninitiated, find in painting lies in the associations it awakens in our minds, in the trains of memory set moving that go back into regions where glamour walks hand in hand with scarce remembered knowledge. Here is a picture of the great god Pan, the wanton spirit of Nature, revelling among his joyous followers. No doubt the catalogue would set forth its painter and its virtues, but to us it is valued in that it conjures up the

warmth and fragrance of the sunny south, evoking glad sensations of the youth of the world, when the immortals still showed themselves to those who had eyes to see, when the procession of the seasons was celebrated by song and dance and garland. Happy Greeks, to walk hand in hand with Nature and to realise its smiles in the sunshine, its tears in the storms that swept their fertile plains, a kinship and a deity in the fruitful vine and the blossoming earth.

On the walls are fine men and beautiful women whom the painters have made to live eternally. Some of them are evidently posing, much as we do before the camera, but no photograph had ever the power to put into eyes the thoughts with which these are full. Surely they are dreams that only the painter had as he transferred them feature by feature to his canvas. There are two proud ladies of Elizabeth's time or a little later. We think they must be Stuart, not so much from their dress or the soft ringlets on white brows as from the indefinable air of luxury, the hint of weariness inseparable from that period. Gone with ruff and farthingale is the indomitable spirit of England, in which even England's women shared; in these languorous eyes there are dreams of love, of soft melancholy rather than deeds of valour.

In one corner there is a Flora, from whom it is impossible to dissociate the man who painted her and the time in which she lived. We try to shut out the memory of the "scandal" which attached to a wax model made later of the picture, into which Germany was dragged, eternally unfortunate in its association with the art treasures of the world, and to think only of the loneliness, the mystery of the painted face. Did ever Leonardo know that mocking, haunting smile he has immortalised in his greatest women, or is it again the thought of the painter at which we are looking, as he gazes on a world in which he sees so much to which our eyes are ever blind? Is it his tenderness at our stupidity, his mockery at the eagerness so anxious to tell all it knows, his wistfulness at the beauty of the artist's dream which never can come true on earth?

There is a landscape which attracts us, to which we return once and yet again, so unerringly the quality and the loveliness of homely England shine through it. We realise that on this canvas the painter has managed to convey all that Nature may say to us, but which, alas! so rarely she does, owing to our inability to interpret her moods unassisted. The sky is never for us so beautiful a blue as to the painter, nor do the trees blow in such decorative designs, nor the old locks of the canal take on such picturesque lines, familiar as they are. His vision is there, a joy and a revelation.

But the wise do not cheapen pleasures by over-indulgence, nor weaken impressions by overcrowding them. Romance is elusive; at one moment we catch sight of her garments, see the radiance of her face, then she is gone, to visit us again when least we expect her; so the pictures in which we trace her presence are few in number. She lingers in a little Dutch interior, where at first sight realism seems rampant, but which

is transfigured by her presence. It is a homely scene—"Grace before Meat"—but touched by the finger of genius into tenderness. On looking at it, exquisitely painted in all its simple detail, of sturdy man and woman and bonny peasant child, of cottage with open window and sweet air falling on the midday meal, we realise that to us, ignorant as we are of terms and trick and technique, the stock-in-trade alike of artist and critic, Art yet remains a sacrament, the symbol and outward presence of something for which there is no name, but which resides deep down in the human breast, waiting to be touched into life in holy moments by the finger of beauty inspired by genius.

To those who seek her, there may be many such revelations in the exhibition of paintings that hang in the gallery in Bond Street. Those who have lent them have done much for their fellows to lighten the dark thoughts of this time. Gaiety is a little forced, and laughter comes hardly when hearts are shadowed by pain and anxiety. Beauty has the healing touch of Nature's balm, and doubly so when it falls freshly on ear or vision. These are pictures almost unknown, except in reproduction, and almost without exception from the hands of acknowledged masters of their craft, alive to-day as when painted with the great thoughts of those who expressed them in this manner.

REVIEWS

The Splendid Journalist

Essays of Joseph Addison. Chosen and Edited, with Preface and Notes, by SIR J. G. FRAZER. Two Vols. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. net.)

IT may seem an extravagance of literary criticism if we say that the modern free-lance journalist, who prides himself on his ability to "dash off" an article upon any subject at the shortest notice, can trace his descent—in more senses than one—from the essayist, poet, and man of the world, Joseph Addison; but the statement is not so presumptuous when we consider those varied, skilful pages. The journalist may never have given much attention to the work of the little circle of the old *Tatler* and *Spectator*; possibly he has not read six of the famous essays in his life; yet here is all his diversity and cleverness and adaptability, raised to a higher power, and as we fall under the irresistible spell we feel that it is no matter for surprise that the public welcomed such a strange, impressive voice in a time of clamour and crudity. The day of the offensive personal pamphlet, of the coarse satire and the vulgar lampoon, was passing; the genius that not only spent itself, but prided itself, upon an extensive vocabulary of scathing epithets and sarcastic phrases was slowly being turned into more pleasant paths; and it is not too much to say that one of the greatest achievements of Addison and his friends, apart from their influence on literary style and social manners, was the infusion into the critical craft of a gentler, more moderate, yet not

less effective spirit. They were charmingly discursive in their choice of subjects—hence our reference to the modern journalist; one has only to glance casually over the essays to find astonishing variety. "The Critic," "The Pedant," "Lucky Numbers," "Transmigration," "The Love of Fame," "Ladies' Hoods," "Gardens," "Dreams," "Fireworks," "The Female Passion for China," "The Hooped Petticoat," "Religions in Wax-work," "Clubs"—the author is able, it seems, to write on anything, to take any theme and give it charm and interest by delicate imaginations and fancies erected, a fairy-structure of thought, upon it. And beautifully, at times, does Addison touch the difficult note of more serious matters: it was as natural to him to "moralise" as it was to write, yet none could be offended by his genuinely reverent frame of mind. One passage, in particular, at the close of the essay on "Superstition," has always seemed to us perfectly in tune. After discussing the depressing effect that the spilling of salt, the crossing of knives, the howling of dogs, have upon certain people, and the evil habit of anticipating miseries that rarely arrive, he concludes:

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees at one view the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

How easily a clumsy or self-conscious writer might have ruined so risky a close to an essay which has been distinctly humorous! Judging humanity and manners by sure taste rather than by rigid or formal principles, he scarcely ever failed; he could ridicule a corrupt fashion without malice, could be ironic without vulgarity; he assumed, as Mr. W. J. Courthope has pointed out, "an intelligence in his reader equal to his own," yet always wrote as though a literary critic of impeccable ability were looking over his shoulder.

This selection of the "Essays" is well chosen and edited, and Dr. Frazer has contributed in his Preface a little study quite in the Addisonian style, full of delicate touches and exquisitely sympathetic. His foot-notes prove him a good editor; for example, to an allusion to the battle of Almanza in Essay xxix he appends this illuminating comment:

On April 25, 1707, the English and Portuguese forces in Spain, commanded by the Earl of Galway, were severely defeated by the French and Spanish forces under the Duke of Berwick. As the Earl of Galway (second Marquis de Ruvigny) was an exiled Huguenot, and the Duke of Berwick, a natural son of James II, was an exiled Englishman, the battle of

Almanza is the only battle on record in which an English general at the head of a French army defeated an English army commanded by a Frenchman.

These two volumes form a worthy addition to the "Eversley" series; they contain the cream of Addison's prose work, and the brief "Notes" often explain points that might be obscure to the reader who is not well versed in the troubled times in which the great essayist lived.

Thomas Davis

Essays, Literary and Historical. By THOMAS DAVIS. Centenary Edition. Edited by D. J. O'DONOGHUE. With an Essay by JOHN MITCHEL. (W. Tempest, Dundalk. 3s. 6d. net.)

THOMAS DAVIS enjoys an imperishable fame in Ireland. Poet, statesman, and philosopher, he crowded a glorious work into the brief span of his years. For he died in his thirty-first year, on September 16, 1845, leaving a void in Ireland's public life which has never since been adequately filled. To the Cemetery of Mount Jerome, in Dublin, on the eve of the terrible famine, when his country sorely needed his strength and his devotion, his broken-hearted compatriots committed the remains of one of Ireland's noblest sons. For Ireland, irrespective of party or of creed, was united over the grave of Davis in realising the catastrophe of his early death, the loss of his present work, the extinction of the promise of a mighty future.

The rare qualities of mind and heart with which Davis was so richly endowed can never fail to encourage the student of his work. One who knew him intimately as a fellow-worker, and who is entitled above all men to sum up the virtues of his friend, has left us a discerning eulogy of this remarkable man. "I can confidently say," says Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "that I have not known a man so nobly gifted as Thomas Davis. . . . What he was as a friend, so tender, so helpful, so steadfast, no description will paint. . . . Like Burke and Berkeley, he inspired and controlled all who came within the range of his influence, without aiming to lead or dominate. . . . He brought to political controversy a fairness previously unexampled in Ireland. In all his writings there will not be found a single sentence reflecting ungenerously on any human being."

With the exception of the lengthy sketch of the Life of Curran, the interesting selection of essays and short papers contained in Mr. O'Donoghue's centenary volume nearly all appeared in the columns of the *Nation* newspaper, which was founded in 1842, as the organ of the Young Ireland Party, by the famous triumvirate, John Blake Dillon, Charles Gavan Duffy, and Thomas Davis. In a sense the essays described as literary and historical are, in fact, neither the one nor the other, and in a sense they are both. During the three strenuous years between the first issue of the *Nation* and his death, Davis wrote regularly week by

week, and did not restrict himself to Irish subjects. His work was, in consequence, spread over a wide field, and some of it would be hastily done, having regard to the exigencies of the production of a weekly newspaper. Mr. O'Donoghue thinks that Davis would have revised the essays for publication, but the reader will prefer to have the work just as the author left it.

The gift of imagination and the power of comprehension are seldom united. In these essays of Thomas Davis they are supreme. Innocent of any narrow or sectarian prejudice, he is earnest only for the advancement of his native land, the progress of all her citizens. To this end he laboured throughout—to this end he called upon all for aid and help. Knowledge was the foundation on which to build the new Ireland and the new world—knowledge of the glorious records of his country and of her attainments, knowledge of the beauty of toleration, knowledge of the power of liberty. It is a tragedy that the centenary of the birth of such a man should fall to be submerged in the blood and welter of the German *Götterdämmerung*.

Mr. O'Donoghue has done his work well, both in the selection of the essays and in the care to reproduce the original text. There is an illustration of the statue by John Hogan, in Mount Jerome Cemetery, and a reproduction of the exquisite pencil portrait by Sir Frederic Burton, to be found in the National Portrait Gallery in Dublin.

Shorter Notices

Law of the Constitution

In 1885 was issued the first edition of Professor A. V. Dicey's "Law of the Constitution"; in 1915—thirty years later—is issued the eighth edition (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.). That fact is enough to show that the "Law of the Constitution" has become one of our British institutions. As new students come along, they find it necessary to turn to the work which has served their fathers well, and we are almost inclined to ask how the man who wished to study the law of the Constitution before 1885, without a vast deal of personal investigation and research, got on without Professor Dicey. The 'eighties, however, are quite a long way off in this age of progress, and much has happened since the passing of the Agricultural Labourers' Enfranchisement Act which makes it necessary to review certain phases of the subject afresh. Hence the eighth edition contains a new introduction, full of acute and passably impartial reasoning. Nothing affecting the law of the Constitution seems to escape Professor Dicey, and he shows us how the new democratic forces which have been called into existence involve considerations which could only have been intelligent anticipations if not actual prejudices in 1885. Public opinion and the law must often be in conflict under a purely democratic régime. "The time has come when the fact ought to be generally admitted that the amount of government—that is, of course, coercion—of individuals or classes by the State, which is necessary to the welfare or even to the existence of a civilised community, cannot permanently coexist with the effective belief that deference to public opinion is in all cases the sole

or the necessary basis of a democracy." Needless to say, Professor Dicey writes sound sense on such a theme.

A Glimpse of Spanish History

To those interested in any particular period of history all accounts throwing any light on the times must be of interest; therefore Lady Moreton's "A Playmate of Philip II" (John Lane, 10s. 6d. net) will doubtless be welcome to students of Spanish history, for the author claims that "the life of Don Martin of Aragon, Duke of Villahermosa—the playmate—has never been told, even in Spanish," although she at the same time modestly admits that her book is merely a patchwork—threads of other stories stitched together. It is doubtful whether the general reader will find sufficient in the work to rouse any great enthusiasm. If possible, Lady Moreton has been almost too faithful to the records she has laboriously studied; in parts her accounts read more like a summary of events than a story which, while being equally accurate and true to historic happenings, should maintain sufficient romance to allure the reader to pursue the narrative to the very end, and then only close the book with a regret that all the tale has been told. The youthful connection between Philip and Don Martin is not dwelt upon to any great extent; in fact, the King figures very remotely in the pages. Much stress is laid upon the piety and charity of many of the ladies of the Court, but naturally these traits, admirable though they be, would not in themselves have been sufficient reason for the publication of another book to laud them had not Lady Moreton felt that she was at the same time adding her quota to the ever-increasing knowledge of history.

Portugal in Commonplace

Articles that make very acceptable copy for occasional contributions to minor periodicals are not necessarily well suited to the requirements of the serious bookmaker. We get more than ample proof of this in "Progressive Portugal," by Ethel C. Hargrove (Werner Laurie, 6s. net). A quite respectable array of authorities has been called upon to lend a hand in its production, and the publisher presents it in a form which prepares the reader for much more satisfactory fare than he actually gets. For the tourist who has never been in Portugal, there is much in it that may be of service, but, for those of us who are called upon to read it in the winter conditions of London, Miss Hargrove's catalogic commonplaces are tiresome. Even her account of Bussaco and the battlefields hardly rings with that "bugle blast" which Martin Hume heard from "Bussaco's granite ridge," and we are quite content to leave the chapter at her invitation to British officers to study Bussaco on the spot. Here and there are touches, as in "Coimbra Past and Present," which show that Miss Hargrove might do better from the literary standpoint than the bulk of her book suggests. There is too much "rapid motoring." We are possibly not sufficiently impressed with the importance of paragraphs of this character: "'Spanish onions,' or what we buy as such, are often imported to London from Oporto." With regret we confess that the poet Coldridge is unfamiliar to us.

Mr. Andrew Melrose will publish almost immediately "My Experiences as a German Prisoner," by L. J. Austin, F.R.C.S., who was a member of the first British unit of the Belgian Red Cross Society.

The Theatre

"Mistress Wilful"

IN a very agreeable and acutely observant novel by Mr. H. G. Wells he writes of the period before the Boer War, "when ideas were dead—or domesticated," when "there was to be much editing of Shakespeare and Charles Lamb, much delightful humour and costume romance. . . ." The play at the Strand Theatre in which Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are now delighting themselves belongs to that curious period which the novelist analyses for us, and which we all knew so well. "Mistress Wilful" never touches the giant issues of life; it leaves out everything that matters; it gives us a picture as little real as the most fanciful and amusing Watteau; but, alas! it has no beauty. Nevertheless, *Allons, embarquons pour Cythère*. And if you can accept the make-believe world of Caroline comedy as it was written and played in the nineties of the last century, you will be very lucky, and will enjoy Mr. Ernest Hendrie's new drama in four acts exceedingly. Although it is an actors' play, written for actors, we believe that in normal times the public would have liked it, and may probably do so to-day. In any case, it has been running for some weeks, and we were officially informed that there were no vacant seats in the house. As the stalls were fairly empty when we were at the Strand, they were obviously booked by those curious playgoers who pay and stay away. If such people were accustomed to the theatre, they had chosen the better part, for in reality "Mistress Wilful" has very little to offer to a sophisticated audience. It has been written and is acted, we presume, with an eye on far-off cities whose standard differs altogether from our own.

Robin Fairfellow (there's a clever name for you) is a young Fleet Street apprentice who enters into a regular stage contrivance with regard to marrying the lady who is supposed to be his master's daughter, Margaret Goodman, also extremely young. Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Neilson undertake these parts with light hearts. They may be very young people themselves; they do not look it on the stage; but they act the ways of youth with great sincerity. Such performances are most well-intentioned and worthy, but they rob an artificial piece like "Mistress Wilful" of such little hope of being believed as it ever possessed.

The plan of the play is that Margaret shall have her liberty, and Robin the business which her fortune brings. But when the heroine discovers that she is the daughter of Charles II—who, of course, visits the shop very promptly, made up as a sad Hebrew by Mr. Somerset—and the step-sister, as it were, of the Duke of Monmouth, who is also on the scene, she makes a fine *embrouillamini* of the whole affair, so that it is enabled to last out for four acts. Then, at last, all is clear to Margaret and Robin, who have loved one another from the first—oh, so dearly!—and whose end is, we suppose, happiness. For those who still can enjoy the

pseudo-romance and sentiment of such a piece of writing, the hard work of the actors and the satisfactory mounting will help to make the whole an attractive entertainment. The thing that astonishes us is that after some thirty years of theatrical reform in England so curiously retrograde a piece of work in the comedy vein can find admirers.

EGAN MEW.

Fiction

THACKERAY once wrote what he termed "a novel without a hero," and now Mr. Thomas Cobb, the author of many successful works of fiction, presents us with "Mrs. Latham's Extravagance" (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), a novel which can boast of two heroines, although he does not mention the fact on his title-page. For the "pride of place" he allots to the extravagant Mrs. Latham should have been at least equally shared by little Katherine Sheffield, who sacrifices all for love, and so charms the reader that she is certain to linger long in his memory, which is more than can be said of the other lady. The latter's extravagance is not so very blamable after all, as it is mainly in the cause of charity, but she gives up the man she loves and comfortably settles down to the humdrum companionship of a melancholy elderly widower, a state of life not to be recommended to a would-be heroine of fiction. The story, however, is sure to please a host of readers, who will, moreover, be agreeably tickled by not a few of Mr. Cobb's favourite little problems.

Two interesting works of fiction are those by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick—"Delia Blanchflower" (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.) and "In Other Days" (Methuen and Co., 6s.). Mrs. Ward's book has been called an anti-suffragette novel; Delia the heroine, is described as "a young woman of a type almost new to fiction." Societies existing to further the cause of votes for women need not feel perturbed on account of the harm this story is likely to do them, for, keen opponent of the enfranchisement of women as Mrs. Ward may be, she fails to state her case in anything like a convincing manner, while Delia is merely the wayward, troublesome ward who in the end marries her guardian, as she always did after she was tired of her own naughty little way.

"In Other Days" purports to show the difference between the life in a stiff family mansion, and that lived to the full in an artists' colony a few miles away. Lady Tuft, her husband, and Tony Tuft make matters far from comfortable or pleasant for two poor relations, Mrs. Cloudesley and her daughter Rosalind. Ultimately the Cloudesleys take a cottage in the colony and "try" to live on Mrs. Cloudesley's £200 a year. There are some good passages in the book, but its reputation will not be gained by the drawing of any sharp contrast between the two types of individuals, for Mrs. Sidgwick has not managed to convey to the reader a particularly clear impression of either, although at the same time there still remains much that is worth reading.

MOTORING

It is becoming more and more advisable for motorists so to arrange their day's runs that they will arrive at their destinations before nightfall, especially when making journeys in areas affected by the regulations of the military authorities; these orders provide for the extinction or reduction of lights on motor vehicles, the erection of barricades, examination of licences, in different parts of the country, and are, of course, made under the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, 1914, the restrictions being operative more especially in coastal areas, the vicinity of military depots, and the outskirts of a number of important towns. Motorists should realise that the military and police authorities now have very full powers, and that considerable risk is incurred when there is any infringement. Unfortunately it is not possible to give an accurate summary of the restrictions in force, in consequence of their liability at any time to modification or extension, but members of the Automobile Association can obtain the latest particulars on application at any of the A.A. offices.

We are informed that the A.A. road patrols are being constantly called upon to render assistance to military motor drivers, many of whom have had to undertake their duties with very little previous experience of such work, and it is gratifying to know that in all such instances the patrols' services are rendered promptly, willingly, and efficiently. The other day, while cycling along his beat on the Worthing Road, one of the patrols found an abandoned motor lorry, carrying the War Office identification mark, by the wayside. After lighting up the lamps, he at once reported the matter to the local police, assisted the latter to draw the lorry into an adjacent yard, and eventually enabled the vehicle to be identified and taken possession of by an officer who had been sent in search of it. This is merely one of many instances in which the military authorities have been indebted to the patrols for useful service.

To the private motorist stranded on the wayside, the services rendered by the A.A. road patrol have often proved sufficient to cover the whole of the modest annual subscription fee. As an instance, one night last week a member found himself helpless in a remote village, with a series of punctures in one of the tyres of his machine—a motor-cycle with side-car. A local patrol, whose address was given by one of the villagers, willingly came to the rescue, effected the necessary repairs, supplementing his aid by inviting the motorist to supper, bed, and breakfast—an invitation which was very gladly accepted. An incident of this sort is a typical indication of the spirit in which the patrols interpret their instructions from the A.A. committee—to assist members in all circumstances, at all times, and in every possible way.

At the Royal Society of Arts, on Monday, February 15, at 8 p.m., Professor Vivian B. Lewes, F.I.C., will lecture on "Motor Fuel." (Lecture I.)

The Sinking of the "Emden"

A SIGNALLER'S GRAPHIC STORY

THE following vivid and valuable account of the sinking of the *Emden* is written by an old boy of Buckhurst Hill Boys' School, of which Mr. Gratton is the headmaster. The school has over 200 old boys serving with the colours. Two have received commissions; one (W. H. French) won the D.S.M., and received it from the hands of the King in France; and several have been either killed or wounded. Mr. Gratton has succeeded in imparting some of the spirit of the public schoolboy to the lads who have been educated under his auspices.—ED. ACADEMY.

W. SEABROOK, Sig.,

H.M.A.S. *Sydney*,

C/o G.P.O., London.

DEAR MR. GRATTON,—The *Sydney* arrived in Malta to-day—December 2, 1914—and on arrival here I received the first batch of letters from England for eight weeks. In a letter from home they said, "Mr. Gratton, I know, would be pleased with a full account of the action with the German cruiser S.M.S. *Emden*." Well, I will give you a detailed and true account of the action, also the several incidents surrounding it, as I expect the papers—as usual—gave an exaggerated and garbled account. I was on watch the whole of the action; was the signalman sent aloft with a pair of glasses to look out; was signalman of armed party, and also I was sent on board the *Emden* afterwards, to make necessary signals to the *Sydney*, so I can guarantee every word of this. There are, of course, certain things that I am not allowed to talk about, but I will tell you all I can.

The Australian and New Zealand Expeditionary Forces for England sailed from Albany, Western Australia, for Egypt, on November 1, 1914, with H.M.S. *Minotaur*, H.M.A.S. *Melbourne*, and *Sydney*, and the Japanese cruiser *Ibuki*, as escorting cruisers of the convoy. Everything went off all right until half the journey had been done. Half way between Albany and Colombo—our first place of call—there are a group of Islands named Cocos, or Keeling Islands. As the convoy neared these islands they—the convoy—were ordered not to use their wireless, and the escort received orders to keep an extra sharp lookout, as, if an attack was intended, it was anticipated it would be from behind these islands. We passed the islands at midnight on Sunday, November 8, and nothing happened. At 7 a.m., Monday, November 9, daylight, the wireless operator at Cocos Islands called up H.M.S. *Minotaur* furiously and made, "Strange cruiser at entrance to harbour." Well, the *Minotaur* left the convoy to carry out another order she had received from London—Whitehall—so H.M.A.S. *Melbourne* took the signal—we received it also—and immediately ordered *Sydney* to raise steam for full speed and proceed to Cocos Islands. I was getting my breakfast at the time, as I had to be on watch from 8 a.m. to noon—forenoon watch. At 8 o'clock I came up to go on watch, but was told to go aloft in the fore control top and keep a good lookout ahead for land, also a cruiser.

At 9.5 a.m. I reported "Land ahead." At 9.10 I saw smoke and was watching it. At 9.15 I could make out the tops of two masts and three funnels, so I reported a "Cruiser off the starboard bow." As soon as the Captain could see her from the upper bridge I was ordered to re-

turn to the bridge. I got down there and found about six signalmen on the bridge. I had just told one of them he had better get below, so as to be ready to take my place and the other signalmen, if we were knocked out, when, Bang! a projectile hit the water about fifty yards short of us and screamed overhead.

On the way we had cleared the guns away, so were all ready. That shot of the *Emden's* was her ranging shot, and was fired at a range of 11,000 yards. We immediately returned the compliment with a ranging shot, and ours went just over. At 9.39 a.m., the *Sydney* opened fire with a broadside, but our shots fell short. The *Emden* also started to fire broadsides. The *Emden* found the correct range first and had the best of matters. Her second broadside knocked out seven out of nine of one of our guns' crews. Then she just scooped a lump out of our mainmast, but it wasn't sufficient to bring it down. A few minutes later she dropped two lovely shots in our after-control. It killed one man and severely wounded the remaining four. The officer got a lump chipped out of both of his calves. One man got his eye blown out, broke right leg, hole in stomach, and wounded in right arm, and to back it up, he was blown completely out of the control and fell on the upper deck. This chap is still alive and is doing well, although he will be minus an eye.

Then the bridge—where I was—came in for it. A shot came our way, carrying away the port signal halyards, cut through the rangefinder—about six inches thick of brass—blew off the range-taker's leg, cut a rail off, through the hammocks lining the inside of the bridge, through the screen, then the ship awning which was lashed outside the screen, then burst. One lump of shell hit the deck only a foot away from me (I have got the piece), shooting by my head by inches, and another piece hit the deck and then bounced up and through the bridge screen, taking exactly one half of a pair of binoculars with it. Not bad for one shot, was it? That was the last shot the *Emden* got in on us for a little while.

It was now the *Sydney's* turn to have some sport. Of course, we had been hitting her as well, but we could not see the extent of the damage done. But now we commenced to make havoc of big things, so that all the guns' crews could see what was being done with the naked eye.

At 10.4 a.m., the *Emden's* foremost funnel fell over—pushed by one of our shells I presume. At 10.20 an explosion occurred owing to our lyddite finding its way to the boiler room. This caused a fire, which started by her mainmast and flashed aft to the stern. At 10.34 the *Emden's* foremast got hit in the control top and the foot of the mast at the same time, blowing the control top clean overboard and causing the mast to topple over the side. At 10.41 the second funnel followed the first. At 10.53 the forebridge was blown away. At 11.8 the third funnel was blown over. At 11.5 the *Emden* altered course for the land. Her speed had decreased and we could all see she was sinking fast. At 11.11 she grounded, and at 11.15 a.m. we "ceased fire."

Immediately on ceasing fire we turned and chased her merchant collier. The collier had been lying off watching the fight to see who was going to win. When she saw the *Emden* could not possibly win, she turned and tried to run away, but the *Sydney* did not want her to; also, as we did not want to run after her for about twenty miles, we dashed after her until we were six miles off and then put a shot across her bows. It was marvellous how quickly she came to a standstill. Immediately on drawing close to her, I volunteered to go as signaller of armed boarding party, so armed with a revolver and cutlass we ran alongside. No resistance was offered, so our skipper ordered her to "Strike your colours," as she was flying the Ger-

man Ensign. This she did, burning the ensign to save it from being captured.

On getting aboard, the Chinese crew—previously taken by *Emden* from a capture of hers—came rushing up to us asking to be sent to the warship as the collier was sinking. "Oh! this is good news," we thought. Anyhow, they were sent on board *Sydney* and we commenced to have a look round, first of all making the German officers and men, who belonged to the *Emden*, prisoners.

On inspecting the ship, we found out that they had opened all the sea valves and smashed them, so that they could not be closed. The collier had about nine feet of water in her when we boarded her. She now had about fifteen feet, and listed over to port; we thought it was high time we thought about leaving her, unless we wanted to go down with her, so we bundled the prisoners into the boats and followed. As soon as we got clear the *Sydney* put four shots into her and she went down afire. What a glorious end!

As soon as we got aboard, the *Sydney* turned round and steamed back at full speed to the *Emden*. On nearing her we saw she still flew the German Ensign at the mainmast-head, so the Captain made a signal by flags, "Do you surrender?" The *Emden* made back by Morse, "What signal? No signal books." So we made by Morse, "Do you surrender?" No reply was received. We then made, "Have you received signal?" Still no reply, so we made, "Will you surrender?" Still no reply, so the Captain gave the order, "Open fire. Aim for her mainmast." We fired about fifteen rounds with the port guns, had just turned round to let the starboard guns have a go, when the *Emden* waved a white flag as a token of surrender, and a man went aloft to haul down the flag. Immediately it was hauled down the Captain of *Emden* ordered it to be burnt to save capture.

The time was then about 5.30 p.m., and it was beginning to get dark. When we were satisfied that the *Emden* was beyond showing fight, a boat was sent to her manned by the captured on collier, with water in it and a message to say we would return at daylight to start the rescue work. As soon as the boat had reached the *Emden* we got moving again, and steamed towards a spot where we had previously seen two men swimming in the water. As we neared them they were cheered by the *Sydney's* ship's company and two men dived overboard to assist them on board, as they had been in the water for seven and a half hours—since 10.30 a.m.—and were both wounded. As we were steaming out to sea another man was picked up. This man had been in the water for eight hours.

The reason we did not start the rescue work straight away was in case the *Emden* had called for help, or in case another cruiser—we did not know about the *Konigsberg* then—was knocking about anywhere.

Just a word about the action. During the whole of the action the Captain remained by the compass on the upper bridge and never shifted. Total time in action, 1 hour 35 minutes. Everybody on board cheered like mad when they were told it was the *Emden* we were going to fight. We, one and all, were dying to have a go at her. Up till then we had all heard that there was not a ship in the Indian Ocean fast enough to catch her. Righto, we said, she'll have to steam some to get away from us, as our speed was 25 knots—*Emden* 24 knots—and we were capable of going more, we were certain, as our engines had never been opened right out. During the action the order was passed down to the engine-room, "Go as fast as you can." We did, and our speed was registered up to 29.3 knots. What we did over that no one can say, as it was not possible to check it. At any rate, we reckon we did 30 knots, if not a trifle over. Of course, when we first went into action

everybody felt a slight tightening across the stomach, as it was our first experience, but after the first ten or fifteen minutes that wore off, and we forgot everything except our own duties.

To carry on with the yarn.

During the night, Monday, November 9, one of the German prisoners who had been picked up out of the water informed us that the *Emden* had landed an armed party forty strong, with two officers in charge, on Keeling Island to destroy the wireless and cable station. When we heard this news they called for a volunteer party to land and fight them. I volunteered and was accepted as signaller of armed party.

The Captain said he would wait for daylight, as they would have too big an advantage over us if we landed in darkness. Lucky for us we did. On getting ashore the people of Cocos Islands cheered us again and again. In fact, they went mad over us, as they were able to witness the best part of the fight on the previous day. On landing they informed us that the Germans planned to let us *nearly* land and then open fire right into our boats with four maxim guns. They said they intended to wipe us out as they had nowhere to send us IF they took us prisoners. But they would not fight us by day. When daylight began to come they took a schooner belonging to the inhabitants, also half the island's stores, and nipped. The operator said he could repair the installation in three weeks, and the Germans had only cut one cable, so they were still able to make messages via Singapore. During the half hour we spent on the island the people could not do enough for us. They brought us down drinks, food, and cigarettes galore. Our Captain requested the Superintendent, Doctor, and Wireless Operator on board, so taking these we left the island with the people cheering us and singing, "For these are jolly good fellows," etc.

On arrival on board the Captain had a yarn with the Superintendent and asked the Doctor if he would volunteer his services in the rescue work of getting the *Emden's* wounded on board *Sydney*. He was only too pleased to participate. The Superintendent returned to the boat with the W.T. Operator, whom the Captain thanked on the quarter-deck for the prompt manner in which he had reported the *Emden*. As soon as they were clear we proceeded to the *Emden*. On arrival off her a boat was manned with a few hands, doctor, stores, and signaller (myself). There was a terrible big swell in shore, and we had a hard job to get on board. On arrival on board I had a good look round, and she was in an appalling state. I cannot find words sufficient enough to convey to you the terrible state she was in.

From right forward to the breakwater she was in good condition, except down below, where there was a hole big enough for one of Mr. Bailey's horses and carts to walk through. The mast was hanging over the port side. The three funnels were lying down—tired, I presume—one on top of the other the port side. There were five big holes on her water line, the starboard side. Where the starboard battery was *once*, was one mass of gaping holes. The port battery was torn up in all directions. Amidships, where you should be able to see down into the engine-room, was one mass of bent, torn and twisted iron. The wireless room was like a curio box turned upside down and given a good shake. From the mainmast to right aft was one mass of blistered steel and iron. The after part of the ship where the officers' cabin had been was simply a shell, caused by our shells exploding inside the ship. All under the joinings of the iron plates English and German money was found. I have got one or two burnt coins for a curio.

The Germans informed us that about a ton of English

money had been thrown over the side. Estimated amount £60,000. We commenced the rescue work at 10.30 a.m. and finished transferring their wounded at 4 p.m. The sights I saw on board the *Emden* were terrible. Bodies were lying in all directions. Some were burnt right through, some were only half burnt. Others were lying about near by where the guns *had* been, some whole, some decapitated, others with arms and legs missing. The lyddite we use is awful stuff. As soon as we had got everybody on board we proceeded round to the other side of the island to land a party to rescue about twenty wounded men who had been blown overboard from the *Emden*. The Captain of the *Emden*, von Müller, and Prince Franz Joseph Hohenzollern were both unhurt, and were made prisoners and allowed to keep their swords. The Captain was the last to leave the ship. We landed our rescue party and then went to sea for the night. Early next morning, Wednesday, November 11, we returned to the island and picked up our party and the twenty wounded. As soon as these people were on board we proceeded towards Colombo. On the way we met the *Empress of Russia*, an armed merchant cruiser. She took the Chinese crew and thirty of the wounded Germans, so as to relieve our two doctors. The casualties were: *Sydney*, 4 killed, 8 seriously wounded, and 5 wounded. *Emden*, 200 killed, 45 severely wounded, 140 saved who were uninjured.

The Admiralty can't grumble at that, can they—200 for 4, and 45 for 13?

Sunday, November 15, arrived Colombo, did four days there, landing wounded, coaling, and disinfecting the ship throughout.

Thursday, November 19, sailed. Arrived Aden November 25, coaled and sailed next morning. Arrived Port Said Sunday, 29th, coaled and sailed same day. Arrived Malta Wednesday, December 2.

As to our movements from now, I am allowed to tell you very little. We leave here for Gibraltar to-morrow morning at 7 a.m., December 3. After that I cannot tell you anything except that I hope to see B. Hill before Christmas, barring accidents. That's as near as I dare go. By the way, I forgot to mention that neither myself nor the other signaller on watch got even a scratch through the action. Only one signaller was wounded. He had taken a wounded seaman's place and was loading a gun. The only mark I have so far is a bullet in the wrist, which I got in the fight to capture German New Guinea on September 11 last.

The two fore-castle guns and anchors of the *Emden* are going to be transferred to Sydney, N.S.W. Australia, to commemorate the first Australian ship going into action.

I think that is all I have to tell you. I have told you all I can, and at the same time have told you nothing I am barred from speaking about.

Just one favour please. Would you be so kind as to let my people have a look at this account, as I have not time to repeat it? Also, it is a terrible lot for a sailor to write, you know.

Every merchant ship we have passed, since signing the *Emden's* checks, has congratulated us. The Captain is afraid we shall get swelled heads. Over 100 congratulatory telegrams have been received, including several from England.

From an Old School Boy,
(Signed) WILL SEABROOK, Signaller.

P.S.—The *Emden* was at Cocos with the express purpose of capturing the *Osterly* (Orient Line), as she heard she had the Australian soldiers' money (£5,000,000) on board, and was not there to try and stop the convoy.

The City

THE outlook is distinctly more hopeful. Various rumours have been laid to rest by the events of the past few days, all to the advantage of the markets. The qualifying but not altogether unexpected element has been provided by Linggi's new capital issue, which depressed not only Linggi's own, but other rubber shares. Now is certainly not the time when rubber shareholders look to be called upon to find fresh capital, but we may take it that Linggi was fairly confident of a ready response. Linggis are now quoted under 12s. How far off seem the days of the rubber boom when Linggi's 2s. shares went to 65s. The principal rumours allayed affect the War Loan and Canpacs. The dividend of 10 per cent., the same rate as a year ago, announced by the Canadian Pacific, was eminently encouraging to a market which confidently anticipated a reduction. The War Loan, too, has looked up on the statement of the result of the Conference between the Finance Ministers of France, Russia, and Great Britain in Paris which dispels the idea that a new War issue was to be jointly guaranteed. The three Powers will take over in equal shares advances made or to be made to countries fighting with them for the common cause. Also the three Powers will proceed jointly with all purchases which they respectively have to make in neutral countries—thus avoiding competition among the Allies—and they will further adopt measures to re-establish the parity of exchange between Russia and her allies—a most important undertaking in view of the embarrassment which has been caused to all engaged in Russian trade by the fall in the value of the rouble. The agreement is of both financial and political significance.

We look to some of the big stores to afford an indication of the general spending capacity of the public in war time. Harrods' report seems to suggest that war has made very little difference. At any rate, the net profit for the year ended January 31 amounted to £309,227, as compared with £295,181. The directors recommend a dividend of 15 per cent. and a bonus of 6 per cent. on the ordinary shares, making a total distribution for the year of 26 per cent., less tax, carrying forward £17,077, and allocating £21,350 to reserve. The dividend and bonus are the same as for the previous year, and the amounts carried forward and to reserve are only down by some £3,000. Holders of Harrods Founders' shares have to be content with one per cent. less, but we are afraid we cannot condole with them unduly on only getting 62 per cent.

Home and Colonial Stores have also had a good year—so good, indeed, that the directors propose to appropriate every year in future an amount equal to the dividend on the "A" shares for the purpose of providing a special staff bonus. For 1914 that would mean the setting aside for the benefit of the employees of the substantial sum of £25,000. The Home and Colonial Stores met war conditions in a public spirited way appreciated both by the staff and the customers, and the net profit of £225,828, to which has to be added £27,731 brought forward, is peculiarly satisfactory. After payment of the usual dividends and making the usual appropriations £40,000 is applied to reserves and the carry forward is increased by over £10,000.

Mr. G. St. Lawrence Mowbray and his colleagues are to be congratulated on the manner in which they tackled and disposed of the awkward situation brought about by the declaration and withdrawal of dividends by the Dutch undertakings in which the Batavia Plantation Investments are interested. The sole excuse for the action of the Dutch companies seems to have been the rankling sense of in-

REVELATIONS OF A MYSTERIOUS FORCE.

**MR. NORMAN BARCLAY'S REMARKABLE BOOK
"THE POWER THAT RULES THE WORLD"
TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE TO
READERS OF 'THE ACADEMY.'**

In his new book "The Power that Rules the World," Mr. Norman Barclay has made some startling revelations. The perplexing subjects of Human Attraction, Personal Magnetism, Will Power, Mind Control, Concentration, Memory and the Unseen Forces, have been stripped of much of the mysticism with which they have long been clothed, and a practical understandable explanation is offered. The simplicity of Mr. Barclay's method for the development of Personal Magnetism, force of character, and the art of influencing the thoughts and actions of others, makes a strong appeal not alone to the unattractive, force-lacking ne'er-do-well, but to the intellectual men and women of affairs who realise that success is measured by one's mental status. A special edition of "The Power that Rules the World" has been printed for free distribution. It is a book that should be read by everyone—young or old, rich or poor. Only one copy will be sent to each applicant. Our readers are requested to write at once, before the edition for free distribution is exhausted. Address your request, accompanied by stamp for return postage, to Mr. Norman Barclay, 134, Walter House, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.



justice that the British Finance Act compelled deduction of income tax from British companies' dividends on shares held outside the United Kingdom. It was a quite intelligible objection, and the situation for Mr. Mowbray and his board was awkward. However, matters have been adjusted, and the friendly settlement is all the more welcome because the three rubber properties are doing splendidly. Their dividends in 1914 were increased, and there is no doubt that if rubber holds anywhere near 2s. per lb. Batavia Plantation Investments will enjoy very substantial and improving returns on its holdings.

The Casey Cobalt report should be interesting if there is any truth in the statement recently published, though not on the authority of the company, that a new 18-in. vein has been driven into at 315 feet level, which is said to be even richer than that which gave over 10,000 ozs. in silver. Should this be borne out the Casey Cobalt shareholders are in luck: an official announcement on the subject is desirable.

Brewery companies have been doubly hit by increased taxation and earlier closing hours for publichouses. Economies have to be practised in all directions, and more still will probably be necessary if dividends are to be earned. When a company like Arthur Guinness, Son and Co. reduces its interim dividend from 7 per cent. to 5 per cent. we get an idea of the hard conditions in which brewery companies are working, and difficulties among some of the smaller and less strongly backed concerns are inevitable.

The Canadian Northern Railway for the year ended June 30, 1914, reports a decrease in gross earnings of \$496,149, or 2.04 per cent., the first decrease in the history of the road, but, owing to substantial economies in the operation of the various controlled undertakings, the net earnings from all sources show an increase of \$556,698, or 3.22

per cent., over 1913. During the year 413 miles of newly constructed tracks were added to the railway, the average mileage operated being 4,563 miles, compared with 4,297 miles the preceding year. The company's object has been to secure a trans-continental railway system across Canada, constituting a through and very direct route from Quebec to Vancouver. The problem of financing the completion of the undertaking had to be solved. The directors decided that the time had arrived for the formal acquisition of the control of the entire system. They applied for a Dominion Government guarantee of securities to the extent of \$45,000,000, secured by a general charge upon the undertaking of the Canadian Northern Railway and upon the stocks of the subsidiary companies. An agreement between the Government and the company was made and the control of the shares in the capital stocks of the subsidiary companies which had not previously been acquired by the Canadian Northern Railway Company was transferred to it. The result should be the operation of the whole system by the company and the consolidation of the accounts.

BOVRIL.

RECORD SALES.

Presiding at the annual general meeting of Bovril Limited, held on Wednesday, the Earl of Erroll, K.T., C.B., in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, stated that though the past year had been a difficult one, Bovril had come through with flying colours, and they were able to show both record sales (apart altogether from Government orders) and largely increased profits. Government, War, and Red Cross orders were always supplied by their company on special terms which left only a comparatively small margin of profit. The results for the year's working would have been considerably better were it not that there had been a continual rise in the price of cattle. As it took a good-sized ox to make a dozen of the larger bottles of Bovril, it was evident that the higher cost of cattle must have seriously affected the year's profits.

The appreciation of Bovril was not confined to the public at home; out at the front, where our soldiers were so heroically fighting, Bovril was a first favourite. In this connection he wished to mention the excellent work done by Miss Gladys Storey, daughter of Mr. G. A. Storey, the Royal Academician. This lady had most successfully organised a Fund for supplying the Army in France with Bovril. Her work had met with the warm approval of the authorities, including General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who, *apropos* of her recently published appeal headed "In commemoration of Lord Roberts," wrote, "No suggestion has been so practical as your offer to provide the men in the trenches with Bovril, and such a project, bringing strength to our soldiers as it will, would, I am sure, have met with the approval of our much regretted late Field Marshal."

Having dealt with the figures of the balance-sheet, which showed gross profit on trading £304,186 against £284,229 for the previous period, and stocks of raw material, manufactured products, etc., £282,614, cash at bank and on hand £42,349, and trade debtors £176,926, he referred to the progress of Virol Limited, which paid a dividend of 12½ per cent. on its last financial year, and which, the directors reported, was doing an increasing business with hospitals, consumption sanatoria, and public institutions. In conclusion, he stated that there was not a single German or alien enemy employed in their factories either at home or abroad. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted. A resolution which was moved by

a shareholder at the meeting voting a hundred guineas to the funds of the Red Cross Society was agreed to, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff.

CORRESPONDENCE

AMERICANS AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In spite of the strenuous efforts made by Germans in the United States, to say nothing of the frantic endeavour of the Teutonic Press in Europe, to force Americans to see the justness of the Kaiser's cause, it would appear that up to the present no very great headway had been made; for in *The Fatherland* of January 6—that organ designed primarily to divert the opinions of New York to German channels—is the following announcement:—

Debate between Cecil Chesterton and George Sylvester Viereck at the Cort Theatre . . . to debate the issues of the war. In order that the audience should not consist entirely of British sympathisers, *The Fatherland* has purchased one-half of the tickets and now offers them to our friends.

That *The Fatherland* has been so fearful as to the sympathies of the meeting that it has felt constrained to purchase one-half of the tickets of admission and to offer them free to friends does not say very much for the supporters of *The Fatherland* or for the enthusiasm of the thousands of Germans in New York, however eloquently the action speaks for German "justice," which unblushingly and shamelessly prates of "packing" an audience. Yours faithfully,

E. T. C.

London, N.W.

"THE DRAMATIST: OR MEMOIRS OF THE STAGE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your issue of February 29, 1908, contained a letter from Mr. Edward S. Dodgson, referring to the novel "Rebecca; or the Victim of Duplicity," the authorship of which was attributed to Ann Catherine Holbrook. He asked your readers to kindly interest themselves in procuring a copy of the book, more particularly of its third volume, which had been diligently sought for without success.

Recently it was my good fortune to procure a copy of the little work entitled "The Dramatist; or Memoirs of the Stage, with the Life of the Authoress," by Mrs. Holbrook. I would, by your courtesy, desire to chronicle this "find" in your journal. It was printed in 1809 by Martin and Turner, of 10, Hay-market, Birmingham, and presents a graphic picture of Thespian customs of the period. Its title would seem to be somewhat of a misnomer. For the pages deal almost entirely with managers and actors, the methods of the former in relation to members of their companies meeting with severe castigation. The authoress's unfortunate experiences in this respect led to an early severance from the stage by herself and husband. The tone of the book is of a highly moral, instructive character, with a similarity of style to that of "Rebecca," which tends strongly to suggest Mrs. Holbrook as the writer of that novel also. Search for the missing third volume of this is still prosecuted. Will readers of THE ACADEMY, who may be interested in the works of this Staffordshire novelist, join in so attractive a quest? Yours faithfully,

CECIL CLARKE.

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Notes of the Week

Menace and Achievement

THE "blockade" of Great Britain begins this week. Great Britain is irritatingly calm in the face of this new menace of "frightfulness." Indeed, she seems inclined to be a little amused at the manner in which Germany's latest has brought the whole world of neutrals about her ears. Neutral Powers are much more excited by her pirate threats than we are. The plucky captain of the *Laertes* has, moreover, shown that there are limits to a submarine's power of attacking a merchant vessel. By way of reminding Germany that all the cards are not in her hands, we have despatched within a week two big fleets of aeroplanes to drop bombs on Ostend batteries and railway station, on the Zeebrugge mole and locks, and on other places of military importance. Germany's submarine exploits are likely to meet with about as much success as her Zeppelin achievements. Great Britain's resources are not yet exhausted, and the time may have arrived when, in Mr. Churchill's words, she will have "to apply the full force of naval pressure." On land chief interest at the moment turns on the Eastern frontier. There has been sharp fighting in Poland and the Carpathians, with results heavily in Russia's favour, but in East Prussia and in Bukowina the Russian forces have retired. This is not the first time von Hindenberg has driven the Russians back, but German views of a great victory and Russia's do not agree. Russia knows when to beat a strategic retreat. A long despatch from Sir John French brings the official record of the fine work done by the British in the neighbourhood of La Bassée down to the present month.

Important Speeches

Seldom has Parliament listened to three more important speeches than those in which Mr. Asquith dealt with the rise in prices, Mr. Lloyd George explained the mutual financial arrangements arrived at by the Allies, and Mr. Winston Churchill reviewed the work of the Navy. There are two points in common in the complaints which are now being heard from the people as to the cost of bread and from shippers whose boats are held up by naval requirements. When the war broke out, there were few who were not prepared for something like famine prices; there were few shippers who did not jump at the opportunity of employment by the Admiralty. Thanks to the Navy, and the Navy alone,

the conditions are vastly better than the most sanguine ever hoped for, and the tendency now is to make it a grievance that they are not normal. The only ground on which complaints can possibly be justified is that certain people are making undue profits out of both the commodity markets and the shipping arrangements. That is unfortunate, but inevitable. Essentially we have cause for profound thankfulness that things are not a hundred times worse.

Labour and Prices

As a whole, the working classes are bearing their burdens without complaint. The truth is unemployment has been reduced to negligible quantity by the creation of Lord Kitchener's new army, and anyone in touch with industrial conditions knows that there is work waiting for all who seek it. For the most part, the workers on the railways and elsewhere have been devoted themselves, and every effort has been made to recognise and reward their loyalty. It is quite certain that the Government will spare no pains to reduce the suffering of the working classes to a minimum, and the only criticism that can be made on Ministers is as to the unbusiness-like methods which, as Mr. Bonar Law has pointed out, they have sometimes adopted. Again it is a fair answer that, if methods have not been ideal, their defects were to a large extent due to the haste with which decisions had to be taken in a grave crisis. The Government have not been infallible, but they have done well, and none but a curmudgeon would deny them credit. Mr. Snowden and his friends will do themselves no good by seeking to exploit the situation for the benefit of the Labour Party. Talk of starvation whilst monopolists batten on the country's need is treacherous nonsense; it merely fosters discontent and provides a cloak for the pretensions of those workers who regard this as the fittest time to strike. Frankly we are amazed Mr. H. M. Hyndman should suggest that the Government do nothing to relieve prices in order that men may be driven into the ranks by sheer stress of suffering.

Three-Power Finance

It would be a pleasing experience, which none of us will enjoy, to watch the face of Kultur as it translates Mr. Lloyd George's account of the magnificent way in which Russia, France, and Great Britain have linked up their credits. There are no half-measures: "an alliance for war cannot be conducted on limited liability principles." If one Ally has more trained men than another, it must put them into the field; if another has larger naval resources, they must be utilised to the full; if a third has larger capital and credit, they must go to the support of the common cause. The measures taken will be a bond between the three countries, such as, perhaps, never existed between any three countries before. The meeting removed in a second misconceptions and misunderstandings that would have taken months to deal with by correspondence, and said Mr. Lloyd George, "it was our conclusion that these conferences might with profit to the Allies be extended to other spheres of co-operation"—not only, we hope,

during the war, but after. The three Powers will help each other, and relieve Belgium and Servia so far as finance can relieve the sorely stricken. "There are also other States preparing for war, and it is obviously our interest that they should be equipped for that task." That was, perhaps, not the least significant note struck by Mr. Lloyd George. It quickens expectancy.

The Work of the Navy

Mr. Churchill's spirited defence of the Admiralty and glowing account of the work of the Navy were none the less convincing, though some of his own actions may be called in question, and some unfortunate disasters have yet to be explained. As against the naval losses incurred in previous wars, wonders have been accomplished, and Great Britain never had more occasion for pride in and gratitude to her fleets than she has to-day. Losses, regrettable as they have been, even avoidable in some cases, are insignificant when set beside the advantages we have gained, and, as Mr. Churchill says, if you are going to make too much of them, "you will have started on the path which, pressed to its logical conclusion, would leave our Navy cowering in its harbours instead of ruling the seas." The German Navy would then get the chance it has not yet enjoyed. Mr. Churchill showed that the Germans, when they found they were discovered in their latest contemplated visit, were wise to run. If they had stayed, they would have been out-matched, ship for ship, gun for gun, man for man. "No endeavour to sink by official *communiqués* the vessels they could not stay to sink in war," as he happily put it, can alter the cruel fact—cruel but satisfactory—that they would all have been destroyed. The Dogger Bank action will not make Admiral von Tirpitz' grand fleet more eager to try conclusions with Admiral Jellicoe, who, "lost to view amid the Northern mists," dominates the situation on every sea, near and remote.

Socialists and the Settlement

The International Socialists have met in London. They have found a common platform, notwithstanding that Mr. Keir Hardie presided. The war has got to be carried to a victorious issue in the interests of liberty and then the Socialist is going to have a little campaign of his own. He will not allow Germany to be politically and economically crushed; only her militarism must be destroyed; there must be an end of secret diplomacy and armament-makers, and we are to have a peaceful Federation of the World. Democracy will arrange terms; not despotism. In fact, Socialism is to be dictator. Its views are summed up by the *Daily News*, which tells us that, unless the people are called in, there will be another Congress of Vienna, and "the old gang will still have the whip and reins." Sir Edward Grey will appreciate this delicate compliment from his own party organ. No doubt, Mr. Keir Hardie and the editor of the *Daily News* would make ideal diplomatists, but we have a happy consciousness that neither will be consulted.

The Poetry of Our Eastern Ally

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

ENGLAND has been moved to admiration and gratitude by the intense loyalty of her Japanese allies. Japan has stood faithfully to all her pledges, and she is still asking what more she can do to prove her friendship and fellowship with Great Britain. One thing above all we can desire of her—that she remain true to her own best traditions, and that while she takes whatever is worth having from our own culture she still holds fast much that we cannot give her, the fairest fruits of her own immemorial past. It has been proved that East and West can meet in comradeship and in unity of aim. To such an ally we owe some attempt at understanding her inner spirit; and the spirit of a people, though perhaps more accurately expressed in its daily life and its actions, becomes more truly articulate in its literature. In literature, and more especially in poetry, the whole world is kin; what a human soul, in East or West, utters as its deepest feeling and experience, must always be intelligible to other souls in spite of outward difference of tone and wording. If we try to appreciate the poetry of Japan we are met by difficulties that are considerable, but by no means insuperable. We notice at once that the Japanese style tends to concision, to miniature, to suggestion rather than definite expression or elaboration. Japan has given us no such poetry as we find in the Indian Vedas; unlike Persia, she has had no Firdausi or Hafiz or Omar or Jami. She has given birth to nothing like the Homeric poems, the Nibelungen or Beowulf of the Teutons; she has little or nothing to parallel the *byline* of the Slavs, or the ballad-poetry of the English and Scotch. In Japan poetry has been rather an avocation of the cultured than a popular utterance; its best results have been more akin to the miniature gems of the Greek anthology than to the epic triumphs or the rhythmical romances of the Western world. Yone Noguchi indeed has told us that English poets have wasted far too much energy in "words, words, words,"; and he says something else that is absolutely true, and whose truth we emphasise when we say that "speech is of time, silence is of eternity." He says: "I always insist that the written poems, even when they are said to be good, are only the second best, as the very best poems are left unwritten or sung in silence." Keats said very much the same thing:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

This is only the old truth that we can never fully express what we feel, or shape into outward music that which we hear with the inner ear. It is well that literature, and all art, should try to ignore this limitation. Japan has perhaps allowed herself to be too greatly hampered by it. We are forced to conclude that while Japanese poets have done marvels in little, dealing with words as their artists and craftsmen have with

more concrete material, they have failed in larger effects; they have produced no great poems and nothing like our Gothic architecture. Poe was in sympathy with them when he said that a "long poem" was a contradiction in terms; and the best fruits of Japanese poetry have been a logical development of this idea. For all that, there are many long poems which we could never think of surrendering, and we may perhaps not untruly boast that many equivalents of the Japanese miniature perfection are scattered richly throughout the longer effusions of the Western muse. In the West the sonnet has probably been the briefest of popular forms, and it embraces a mass of glorious poetry; but compared with Japanese verse-forms the sonnet itself is a long poem. Of the two such forms that have chiefly prevailed, the Uta (or Tanka) is limited to thirty-one syllables, while the Hokku is limited to seventeen. We might describe these as verse-epigrams, were it not that the word epigram suggests something more definite, somewhat more of a snap or clinch, than we find in the Japanese form, which is usually a mere hint, a touch of dream, a single low sweep of imagination's wings. Here is one, translated by Mr. Aston:

I come weary
In search of an inn:
Ah, those wistaria flowers!

It is as though a poet, coming tired to an English countryside inn, was charmed from his weariness by the sight of roses or honeysuckle around its porch. To our Western minds there is a curious modernity in this suggestiveness of natural beauty, but Japan very early developed a passionate attachment and susceptibility to outward loveliness, and the poet who wrote the above lived nearly three centuries ago. There is an almost more remarkable example of concise suggestiveness in the following, which in the original consists of six words only; the translation is again by Mr. Aston:

My well-bucket
Being robbed by the convolvuli—
Giftwater!

Perhaps the meaning is not immediately clear. Yone Noguchi renders the tiny poem thus:

The well-bucket taken away
By the morning-glory—
Alas, water to beg!

With a little thought we realise that the convolvulus has trailed around the rope of the bucket, and the poet, not caring to disentangle the beautiful flower, has begged water from a neighbour. Perfectly complete

and satisfactory in the Japanese, we have to confess that the English tongue cannot do justice to this miniature of expression; it needs the slight elaboration given to it by Miss Walsh to present the true significance of the suggestion:

All round the rope a morning-glory clings;
How can I break its beauty's dainty spell?
I beg for water from a neighbour's well.

From a still earlier writer, Moritake, four centuries since, we have this exquisite fancy:

Thought I, the fallen flowers
Are returning to their stem;
But lo, they were butterflies!

We can appreciate these short flights of song; we might take them as keynotes for a day-dream at times when we cannot give ourselves to the intellectual stimulus of more richly elaborated literature; but it is not quite so easy to recognise their claim as complete poems—they are more like the brief verses or sentences that are sometimes culled from our own poets to fill dainty illuminated gift-booklets, or like thoughts that are presented, one for each day, in certain books of selection. The Uta, which was an earlier form than the Hokku, held its own for about eight centuries before it became unpopular—perhaps on account of its verbosity; it ran to thirty-one syllables instead of seventeen. The following specimens date from about twelve centuries ago.

The waving wistaria
That I placed beside my home
As a remembrance
Of thee whom I love,
At length is blossoming.

It is not what is said that renders these little poems beautiful; the charm is in the suggestion, in that which is intended though unspoken. Here is one that we might take to be a mystical hint of the soul's departure, but Japanese taste does not usually tend to the mystic; the poet is speaking of his sailing away into exile:

O thou fisher's boat,
Tell men that I sailed
Away unto the eighty isles,
Into the bluest field, the sea!

It must always be remembered that difficulties of translation are immense. If it is impossible to render the full charm of French or German poetry in English, how much more must it be when the language from which we seek to translate is entirely alien? Yet if Yone Noguchi, in his studies of English poetry, can often be delighted by discovering what he calls a "Hokku touch," it is certain that we ourselves may dis-

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cover much that is appealing and not unfamiliar in the poetry of our Eastern ally. He can find what he calls Hokku in Tennyson and Wordsworth, Browning, Rossetti, Landor; and when he reads Patmore's lovely child-poem "The Toys," he can find its fellow-utterance in a tiny poem of his own countryman. In like manner, though on approaching Japanese poetry we may only find what we bring, though we shall only respond to that which has its part in our own spirits, this finding will be no slight one, and the treasure we may gather, or rather realise as already our own, will be considerable.

On the Recommending of Books

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING

EVERYBODY knows the dangers of giving good advice. The disasters which befall the givers of good counsel, and the fierce hatred which they bring down on themselves, are so proverbial that the average man has grown exceedingly cautious on this point. (Indeed, we may say that the giving of advice is a matter about which only relations can still afford to be reckless!) A certain diffidence about influencing others, in regard to almost all personal or business questions, has, in short, become the general rule among civilised people. But, alas! there is one subject of which, unfortunately, even the most cautious and tactful individuals make an exception—the subject of books. For some unknown reason, when talking of books, the average man or woman will throw discretion and moderation to the winds. "You really *ought* to read So-and-So's novels" is a remark that one hears daily. People will press their favourite authors on their friends with an insistence that is positively paralysing. Nor do they leave the matter there. Ten to one they will follow it up by prophesying what the victim's opinions will be. "You are *sure* to like them; they are certain to appeal to you!"

Human nature being constituted as it is, the effect of these clumsy eulogies is naturally, more often than not, the opposite of what is intended. A wave of boredom comes over one at the thought of books which are constantly being thrust down one's throat, and, instead of asking for them at the library, one asks for something quite different, by an author whose name one has never heard. The tragedy of the whole business lies in the fact that the advice so tactlessly given by our friends is, in all probability, quite sound. If they were not moderately sympathetic to us, they would not be our friends. Knowing us as they do, they often know perfectly well the books we shall enjoy. When they tell us that we ought to read such and such a novel, and that we shall like it immensely, the chances are that they are telling the truth.

I write, in this matter, as one who is smarting under the results of his own obstinacy—an obstinacy induced

entirely by tactless praise. I have at last—after all my friends have shrugged their shoulders over my pig-headedness—begun to read the works of Mr. D. H. Lawrence! For several years now, whenever I have met literary people, his name has been prominent. "Haven't you read Lawrence? You really *ought* to," has been said to me a hundred times. When I found that two or three "interior" literary sets, the members of which spend their time writing articles about each other to prove how great they are, had agreed in canonising Mr. Lawrence, that put the lid on it, so to speak. *Ca cumule!* We all know the kind of dismal *raté* whom literary cliques consider IT. Until the whole subject of Mr. Lawrence died down, I refused to read him. I dislike sets and literary fashions as much as in matters of art I distrust "isms." If Mr. Lawrence were so fashionable (I concluded), his work was probably all tiresome mannerism.

But now quite accidentally I have read the stories in "The Prussian Officer," and, working backwards, have attacked "Sons and Lovers." There is nothing for it but to admit the facts. What has been dinned into my ears for so long is indeed less than the truth. The mortification of finding that, after all, my friends were entirely right, and the canonisation of the literary cliques an act of mere justice, is drowned in the delight, belated though it may be, of really discovering a new Master. To think that one should have been so foolish, out of mere irritation and obstinacy, to have missed so much pleasure! I feel rising up in me the desire to go out and buttonhole all my acquaintances and insist, in turn, on their reading "The Prussian Officer." "Here is a poet, if you like," I can hear myself saying. "Here at last is that new romantic note for which we have all been longing; here is a true successor to Thomas Hardy; in Mr. Lawrence we have the greatest artist of the younger generation." Warned by my sad experience, I shall endeavour to control myself and do nothing of the kind.

After the revelation of Mr. Lawrence's books, I have become stricken with humility, and intend, if possible, to take all the advice which has been showered on me during the past ten years. I shall begin with George Eliot, whose irritating dark red covers made a long row in the dining-room bookshelf at home. Her works have been recommended to me steadily since I was nine. I have never read one of them! Making a great effort to conquer years of accumulated prejudice, I shall begin with "Adam Bede." The thought of all that I must have missed through wilfulness and obstinacy is desolating. And what a number of people there must be in the same predicament! We have, however, our complaint against the world in general, and it lies just in this habit of intemperate recommendation and uncontrolled enthusiasm to which I have referred. If only as much caution and tact were exercised in making introductions to books as in the introducing of people to one another, how many tragedies would be avoided. I, for one, should not have had to wait four years before appreciating Mr. Lawrence!

The Imperishable

EVERY day miracles are being wrought in the world. At first sight it appears that nothing is durable; each day life is given, and each day life passes away again. Men set themselves to make monuments that shall endure. They build houses of marble and stone that may stand when their names are scarce remembered; but time crumbles them, or they meet a swifter fate from the shock of earthquake or devastating fire. Gardens are made, trees are planted, which shall be a joy to future generations; one day the fierce gale sweeps across them, or the woodman plies his axe, and the pride of the oak is fallen, the living green of the beech lies prostrate on the earth whence it sprang.

Men write books, store them with knowledge, with the treasure of the ages, with beautiful thoughts of rare minds, the wit of the nimble, the valour of the brave; decay rots them, fire devours them, and all their store of truth and beauty is but a little heap of ashes. Men have said: "God is indestructible; let us make for His presence houses eternal as His name, beautiful as His love, lofty as His thoughts revealed to humanity." And stately fanes have arisen, fair as the morning, strong as the sea, their towers and slender spires reaching into heaven, their doors ever open to the sin-stained and weary. Century after century they have stood—a link between man and the infinite for which he yearns, harbours from the storm of life, seemingly imperishable. But the same hands which created them are bringing them to a dishonoured end. Reared by the pride, the genius, the spirituality of man, they are falling victims to his savage hate, to the wanton lust for killing and destruction, the mania that has seized a whole nation.

Men look at one another in amazement. Amid such scenes of ruth, when the foundations of life crumble and the whole edifice of society totters, is anything left which is permanent? The question brings its own answer as the need is bringing its solution. Just now miracles in daily performance assure us of the impossibility of destroying the spirit of man, which is immortal. It was this spirit which reared these abiding monuments to his genius; the same spirit has now called men from all quarters of the earth to come to their defence, to protest and to fight against the outrage upon the things for which men have most reverence. Nothing for many centuries has banded men together into such close unity as these attacks upon the buildings that are the incarnation of the best in man. The reasons may differ widely for this reverence which all feel; in some it is love of the beautiful, reverence for the genius of man which could call such beauty into life, for antiquity; in others it is the appeal of their symbolism, that for which they have stood to the majority all through the ages. Greatly as men's creeds differ, fierce though the rancour may be that has divided them, and the strife of opinion which too often embitters zeal, they become as one when the temples

of faith are desecrated. Once more, as in many crises of the world's history, we see an idea, a symbol, rise triumphant over the forces of materialism, drawing men's hearts, their aptitude for self-sacrifice, after it, unerringly as a magnet.

It is more than patriotism, this response of the spirit of man, which lays down position and material advantage and life itself gladly in the service of an idea. It is a renaissance of that which is imperishable. And not only does the manifestation of the power of this spirit occur daily and constantly on the battlefields of three continents; there is a corner in England, a place more hallowed by tradition and association than any other in the wide Empire, where daily the miracle of its inception is being performed.

In the Abbey at Westminster, every noon there is met a gathering of people to consecrate and to sustain this spirit in man; here in its birthplace, its great epitome, around whose pillars, and in whose corners, heights, and silences, and shadows, lingers for ever the immortal spirit of England. It is a worthy altar at which to pray for its upholding. Above are the lofty arches, emblems of immortality that span the dim air, the towers and pinnacles that reach upward into the blue, always aspiring, never completely attaining; below are the ashes of saints and martyrs, of kings and generals and politicians, of thinkers and gentle poets: all of them emblems of the human spirit that is imperishable. Gone are they, but their influence is ever with us. Life as we know it is due to the deeds they wrought and the thoughts they cherished.

Those who worship daily in the nation's cathedral are making life for our children's children, feeding the flame that no power of darkness, death or destruction, can quench eternally. The spirit of England—the spirit of man! As we kneel in the great dim spaces, in company with soldiers and sailors, with the wives and mothers of those who are fighting for that of which this building is the symbol, what visions of radiance from the past these words send flashing through the mind. All that we comprehend of Deity, all that we know of truth and honour, of loveliness, of the great stretches of discovery and learning, of the qualities of devotion and self-sacrifice: all that has gone to build up England and its wide Empire: all that in holy moments we desire, dimly comprehending—what are these but revelations of the spirit of man—that unknown, intangible, marvellous flame that flickers for a moment, lights the great spaces of life and of eternity, then vanishes back to the darkness whence it came? Free as the air, like the wind, it evades capture, it defies recognition, it is invisible. Like the air, it is also the source of life; it *is* life, it is all that matters in life, and no power of Kaiser, or "kultur," or cast-iron militarism can crush it out of being. Far from doing so, the opposition of these forces, the straits in which humanity has found itself, have called forth such an exposition of its power as no time of peace could reveal.

Russia, great, half-awakened Russia, is once more

stretching its enormous age-bound bulk towards the light of freedom, towards the recognition of the claim of peasant and prince alike. The little States of Europe—Poland, the oft-enslaved; Hungary, the home alike of the patriot and the oppressor—are dreaming of a future in which they shall realise themselves; men, women, and children in France, Italy, and England itself are thinking as never before, awake to the problems, and ready to bear the burdens of those whose existence before the war was to them of little significance.

Never was the human spirit more fully awake. Cities and cathedrals may fall, libraries and palaces perish in the holocaust, the memorials of its greatness in past ages, but, like the Phoenix, it will rise from their ashes, more strong of wing, ready for greater flights of doing and daring, more beautiful in its quality and expression from having passed through the ordeal of fire. It alone of all things pertaining to humanity is imperishable.

REVIEWS

The Antics of Abbas II

Abbas II. By the EARL OF CROMER. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

WHEN Lord Cromer published "Modern Egypt" it seemed difficult to believe that any history or account of the progress of a country which had been rescued from Oriental corruption and exaction by British control could possibly be either more interesting or more informative. Lord Cromer's "Abbas II," which must be regarded as a supplement to "Modern Egypt," shows the impression to have been mistaken. It gives us the intimate record of a period of intrigue and pretension on the part of an inexperienced but self-assertive prince, countered and checked by the wise moderation and imperturbable strength of the great administrator whose one aim was to protect the Egyptians, and in protecting them safeguard British and other European interests.

The publication of this authentic story of the mad-cap malice of the ex-Khedive is a service at once to historic truth, to Egypt, and to the British Empire. It has not been compiled now to serve occasion, but was written years ago, when the events were fresh in Lord Cromer's mind; if Abbas II had understood his business and behaved with common decency in the recent crisis, it would not have seen the light until its publication could wound no susceptibilities, nor affect anyone's interests. We, who have followed Egyptian affairs with reasonable closeness ever since Arabi's revolt, and know what excellent and humane work has been accomplished in Egypt by British officers and officials, have hardly suspected the difficulties which confronted Lord Cromer, Sir Eldon Gorst, and, we have no doubt, Lord Kitchener, thanks to the antics of Abbas II. The patience demanded of the British

Consul-General, in circumstances which might easily have involved a European crisis, and the courage and resource shown in bringing a recalcitrant prince to his knees, without unduly humiliating him, and so rendering his position impossible, make this book a lively and invaluable memorial of Imperial service. The great difficulty of a position like Lord Cromer's was that, while he knew he controlled the affairs of Egypt, he desired, and it was desirable, that the Khedive's authority should appear paramount. In other words, so long as the Khedive acted decently, and did not attempt to undo all that Britain had accomplished for the purification of Egyptian officialdom, the freedom of the fellaheen, and the general health and prosperity of the country, he was free to enjoy the dignity, the emolument, and the constitutional rights of his high office. When, however, he took to insulting British officers, to inviting the intervention of Turkey in order to bring British control to an end, and in a hundred ways showed himself an Anglophobe, on such occasions it was necessary to act firmly and make it clear who really was master.

That the people of Egypt were with Lord Cromer and his advisers there is no doubt; they realised, in the lightness of their taxation and the lack of official oppression, how far they had gone since the days of Ismail; but whilst the Khedive was in a position to grant favours, and whilst Ministers were dependent on his pleasure, it was inevitable that notables, sheikhs, and peasantry alike should look to him, however much they might embarrass the hand of the stranger which on no account would they have had removed. Lord Cromer's narrative of the efforts of Abbas II to shake himself free in order that pachadom might resume its maleficent authority and afford him the opportunity of growing rich by his people's misery, is fascinating as it is authentic. It is not only a history but a warning. If Lord Cromer had not been the strong man he was, Abbas II would have worked incalculable mischief. Egypt cannot be left to the Egyptians, except they have been thoroughly Europeanised. Experience proves to Lord Cromer's satisfaction "that the un-Europeanised Moslem is quite incapable of governing the Egypt of to-day. The Ministerial future lies therefore with the Europeanised Egyptians of various types." Abbas II was hopelessly unfit to assist in governing Egypt; he had been educated in Austria, and when he returned to Egypt as Khedive he became more Egyptian than the extreme Nationalist, merely, of course, to serve his own ends. He richly merited deposition long ago.

Excavated Essays

Studies in Literature and History. By the late SIR ALFRED LYALL, K.C.B., D.C.L. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is nearly always a difficult problem to hold the balance justly when the critic is faced with the task of summing up the work of another critic, and often

it is a thankless problem without any real value. The reviewer of a review has by no means much satisfaction in his final decision. In the old days when reviews were published as pamphlets, and no adjectives or epithets, however emphatic, were forbidden, when there was no sword of Damocles in the shape of a stern law of libel for the man who resented a column of vituperation, matters were very different; a critic might disport himself to his heart's content, and *his* critic could retaliate within limits only set by his knowledge of sarcasm or abuse. Reputations were made and spoiled and again exalted, but not many hearts were broken. To-day, the craft has fallen into a groove, and is far less exciting.

There is no fear, of course, that we shall harbour any outrageous thoughts upon the author of the volume at present under consideration; yet we have a feeling that it was not of much use to the literary or critical world to publish these old reviews in book form. We say "old," but they are really hardly old enough to be thoroughly interesting. The first, on "Novels of Adventure and Manners," appeared in the *Quarterly* twenty years ago; the second, "English Letter-Writing in the Nineteenth Century," is from the *Edinburgh* of April, 1896, and concerns the letters of Charles Lamb, Keats, Matthew Arnold, Stevenson, and others; the third is on "Thackeray," from the same review, 1898; and so on. We notice constantly the reviewing touch—the "it is in our judgment," "we may suggest," "we do not mean to affirm," "we are not indisposed to endorse the opinion," "for extracts there is now little space left, but we may quote . . ." phrases which are necessary in a review, but are out of place when it is reprinted as a literary study. The style throughout is good, and there are some quite shrewd remarks to be noted by the alert reader. In an article on "Heroic Poetry," from the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, 1900, the author speaks of the credulity of the people in the times when bards recited their narrative poems: "They would indeed swallow strange marvels of a supernatural kind, the doings of gods and goddesses, and of magicians. But I think it will be agreed that in all ages this has been a separate matter, because men will believe what is plainly miraculous, when they will not accept what is merely improbable." In the same essay occurs another happy touch: "The heroic poet, as a composer, had this advantage in early days, that continual recital before an appreciative public must have had the effect of polishing up his best verses, and polishing off his bad ones." The second essay is perhaps the best in this section. We are inclined to question the author's definition of George Meredith: "Meredith, poet and novelist, falls back upon communion with Nature; he preaches the doctrine of duty, of working while the light lasts; he is a high moralist who accepts stoically the conclusion that nothing beyond terrestrial existence is possible." Had the "Letters" been available when this last phrase was contemplated, Sir Alfred Lyall would have hesitated before writing it; and even the careful reading of the

"Poems" will show that Meredith, worship Earth, the mother, as he may, had a superb faith in the God behind her. Was he not truly one of those whom Carlyle termed the "perpetual priesthood" of men of letters, "continually unfolding the Godlike to men . . . from age to age teaching all men that a God is still present in their life"? Undoubtedly he was, though speaking at times a strange dialect of the literary language, and never careful to propitiate the lazy reader.

The latter portion of the book is devoted to studies of history, races, and religions; on this ground all that Sir Alfred Lyall has to say is well worth hearing. He discusses very finely the various problems presented by the beliefs of different races or bodies of men, pointing out that "we must recognise the variety of the human species; we must acknowledge that we cannot impose a uniform type of civilisation, just as we admit that a uniform faith is beyond mere human efforts to impose, and that to attempt it would be politically disastrous." The question of India, its incoherent and immiscible faiths, and their stubborn persistence, is treated in a lucid address which was delivered before the "Congress for the History of Religions," of which the author was president in 1908. "It is remarkable," he says, "that this inorganic medley of ideas and worships should have resisted for so many ages the invasion and influence of the coherent faiths that have won ascendancy, complete or dominant, on either side of India, the west and the east; it has thrown off Buddhism, it has withstood the triumphant advance of Islam, it has as yet been little affected by Christianity." Into the complexities of these concluding arguments we have not space to enter; we may say, however, that, if the student finds himself slightly disappointed with the treatment of purely literary matters, feeling that he is reading merely good reviews instead of permanent criticism, he will be compensated by the knowledge and ability displayed in such essays as "Race and Religion" and the one from which we have quoted.

Novelist and Musician

Musicians of To-day. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. With an Introduction by CLAUDE LAUDI. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.)

M. ROMAIN ROLLAND is known chiefly as the author of "Jean-Christophe," a monumental novel in ten volumes which tells the story of an artist's life. But he is more than a novelist. He is one of the most distinguished of French musical critics and, with one or two men like M. Louis Laloy and M. Calvowressi, forms a small group of writers whose contributions to musical literature are always interesting. In "Musicians of To-day" M. Rolland discusses many of the moderns, and one need not read much of the volume to discover that the author is an original thinker and a man of unusual knowledge and enthusiasm. Berlioz, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Strauss, Wolf, Debussy, and others are dealt with at length, and something arresting is said about each of them. The generous tribute paid

to the originality of Berlioz makes some amends for the neglect from which that composer suffered during his life. But this is only what we might have expected of a French critic who is unbiased enough to declare that "Richard Strauss is the foremost musical composer in Europe." Few Frenchmen would have gone that length, but M. Rolland is an original critic.

With the author's values few of us will entirely agree. He seems to attach a little too much importance to Perosi and to d'Indy. The former seems hardly to have justified the enthusiastic welcome with which he was greeted when he first appeared as a writer of oratorios; and, while one is conscious of the valuable work done by the composer of "Wallenstein" at the Scola Cantorum, one can hardly say that his direct influence on contemporary French music has been very profound. M. Rolland is not an enthusiastic Debussyite, but he writes of "Pelleas and Melisande" with considerable insight. His point, however, that the success of the opera is partly due to a reaction against Wagnerism on the French stage may be true, but it is somewhat beside the mark. Debussy's music must stand or fall on its merits or shortcomings, but he is one of the most difficult of the modern composers to "place." "Pelleas" seems to fail because the Debussy idiom, while effective in a small work, palls when it is made to do duty for a whole evening. The author speaks of "Pelleas" and "Carmen" as being two different manifestations of the French spirit. Bizet's opera is "all life, with no shadows and no underneath," which remark makes us realise how much French music lost by the premature death of its creator.

The chapter on "French and German Music" will be read with eagerness at the present time, and in it M. Rolland reveals a genuine sympathy with and keen appreciation of German music, which are very uncommon in France. One thing strikes one as curious. In this connection the name of Massenet is not mentioned. It is now the custom in many quarters to pooh-pooh the operas of Massenet. But have not the Germans recognised the melodic beauties of "Manon" and "Werther"? The German superstition that all French music *ought* to be frivolous is here remarked upon. Those with the requisite powers of discernment know very well that French art can be sincere and yet maintain its grace. To be fundamentally valuable does not mean to be dull. An excessive anxiety to link music to national prejudices always leads to misconceptions. Has not the race of Voltaire and Renan its own philosophical standpoints? The methods of Berlioz were totally unlike those of Wagner, but that is no reason why there should not be whole-hearted appreciation of the Frenchman in Germany and of the German in France. Half the delight with which we come to modern music arises from the fact that there are several distinct movements. And if France be determined to be first of all French, we should not complain. True delight in the art does not arise from a consciousness of national conflict, but from that catholicity of taste which rejoices in the glories of all schools.

Worthy of remark also is the excellent review of the compositions of Saint-Saëns. The strength and weakness of this protean artist are well brought out. All that goes to make his music—his fine appreciation of the classics, his sense of form, his natural bias towards programme music—is examined. In addition, there is a concise review of the musical conditions of modern France, and, incidentally, we have two good pen-portraits of Strauss and Mahler. M. Rolland takes you, as it were, through a gallery of musicians and talks delightfully during the promenade. And in the enthusiasm of his conversation there is so much knowledge and charm that one lays down the volume with a feeling of regret.

Fiction

"EDGAR CHIRRUP," by Peggy Webling (Methuen and Co., 6s.), describes the career of a popular comedian, though more from the domestic side than the histrionic. He supports his poverty-stricken relatives and other needy folk out of his first meagre earnings, and, to add to his troubles, quite unconsciously contracts a bigamous marriage with a woman who makes his life a burden. However, all comes right in the end, and Ruth consoles him for the unhappiness he had endured with Clara. The story is one of London life sympathetically told, and, though the characters are little more than puppets, it will, no doubt, interest many readers.

"The Blind Spot" (Ward, Lock, and Co., 6s.), by Justus Miles Forman, is chiefly a study in contrasts—Arthur Stone, a serious young barrister, and Coppy Latimer, a well-to-do idler. Stone, a brilliant speaker and thinker, is devoted to social reform, but a slave to the doctrine of common sense, and one to whom all conception of the spirit of love has been denied. That is his blind spot. Happy-go-lucky Coppy sentimentalises when not drinking and gambling, and so wins Linda Grey, for whom they each have more or less of a penchant, just as light seems to be coming to his rival. It is not one of Mr. Forman's best novels, but, nevertheless, it is a very clever one.

In "Some Women and Timothy" (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.) Mr. H. B. Somerville strikes quite a genial note which is as welcome to the lover of fiction as a ray of sunshine on a dull winter's day. Timothy, a peer of the realm not overburdened with money, tells his story himself, and introduces the reader to quite a varied assortment of women who will not fail to entertain him, especially an early love since unhappily married, and the usual American heiress with a Dutch name and a will of her own.

Yet another story of South African life—there are scores of them—reaches us in the form of "Piet Plessis," by John Ogg (John Long, 6s.). The hero is a backveld Boer of a very exaggerated and unpleasant type, who had better have been left in oblivion during these troublous times, when racial animosities are still simmering in the States of the Union.

Shorter Notices

India's Fighting Men

"Please congratulate Indian troops on their gallant conduct, and express my gratitude to them," was the message sent by F.M. Sir John French to Sir J. Willcocks after the first big fight in which Sikh and Gurkha met the Germans. It was a happy thought of Saint Nihal Singh, who is well known for his writings on things Indian, to prepare an up-to-date account of "India's Fighters: Their Mettle, History, and Services to Britain" (Sampson Low, Marston, 3s. 6d. net). Proud as we all are of our native soldiery, this volume will probably be a revelation to most people. For the first time Indians are standing shoulder to shoulder with European troops in Europe, but their record overseas in Egypt, China, and elsewhere is considerable, and dates back to the eighteenth century. In India and beyond its borders their loyalty and heroism have often been proved, and the British Raj owes much to them. Mr. Singh says that he has endeavoured to write "free from hyperbole": the mere story in many cases provides its own hyperbole. The book is most interesting reading, is well illustrated with photographs, and will not be uninforming even to those who know their Imperial history pretty thoroughly. It should be widely read just now, and is worthy a place on our shelves as a popular permanent memorial to the gallant fellows, so many of whom have come from India to lend a hand in the great struggle for civilisation now going forward.

A Philosophic Traveller

A gentleman of the name of E. J. Smith, among other things chairman of the Health Committee of the Bradford Corporation, on account of overwork had a breakdown in health, and took a long voyage to recuperate. "A Yorkshireman Abroad" (John Long, 3s. 6d.) is the result of the breakdown or the tour, in whichever light the reader chooses to read the account. Australia, New Zealand, and Africa were visited by Mr. Smith, who never fails to give accurate and explicit details where heights, depths, breadths, areas, or any extents are concerned. In fact the whole book is full of guide-book matter rather than personal impressions or particular revelations. It is not uninteresting, although almost entirely lacking in humour; but then again perhaps this omission is counteracted by the author's insertions of small portions of his philosophy. "Voyages, like life," he remarks, "are not all storms. . . . The proper care and training of infants constitutes the key to the salvation of the Empire; that way lies true Imperialism." These messages may not strike the average person as having much in common with a tour half-round the world, but he must read "A Yorkshireman Abroad," and he will probably then appreciate the mind of the town councillor who for a time managed to leave the Bradford Corporation in order to regain his lost health.

"The Greatest Age in the World."

It is a truism to say that genius is ageless. But great thought is the only power in the world which never dies. Puny as man is, small the span of his life when compared with the trees of the field, with the works of his hands, nevertheless his spirit is indestructible. Wars may rend nations, civilisations vanish, maps change like the clouds of the sky, but thought lives on and

from its lofty pedestal sways the impulses, the intellects and administrations of men. Not only so, genius is ever fresh and vivid, suited to all ages, all conditions. The study of the great Greek Period, standing alone in its wealth of intellectual power, its great masters of philosophy and the drama, is a source of untiring interest to modern thinkers, who by patient labour are constantly adding to the debt we owe to those long dead. Mr. Alfred W. Benn's recent second edition of "The Greek Philosophers" (Smith, Elder, 18s. net) is a valuable addendum to this particular branch of learning; it is a comprehensive study of the modes of thought on which our modern science of ethics, philosophy, and religious speculation is so largely grounded. In its earlier edition it was so widely read and reviewed that lengthy comment is superfluous; the present volume has brought the former up to date in the matter of research, in the results of those discoveries which are constantly throwing light on the remote but ever-living centuries between 600 B.C. and 200 B.C.

Germania

I.

BLOOD-LUST, hatred and dread,
Merciless rule and cunning,
The wide earth sown with dead
While the children are running,
Fleeing from life to death,
Fleeing from home to sorrow,
At the blast of the Emperor's breath
To an iron Prussian morrow.

II.

Blood-lust, hatred and dread,
Merciless force and cunning,
Souls of fair cities shed,
While the children are running,
Fleeing from homes consuméd,
Fleeing to death and pain—
Thus is the German pluméd,
This is the Emperor's gain.

III.

Blood-lust, hatred and dread,
Merciless law and cunning,
The world's wild spirit shows red
While the children are running.
Death in a myriad guises
Strides from the Kaiser's hall,
Claiming a myriad prizes,
Death . . . at the Emperor's call.

ENVOI.

This is his garnered learning,
His harvest of pride and power—
Murder, Torture, and Burning;
This is his day, his hour.
Vengeance is halting, yet men
Shall pay back each human tear;
No one knows how or when—
Pray it be now and here.

EGAN MEW.

Being "British"

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

IT is one of the compensations of testing-times like these that they throw a clearer and more searching light upon national as well as upon individual character. We certainly did not understand the people of little Belgium, for instance, before the war broke out; we are still marvelling at the revelation of French coolness and unemotional doggedness which the past few months have brought; Russian promptitude, efficiency, and unity of purpose have been no less an astonishment to the world; and, on the other hand, we have been staggered by the discovery of the moral abyss into which the German nation has proved capable of sinking at the instigation of pernicious teachers and under the twin furies of mad ambition and jealous hate. As regards all these nations, the war, supreme touchstone of character, has performed the function of a great Revealer.

But it has also had something to teach us about our own people; among other things, it has helped us to realise, as perhaps never before, all that it implies, in temperament and qualities, to answer to the heroic Captain Loxley's last command—"Be British!" Hitherto most people, challenged for a definition of the distinguishing marks of the fighting Briton, would have pointed to his indomitable courage and tenacity in war, his inability to recognise defeat, his contempt of danger, his natural chivalry to a vanquished foe, his almost excessive readiness to trust, to fraternise with, and even to lionise his enemy of yesterday. But in few if any of these characteristics is he absolutely alone among civilised peoples; and we have been learning of late that to be peculiarly "British," as are the men who serve the country in the trenches and on the high seas, is to command certain other attributes which are, indeed, the unique possession of the race.

Someone had the temerity to suggest, the other day, that the English—using the term, no doubt, in its larger sense—are the only people with a real sense of humour. The claim is, of course, an extravagant one; but certain it is that the fighting men of no other nation are able to carry with them into the jaws of death that queer blend of genial cynicism and schoolboyish light-heartedness which seems to be the hall-mark of the British "Tommy." The blessed peculiarity of the Briton's sense of humour is just this—that it is of the ironical, quizzical kind, which not only makes him quick to find the latent element of absurdity even in surroundings of discomfort or danger, but gives him the enviable faculty of being able to laugh at and depreciate himself. There may be men of other races who can "keep smiling" even under shell-fire or amid the misery of rain-swamped trenches or mine-strewn winter seas; but to the Briton alone is it given to find a source of humorous consolation in a kind of chronic comical grumble at himself, his circumstances, and things in general. His specific against depression is one of those things for the monopoly of which his country is just now finding very good cause to be grateful.

Not less peculiar to himself, again, is the fighting Briton's inveterate habit of regarding war, and treating even its most nerve-shaking rigours, as an interesting and rather joyous form of sport. It is inconceivable that British soldiers, in any circumstances or whatever provocation their country has received, could take the field in the spirit of melodramatic malevolence and swagger which has recently made the Teuton ridiculous in the midst of his "frightfulness." To the liegemen of King George, constitutionally incapable of malignant hatred of their country's enemies, the work of chastising those enemies presents itself more or less in the light of an exciting and—because, rather than in spite, of its hardships and dangers—a distinctly jolly adventure. From this point of view, "potting" the foeman has precisely the same attraction as the hunting of big game; and the Briton under arms, a sportsman to the finger-tips, feels no more inclination to address "songs of hate" to his human quarry than he would to any formidable four-footed beast that put his nerve and prowess to the test in the jungle or the Rockies.

To be British implies, moreover, the possession of that extraordinary gift of adaptability to all kinds of conditions which, among other things, has helped to make the natives of these little islands the greatest and most successful colonists the world has ever known. It has been said that the Englishman is in the habit of carrying England with him wherever he goes. Yet the paradox confronts us that the men of no other race have achieved anything like the same success in making themselves at home among alien peoples, of commanding their friendship and confidence. Of this genius of adaptability, and of the unbounded resourcefulness which is its twin attribute, our fighting men—officers and "Tommies" alike—have been giving abundant evidences in France and in Flanders during the campaign of the last six months.

But, of all the peculiar traits which go to make up the exclusive "Britishness" of the Briton in general, none is more strongly marked than his almost morbid dread of poses, histrionics, or emotional demonstrations. To "make an ass of himself," or even to run the risk of appearing to do so, is detestable; to be either the cause or the object of what he calls "a fuss" is more affrighting to his mind than the worst that the malice of the enemy can devise. What he achieves, however glorious, what he suffers, however grievous, is to him "all in the day's work"; the striking of attitudes and the receipt of hero-worship are things that his inmost soul abhors. And who shall say that this, perhaps the most distinctive of characteristics peculiarly British, is not among the finest and worthiest of them all?

Mr. Stephen Graham, who has done so much to explain the true character of the Russian peoples, has a new volume, entitled "Russia and the World," coming out with Messrs. Cassell and Co. next week.

The Theatre

"Searchlights"

THERE is a good deal that is ingenious, but nothing very fresh or sincere, in Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's new three-act play. It begins in 1913, and, although it afterwards deals with Mons, it retains the manner of its earlier date rather than puts on the quality of our own terrible times. But "Searchlights" was greeted with enthusiasm by a crowded house on the first night, largely owing to the charm, grace, and power of Mr. H. B. Irving, for the main character of the play is in his hands. Robert Blaine is one of those well-known personages of fiction who make large fortunes, are darkly unhappy, and believe that silence may be the greatest gift of God, and incidentally speak a good deal and with marked effect. If such a type were given to us by any other actor than Mr. H. B. Irving, it would appear too clever, too strong and keen to be more than a sad bore. But as it is now presented, it interests from first to last, and, notwithstanding Mr. Blaine's universal information, he delights us with his personality.

His wife, the daughter of a peer, played by Miss Fay Davis, has never loved him, but after five years of marriage a son has been born to her. When we meet Harry Blaine in 1913, he is a delightfully casual young guardsman, very true to life, and by far the most cleverly drawn character among the eleven of the play. Mr. Reginald Owen brings out every possible quality that Harry possesses. His love-making—one of a good many such affairs, of course—to the Phœbe of Miss Margery Maude, is in the spirit of true satiric comedy. Phœbe is truly charming; Harry thinks that her naturalised German father will endow her with lots of money, and that it will be a very easy arrangement. Harry, however, owes a good deal of money to the usual Jew with Scottish names. This is where the plot becomes a little machine-made. Mrs. Blaine tries to get her husband to pay the boy's debts once more, and the scene ends by her passionate statement that Harry has no drop of Blaine's blood in his veins. The husband takes the outburst in a quiet, bitter spirit. Then come the cleansing fires of bloody war. Love is made pure; the "Searchlights" of anguish and trial illuminate the hearts of men, and there is peace.

Incidentally, there is the clever but rather old-fashioned caricature of the German, Sir Adalbert Schmaltz, Mr. Holman Clark, who is more English than the British—he is Scottish, and becomes Sir Keith Howard as the play goes on and he ceases to be rich. The audience appeared to love his humours, and he should become a popular stage character. Notwithstanding the little affair of Harry's birth, there is a pleasant tone and gay air about "Searchlights" which we trust will lead it on to fortune and a long run.

"THE PLUMBERS"

WHEN you go to the Savoy, be in time for Mr. Harry

Grattan's first piece. It is delightfully amusing and very soon over. Mr. Tom Reynolds is the alleged plumber, whose realism makes one almost uncomfortable. To those who have recently had any dealings with the skilled labourer of the home, Mr. Grattan's picture is perhaps almost too exact and reminiscent of horrid hours, but to the world at large "The Plumbers" is compact of laughter.

EGAN MEW.

The City

IF Mr. Lloyd George's speech had been made before the issue of £10,000,000 of Russian Treasury Bills, which he explained we had agreed to take up, the success of the issue would still have been noteworthy. It was announced on Saturday morning, the price fixed being 95 per cent., the amount was oversubscribed by mid-day on Monday, and the bills stand at a discount at this moment of $4\frac{1}{2}$ —which of course is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. premium on the price at which they were offered. The success is very gratifying on every ground, and is of happy augury for the Russian Loan which will probably be for £25,000,000—part of £50,000,000, the other half being issued in France. Another equally easy and equally pleasing success is the £2,000,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Five Year Debentures of New South Wales, to replace the £2,000,000 4 per cent. debentures maturing on March 1. The debentures were offered at $99\frac{1}{2}$ and are already above par, a very small percentage of new applicants, it is said, getting an allotment. The War Loan has also maintained the strength put on last week when the rumours of a Joint International War Loan were laid to rest. Both the Treasury and the Stock Exchange Committee approved dealings in the Russian Bills, much to the satisfaction of the market, which is almost choked with money eager to find employment. The most unsatisfactory and disturbing feature in the Money Market is the drop in the American Exchange, and fears are entertained that the gold reserve here may be drawn upon unduly by bankers anxious to take advantage of an opportunity which might be in their individual but not in the national interests.

The tone of the Stock Exchange has been rather more cheerful, the tendency being emphasised by the bright harvest prospects of Argentina which reflect themselves in the improvement in Argentine Rails. The South American Market, is, however, so apprehensive that it will clutch at any gleam. What can a country like Brazil hope to do with all its natural riches and no possibility of finding capital to work them adequately? Funds for payment of interest due this week on the Peruvian Government $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (Salt) Loan of 1909 have been deposited with the Banco del Peru y Londres in Lima, but cannot be forwarded to England because of the exchange. As it is understood that the drafts sent to Paris in August last, which were not accepted on account of the moratorium, have not yet been met, the bondholder is doubly bit.

Oil shares have been in demand, with Shells taking the lead. The price of Shells has moved up sharply to 87s. 6d. Rumours are afloat in the oil market as to negotiations afoot with a view to a big amalgamation, the Maikop New Producers, Ltd., the Maikop Victory Oil Company, Ltd., and the Black Sea Oil Fields, Ltd., being the three companies mentioned for the fusion. Its capital would probably be half a million, part to be issued. Mr. Churchill's statement as to the success of the Government

in obtaining what supplies of oil they need lends special interest to the suggestion.

The year's results shown in the report of Selfridge and Company are astonishingly good, even when allowance is made for the fact that we have grown to expect excellent returns from the working of this young and vigorous emporium. Selfridge's must have felt the effects of the war; ladies who go to town—and to go to town with thousands has now become almost the same thing as going to Selfridge's—have had to exercise certain caution in spending, though it is just possible that they have gravitated to Selfridge's with the smaller purse confident that they would get for the lesser outlay what they would get elsewhere for a larger. In any case we do know that Selfridge's has become a sort of shoppers' Mecca, and that probably accounts for the fact that the profits earned amount to the respectable sum of £134,800. After paying dividends on debentures and preference and ordinary shares, and making allowances for depreciation and other matters, the carry forward is increased from £16,400 to £40,900. Well may the directors say in their report that the results of the year's working are satisfactory in the circumstances.

Maple's report seems to suggest that the furnishing trade has been one of the heaviest sufferers by the war. The falling off in profits can, we imagine, be explained on no other grounds. People will eat and drink and dress in war time, but they will not so readily replenish household goods, and the new homes started will be fewer owing to the economic uncertainties. Money that might be spent on carpets and chairs goes to pay extra income tax. We write, of course, in ignorance of what the chairman will say at the meeting this week. But doubtless he will to some extent account for the drop in distributable surplus—from £202,244 to £122,337. The distribution is 10 per cent. for the year against 15 per cent.; in war time 10 per cent. can hardly be an occasion for grumbling.

Home Rails have been dull, but have looked up a little on the announcement that the Great Western dividend for the half-year is only down $\frac{1}{2}$ —from 8 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The difficulties which at least one railway has had to face are vividly set forth by Colonel C. W. Trotter in his speech at the meeting of the Hull and Barnsley. In April a miners' strike cost some £20,000. Later a pit timber workers' strike restricted the import of mining timber, and on the top of that the war practically stopped the import altogether, involving further loss of £10,000 in revenue. A third circumstance which caused a large loss of income was the King George Dock, in which the company has £1,250,000 of capital. The dock was opened for traffic on August 1 last, before which time they were paying interest on their share of the cost of construction out of capital, but from the date of opening the money expended on that became a revenue charge, and an amount of £17,493 was included in the £24,590 shown as interest on loans. If ordinary conditions had prevailed from the date of opening to the close of last year there was no doubt that the dock would have earned some revenue to go against that interest, but the war breaking out a few days later arrested all development. All things considered, the shareholders may congratulate themselves on getting any dividend at all.

An article on Depreciation and Bonuses in the February issue of the *Insurance Broker and Agent* deserves attention; it suggests that offices have no option but to take their valuation in accordance with the Act of 1909, and that to regularise matters and avoid passing of bonuses an amendment to the Act making the valuation period seven instead of five years is necessary. The point is worth serious consideration.

CORRESPONDENCE

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In *The Bookman* for February there is a review of the new edition of Clough's poems in which the writer suggests that Clough has been regarded as "a daring experimenter in rhythms" owing to the "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" having been written by him in hexameters. But surely the use of hexameters was known to English poetry long before Clough wrote his famous poem in that metre. Sir Philip Sidney was, so far as I remember, the earliest writer of English hexameters, and in more recent times we have had examples by Hawtrey, Lockhart, Whewell, Southey—who wrote his "Vision of Judgment" in this form of verse, to which Byron made a reply—and Coleridge who in his "Hymn to the Earth" proved more than a hundred years ago that the writing of excellent English hexameters was practicable. Some of the lines in it bear a certain strange resemblance to the later Swinburnian muse:—

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse
and the mother,
Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest be thou! and,
blessing, I hymn thee!

Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap was
ungirdled?
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes
of morning!

But it is, I think, to Charles Kingsley that we must award the honour of having written the most beautiful English poem in this metre, for his "Andromeda" has not been surpassed by any subsequent writer.

Clough informed us that the "Bothie" was the result of his reading of Longfellow's "Evangeline" aloud to his mother and sister; and Longfellow's poem was suggested, we know, by Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," of which Schlegel wrote that it was a "book full of golden precepts of wisdom and virtue." Yours faithfully,

15, Cambridge Street, SAMUEL WADDINGTON.
Hyde Park, W., Feb. 14, 1915.

REVELATIONS OF A GOVERNESS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Having read both your review and the book, "What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince," it appears to me that it is a great pity that books of this kind should be written, and reviewers follow one another like sheep in backing up a production which can be calculated to do nothing but encourage unnecessary bad feeling between England and Germany. The incident, quoted by your reviewer, concerning the game the young princes were playing when the governess was introduced to them probably had nothing at all sinister behind it. Why a simple childish game should be magnified into motives of aggression must give pause to anyone anxious to render justice to both sides. Then, again, the book is published after the outbreak of hostilities. A sufficient number of events await the pen of clever romancers to form many interesting "revelations"; lastly, the book is anonymous, and most people know what to do with unsigned communications.

Yours faithfully,
Tankerton. M. F. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- The Raft.* By Coningsby Dawson. (Constable and Co. 6s.)
The House on the Cliff. By E. Everett-Green. (Ward, Lock and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
Cupid in the Car. By Lindsay Bashford. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
The Honourable Percival. By Alice Hegan Rice. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
The Way of Sinners. By Marie Connor Leighton. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
Fetters of the Past. By Helen Colebrooke. (John Murray. 6s.)
A Shadowed Love. By Fred M. White. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
The Patrol of the Sundance Trail. By Ralph Connor. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
Betty All-Alone. By Meg Villars. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
The Black Monk. By Anton Tchekhoff. Translated by R. E. C. Long. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Game of Life and Death. By Lincoln Colcord. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)
The Soul of England. By Austen Verney. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)
Blessington's Folly. By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. (John Long. 6s.)
The Secret Calling. By Olivia Ramsey. (John Long. 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Reflections of a Cheerful Pessimist.* By H. Cecil Palmer. (Erskine Macdonald. 1s. net.)
Short Cuts to First Aid. With Diagrams. (Stanley Paul and Co. 7d. net.)
The Master Beggars of Belgium; The Grandchildren of the Ghetto; Under the German Ban in Alsace and Lorraine. Wayfarers' Library. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 1s. each net.)
The Laughter-Lover's Vade-Mecum. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
The Study of Religions. By Stanley A. Cook, M.A. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
The Reconciliation of Races and Religions. By T. K. Cheyne, D.D. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)
Stories of London. By E. L. Hoskyn, B.A. (A. and C. Black. 1s. net.)
Travel Pictures: Asia. Edited by Robert J. Finch, F.R.G.S. (A. and C. Black. 10d. net.)
Deccan Nursery Tales. By C. A. Kincaid, C.V.O. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)
History of Upper Assam, Upper Burmah, etc. By L. W. Shakespear. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)
These Three. By the Rev. G. H. Knight. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.)
An Introduction to the Mystical Life. By the Abbé P. Lejeune. (R. and T. Washbourne. 3s. 6d. net.)
Italian Self-Taught. Revised and Enlarged by G. Dalla Vecchia. (E. Marlborough and Co. 1s.)

WAR BOOKS.

- The Soldier's English-French Conversation Book.* By Walter M. Gallichan. (T. Werner Laurie. 7d.)
Nietzsche. By J. M. Kennedy. (T. Werner Laurie. 1s. net.)
The Life of Sir John French. By H. F. B. Wheeler, F.R.Hist.S. (Aldine Publishing Co. 2d.)
Nelson's Portfolio of War Pictures. Part I. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 7d. net.)

- Can Germany Win?* By An American. (C. Arthur Pearson. 1s. net.)
The British Navy from Within. By "Ex-Royal Navy." (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. net.)
The Great Battles of the Great War. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.)
The German Doctrine of Conquest. By E. Seillière. (Maunsel and Co. 2s. net.)
The German Danger. By Bart Kennedy. (Holden and Hardingham. 1s. net.)
Germany's War Inspirers. By Canon McLure, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 4d.)
The Crown Prince's First Lesson Book. By G. H. Powell. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 1s. net.)
Armageddon—and After. By W. L. Courtney, M.A. (Chapman and Hall. 1s. net.)
Britain and Turkey. By Sir Edward Cook. (Macmillan and Co. 2d.)
An Englishman's Call to Arms. (Macmillan and Co. 1d.)
England, Germany and Europe. By J. W. Headlam, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 2d.)
Above the Battlefield. By Romain Rolland. (Macmillan and Co. 6d.)
Britain Justified. By Frank Ballard, D.D. (C. H. Kelly. 1s. net.)
The Story of Servia. By Leslie F. Church, B.A. (C. H. Kelly. 1s. net.)
A Call from the Stage: A Book of Autographs. (F. and C. Palmer. 6d. net.)

NOTICE.—The Red Cross Motor Ambulance Fund.

We invited subscriptions to a Fund for providing a Napier Red Cross Motor Ambulance: we received a promise of £100 if we raised £525 in addition; from readers we had many letters of approval and explanation that they could not help because such subscriptions as they could afford were promised elsewhere. All told we received only £17 13s., mostly in collections of quite small sums. Some who promised to send contributions later have—no doubt for quite adequate reasons—failed to do so. We therefore propose to close the account. We must forgo the £100, and unless any subscriber raises objection we shall forward the £17 13s. to the Belgian Field Hospital, which has done noble work and is in need of funds.—ED. ACADEMY.

Mr. Charles Cruft's Dog Show at Islington has commanded real interest, notwithstanding that many of the dogs' best friends must be with the Army. Possibly even some of the dogs who would have been shown are there too. Anyway, Bloodhounds, Great Danes, terriers, St. Bernards, retrievers, and last, but not least, dachshunds, were in evidence and mostly in excellent form. Spratt's—for no doubt most of them have been reared on Spratt's—may claim that thoroughbreds are all the better for their provender. It is noteworthy that our Arctic and Antarctic explorers look to Spratt's to feed their dogs.

LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN.—Mobilisation of Frontiersmen Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, for service in Africa. Pay, separation allowance, etc., as for Regular Army. Age, 25 to 45. Men having previous Army or Navy service, or service abroad, should apply forthwith to Colonel D. P. Driscoll, D.S.O., at No. 6, Adam Street, Adelphi. London. Must be good shots.

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Notes of the Week

Piracy in Practice

GERMANY'S submarine piracy has so far not proved as scarifying as was hoped. Various neutral vessels have been sent to the bottom, and both Scandinavia and America are busy considering matters. Whilst they are deliberating, the British authorities have been active, and apparently two at least of the blockading submarines have gone to their account. It is indeed rumoured that one of them is in the hands of the British, who are inquisitively investigating its construction and mechanism. Germany meanwhile is sending out reports which are a fair sample of her chivalry. She warns neutral countries that Great Britain intends to sink neutral ships and pretend that they have been destroyed by German submarines. It is somewhat astonishing that Sir Edward Grey should deem such obviously malicious statements worth denial. They are worse than the false reports as to what has been happening on the Eastern and Western frontiers. The Germans are being driven out of trench after trench, and in their annoyance they re-bombard Rheims Cathedral or send aeroplanes to drop bombs on Essex towns. They behave like the bullies they are; the desecrators of Belgium thank God the sacred soil of East Prussia has been relieved of the Russian invader, who only carries ruin in his train. We expect to learn in a day or two from Germany that the revolt of Indian soldiers with a local grievance at Singapore, which, unfortunately, cost several valuable British lives, was a serious rising against the British. The most dramatic event of the week is the naval bombardment of the Dardanelles forts; it opens up a world of possible developments.

The Russian Reverse

Germany is now claiming to have captured seven Russian generals, 100,000 men, 150 guns, and much

material in the neighbourhood of the Masurian lakes. Russia has suffered a reverse, which, though unfortunate and regrettable, is not of the overpowering consequence Berlin would have the world believe. It is a very different thing from a reverse before Warsaw. Germany's wonderful system of strategic railways enabled her to throw vast numbers of men into East Prussia, whilst Russia was operating in a district without means of bringing up adequate support. When the German move was discovered, the Russians began to retreat on their own lines of defence, but the winter conditions made the country almost impassable. Everything was in the Germans' favour, and Russian losses were heavy—they probably amounted to a whole army corps. The retreat was unquestionably masterly work in the face of incredible difficulties. Russia is in no way perturbed; if Germany elects to try more in this direction she will be beyond her strategic railways, whilst Russia will have the advantage of prepared ground. Elsewhere, notably in the Carpathians, Russia is giving a good account of herself, and is proving that she has not by any means lost her power of offensive.

Colonel Seely's Command

Nothing could be more deplorable than the discussion and recrimination which have been started by the appointment of Colonel Seely as a brigadier-general. If the selection was not due to political pressure, then it should at once be made plain that Lord Kitchener and Sir John French had discovered those qualities in Colonel Seely which made his promotion desirable. Colonel Seely is, we all know, a very devoted soldier, though he went far as a politician to lose the respect he won in the field. But it would be fatal to him, to the Army, and to other interests if people really came to believe that he secured preferment as a sort of amend for sacrifices in other directions. The most unfortunate phase of the affair is that in his brigade are two regiments of Canadian horse, and Canadians are asking whether this is the best the Old Country can do when she sends her sons to help fight the battles of the Empire? For the sake of Colonel Seely, for the sake of the Empire, and for the sake of the Army, where much heart-burning will undoubtedly be caused, it is deeply to be regretted that the merest suspicion of political influence, to which the protest in Parliament and from Canada is due, should be possible in such an appointment.

The Future of the Empire

There unquestionably exists much curiosity, not to say anxiety, as to what may be the effect of the war on the future relations of the Imperial and the Dominion Governments. The fact makes the lecture delivered by Mr. Edward Salmon at the Colonial Institute, of which we print a part this week, of special significance just now. Both Sir George Perley and the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, representing Canada and South Africa, made it pretty clear that some move forward will have to be taken. "We have come to a period of development in our Empire relationships," said Sir George

Perley, "when we must come closer together, otherwise we may drift further apart. We must look forward to a not distant future when there will be brought into operation some altered arrangements by which the Dominions shall be called to the Councils of the Empire in Imperial matters." It is well to discuss the subject now, and, as was recently said by someone, we must invert the ancient maxim, and in war-time, so far as the Empire is concerned, prepare for peace. The lecture will not have been delivered in vain if, as we understand is probable, it encourages more practical efforts in the direction of Imperial Federation.

Should Clergymen Go to the Front?

A "Churchman"—we rather doubt the descriptive accuracy of the signature—has made an attack on the clergy of the Established Church because they are not joining the Army as Nonconformists and Roman Catholics are. As a matter of fact, clergy of the Established Church and theological students are at the front, and, as the Bishop of Birmingham learns from a correspondent, Roman Catholics are not fighting; as for the Nonconformists, "Churchman's" knowledge of them is, to say the least, peculiar. If ever there was a war in which the clergy of all denominations might take an active part, it is surely this against the ravishers of fair cities, destroyers of cathedrals, murderers of innocent women and children. But the very seriousness of the war now being waged and the creation of enormous armies makes the duties of the clergy more than usually numerous and anxious. The clergy at the moment have other battles to fight, and they are none too strong in numbers for the duties they have to perform.

Sven Hedin's War Book

Mr. John Lane has already secured a fairly big advertisement for Dr. Sven Hedin's book on the war. Sven Hedin, of course, was accorded facilities by the German authorities for seeing—precisely what they wished him to see. He has been with the German army in the field, and on his return to Sweden he started a pro-German campaign, which we happen to know had, up to a recent date, had no particular effect beyond irritating many of his countrymen who wished to remain neutral in fact as well as in name. The *Daily Chronicle* promptly came out with a question we are surprised any serious journal could ask: If you read the book will you not be trading with the enemy? The *British Weekly*, which in its patriotism seems to have rather lost its head, follows suit and sharply challenges the propriety of publishing the book in this country. Mr. Lane's answer is simple and to the point: The book will be an excellent recruiting agent, because it will drive home facts which are not even now fully recognised. The question as to trading with the enemy is demonstrably absurd. Sven Hedin is a Swede and a neutral. Is it suggested that the profits of his book will go to Germany? He is hardly sufficiently pro-German to go the length of handing over his royalties to the Kaiser.

War Risks of Fiction

BY LUCIUS.

IF there is one truth more than another which the present war has emphasised it would seem to be the importance, from the military standpoint, of the faculty of imagination. The field of operations is so vast, the opposed forces—at all events in these opening stages of the conflict—are so evenly matched, that the side whose leaders are the most fertile in imagination, in "happy thoughts," would alone seem to have an opportunity of scoring an early and decisive success. It is a curious thing, however, that while the military training appears to develop the imagination as regards tactics, so that a good Staff officer can usually make a shrewd guess at what the next move will be of the enemy in front of him, it is usually only in commanders of acknowledged genius that any of that higher imaginative quality is to be found which enables a broad view of the whole situation to be taken and a new and unexpected general plan to be evolved. It is here that the unhampered brain of the novelist, whose imagination is his entire stock-in-trade, may sometimes prove useful, either to his own side or—without any evil intention on his part—to the enemy.

It is a well-known fact that the majority of fiction-writers have had some training in journalism, and this training, combined with a naturally assimilative brain, enables them to absorb information quickly. Novelists who choose military or naval subjects, therefore, do not, as the unkind critic might suppose, invariably write nonsense; nor do they invariably make mistakes. Sometimes, on the principle that the outsider sees most of the game, they make the naval or military commanders of their creation evolve dangerously workman-like plans of campaign. An example of what I mean has recently been given considerable publicity in the newspapers. I refer, of course, to the story entitled "Danger," contributed in July of last year by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to the *Strand Magazine*, only a month before the declaration of war. The Germans have declared that this brilliant *tour de force*, which describes how one Captain John Sirius, in the navy of a foreign Power, turned defeat into victory with the help of a few submarines by simply sending the British mercantile marine to the bottom, gave them the notion of the "submarine blockade." This may or may not be true—and in any case the "submarine blockade," now that it is with us, does not appear to amount to very much—but that the statement should ever have been made by our enemies is deeply significant. Perhaps—with fear and trembling let it be said!—it opens up a new and legitimate ground for the Censor's activities. In regard to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story, it is only fair to the many admirers of this truly patriotic author to quote what he himself says about it, and thus to dispel any doubts as to whether on this occasion his brilliant imagination has really been of service to the Germans. "An attack by submarine upon our commerce," writes Sir Arthur in a letter to the

editor of the *Strand*, "has seemed to me to be a danger to which in the future we might be exposed, and I wrote a story last spring which was published in the *Strand Magazine* in July to point it out. In it I tried to indicate various methods of meeting it—submarine merchantmen, the Channel Tunnel, and the encouragement of home supplies being the chief ones. My story was a forecast of the future, and I still think that if the war had been delayed for five years there would have been a real danger—for the submarine is constantly developing. As it is I am of opinion that the German blockade will have no real effect upon the war. It is murderous and unscrupulous, but futile." This, of course, does not exactly refute the German statement that the plan was suggested to them by Sir Arthur's story, though it sets our minds at rest by assuring us that, as things are, the plan is futile. No, the suggestion that these "forecasts of the future," when they are too intelligent, may well prove dangerous in war-time must be allowed to stand, in spite of Sir Arthur's letter. Such a book as "The Riddle of the Sands," by Mr. Erskine Childers, for instance, is said to be so extraordinarily accurate as to be practically a military treatise arranged in such a form as to be easily readable by everyone. The book, as it happens, could not, I believe, have been of the slightest service to the enemy except to assure him that we were not so fast asleep as he supposed; but it shows that Mr. Childers has quite sufficient knowledge of his subject to write a story, if it occurred to him to do so, which might give a dangerously accurate forecast of British naval plans. In short, at a time when "bright ideas" are at such a terrific premium, it is not unreasonable to suggest that they ought not to be placed at the disposal of friends and enemies alike. Writers who choose to exercise their brains on military or naval problems during war-time should be wary of publishing the results for all who run to read. Perhaps the safest thing they can do is to leave the subject severely alone; for—unlike the German—it is quite opposed to the English professional military mind to pay the slightest attention to non-professional writers. That this should be so is perhaps to be regretted, though it is only natural for us to have the defects of our qualities. We may not be so susceptible to new ideas as are the Germans; but, on the other hand, we are perhaps less prone to waste time over ideas which have nothing in them. The fact remains, however, that if any commanders were to gain inspiration from a British novelist's stories it would be unlikely to be those of his own country.

There can be no doubt that, as a nation, the British are inclined to underestimate the influence of fiction, and to be much too much inclined to dismiss "magazine stories" as being merely frivolous and designed to amuse. They may amuse; but their effect is none less widespread or dangerous. How much mischief has Mr. H. G. Wells achieved by his clever nonsense-talk about World-States, which provides a text for the cosmopolitan Socialists? On the economic as on the

military side, novels are, as Milton would say, by no means dead things, but spring up at awkward moments armed men! It is only our attitude of disregarding the possibility of its effect on impressionable minds which has made the publication of the modern "gentleman-burglar" story possible. The police, however, will bear witness that the professional housebreaker or jewel thief is by no means averse from making use of the skilled brainwork of a clever novelist. Raffles has doubtless provided many an evildoer with good ideas, while the Parisian motor-bandits—when captured—most freely and generously acknowledged their indebtedness to Arsène Lupin. Moreover, by surrounding their burglar-heroes with a certain glamour and romance, these writers undoubtedly make crime attractive. They "popularise" it, in fact.

No discussion of the "dangers of fiction" would be complete without at least a reference to the dangers of the unworthy flummery with which even our reputable daily papers are filling their columns—though perhaps on this branch of the subject it is safest to be reticent, for fear of the Censor!

The Coming of Spring

BY SOPHROSYNE

THE magician of the seasons knows no calendar. On the morning of his choice, regardless of date, he waves his wand, and even we who are mortals, bound by the arbitrary ruling of the hours into months and seasons, know that Spring has come. Such a day was yesterday. On stepping from the door-sill into the flood of early morning sunshine, Spring was revealed, patent to all our senses—the dainty flower-nymph beloved alike of poet and painter—the spirit of promise and half-veiled beauty and of all young loveliness in all the world. There are days in late winter when the hint of her approach casts beams of radiance, uncertain wisps of trailing glory over the leaden hours, days when we say colloquially, "There is a feeling of Spring in the air." They are the spells which tantalise by a quick return to bleakness of spirit, to shivering cold and frost-bound earth. They are, indeed, a mirage, but the reality, the triumphant entry of Primavera in the procession of the seasons, comes on such a day as that to which the many-throated chorus of the birds awakened us in these latter hours of February. There may be lapses into cold, to the swirling flood of waters in the lowlands, to storm clouds on the heights dissolving into sharp hail and rain as stinging, even to fog and frost, but shining through dreary hours will be the signs of the loveliest season of the year. The flush of her warmth is in the tree-tops, standing rosy with multitudes of swelling buds; the catkins of the nut-trees hang in golden showers on every hedgerow; the pussy-willow gleams silver in the wayside copses. Beneath the trees all treasures of earth push their eager way up to the sun. Sharp spears of iris, clusters of daffodils even now

heavy with bud, soft sweet violets, and gallant primroses are taking the places of the pale snowdrops that have rung out the dirge of winter. The gold of the aconites and the vivid orange of the crocus is waning before the promise of all the flowers with which the lap of Spring is filled. That is the charm of this season, a charm that gives it a position in our affections no rose-crowned day of June, nor blazing holiday sun of August, can usurp—it is the time of promise.

Like the springtime of life, like the youth of the world, it holds in its hands the glamour, the magic, of an unknown future; all possibilities of joy are there, all whisperings of romance, all potentialities of beauty. Not one of us but would exchange wealth and even knowledge for the mysterious allure of youth, to feel once more the golden vistas of the future opening out in shining sequence, the stirrings of the sap of life in all his veins, the call of the unknown that sends its echoes through all the chambers of imagination.

So beautiful is expectation, and promise so all-encompassing in its width of view; we touch the skies and mountains in our flight and voyage beyond the ends of time; there are no limits set in the possibilities unfolded before the eyes of youth.

So with the days of promise through which we are living. They embody the spirit of Spring, are the incarnation of Hope. Certain compensations have been granted us in this land of northern mists, of grey skies and long winters, of tossing seas and wailing winds. They are twilight and the coming of Spring. In the South, where Nature is prodigal of her sunshine, riotous in colour, bathed in perfume, these seasons of anticipation are wanting. Night succeeds day with startling rapidity, and summer springs in full blossom from the sheath of winter, with scarcely a hint of the preface of spring as we know it.

In place of such profusion we are granted delicacy. The radiance of a southern day, the brilliance of its constellated night, is so perfect as to leave little room for dreams, for wistfulness, for the emotion we associate with all things fragile and very young and immature. The perfect day in February is like a cameo in its setting of gold, a little austere, a little cold, but very clear-cut in its loveliness. It has a quality which only such a day in England possesses.

One of the most celebrated of Italian pictures is an allegory of the Spring. It was painted by a man strangely characterised by Northern longing, by the sense of beauty veiled and incomplete, by the soul waiting for revelation of which it holds the promise, but which too often is never granted. In Botticelli's "Primavera" there is all the sentiment of Spring as we know it, joined to an opulence impossible to us and out of keeping with the season. The Venus of the picture is the Earth Mother as we know her, somewhat weary, but very sweet in her motherhood, renewed in the springtime to beauty and fruition, the symbol of the tenderness and treasure of the season, but the laughing Flora and the Graces, the flower-enamelled grass, and the orange grove brilliant with flower and

pendent fruit are out of focus in our picture of the Springtime.

It is not only delicate, it is wistful. In normal years the poet breaks out involuntarily into song. It is the fashion to laugh at him, but in our hearts we sigh, knowing well the desire that struggles for some utterance, however ineffective. It is the season of desire, for beauty, for love, for expression of the thoughts which surge up in us towards the light, even as the flower pushes up its head with the newly found energy of Spring. We know not often what we want, but it is one step towards higher attainment to experience desire.

It is the season of Hope. Broken are the cruel bonds of winter, vanished is the thrall that has held all nature in captivity, wakened the sleep in whose deep trance the earth has remained quiescent. Spring reveals to us that silence is not death, that in the darkness and inanimation we associate with winter forces are working whose greatness we cannot measure, whose methods we can neither see nor tabulate. It has ever been the favourite symbol of the spiritually minded, this allegory of resurrection that we behold and comprehend so imperfectly with each successive Spring. It contains at once the principle and the perpetuity of Life. Not a seed that falls or a life that perishes is wasted. With each recurring season there awakens in us renewed hope that so our lives, the dim fine threads that reach out and bind us to infinity, may find their springtime and renewal in some such manner; that the thoughts which link us each to each may live, that the dreams of greatness, the visions of a beauty not of earth which visit us from time to time, may find their fruition in an immortal season of accomplishment, and of a reality of which these earthly things are but the symbols.

Some Reflections on Royal Auction*

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

IT seems a far cry to the early days of Auction, when the rules and the calls were more or less in a chaotic state and the younger spirits were under the impression that they had been initiated into a chastened variation of Poker. No wonder the devotee of Bridge proper regarded the innovation as rank heresy. All the fine traditions handed down from the days of Whist were scrapped, and the one essential quality to success promised to be unlimited bluff. There was, for instance, a fatuous idea that it did not pay to win a rubber, or, more strictly speaking, to close a rubber, and so the most preposterous risks were taken to prevent the opposing side from going out. The policy was known as "keeping the flag flying," and pretty expensive it proved. It is not dead yet, but has been sufficiently discouraged to be kept within reasonable

* [An article by Mr. Taunton Williams, entitled "The Misnomer of Royal Auction," appeared in THE ACADEMY of November 21, 1914; and two articles on "Nullo: the Poor Man's Chance," in our issues for January 9 and 16.]

limits. The importance of the rubber can as easily be over-estimated as under-estimated. The difference between winning and losing the rubber is averaged at 400 points. There are, of course, times when the winners are heavily down on the total if the above-line scores are not in their favour, but this average may stand. In any case, there is no justification for reckless bidding. The penalties for failure are altogether out of proportion to any problematical advantage to be gained. It is no infrequent occurrence for the adversaries to take six or seven hundred points on a doubled call of indefensible weakness. A fair risk may be taken when there is the chance of the enemy being over-bold. A good general principle, however, is to go for the game and rubber, and to lose both philosophically when all the odds against one are too heavy. There is, after all, no finality when four players are together for an evening. The loss on one rubber is as likely as not to be made good on the next.

Even more remote seem the guiding principles of declarations in those early Auction days. The "one spade" blind is, of course, eliminated by the new scoring, and so need not be discussed. But there was the hardly less meaningless "one no trump" with which a certain type of player invariably opened the bidding on the smallest provocation. Nothing could have been more misleading to a partner, who would not know if the call was a tentative one or indicated the requisite strength. The object more often than not was to force the other side up to a two-trick bid, but the unfortunate *vis-à-vis* was entitled to estimate the call on its face value, only to find, on having put his partner up, or on having to play the hands on a higher suit call, that the strength consisted of two kings or their equivalent. Nowadays there is the much saner understanding that no tactics pay which deceive a partner, and that a bid should convey the information that the caller has a reasonable prospect of making good on it. On this assumption an original "one no trump" has something to recommend it. It implies general strength of a kind and protection in at least three suits. The strength need not consist of aces and kings. A queen to three and a knave to four are protected if the other two suits have a top card—*i.e.*, ace or king. Third declarant then knows that his partner can support him if he has a strong suit call, which he should make in preference to putting his partner up, as, in any case, the latter has the option of raising his original bid and is the wiser for the information given. No trumps, however, as I have once before pointed out, have lost their supremacy. By far the greater number of games are won on suit declarations at Royal Auction. In this connection it is well for the novice to engrave on his memory the respective game-winning value of the different suits. I have heard it argued that the values are disproportionate; but this is not so. Unless all calls were to be equalised, there could not be a closer gradation. It takes three tricks to win a game in "no trumps," four tricks in either spades or hearts, and five tricks in diamonds or clubs.

That is the point I wish to emphasise for the benefit of the novice—spades are no better than hearts, nor diamonds than clubs, for winning a game from "love all."

It has become a truism to say that an original suit call should never be made without holding one or more of the top honours, yet it is not rare to find players even to-day giving a preference to a suit call simply because they happen to hold six, say, to the queen. This is another instance of deceiving one's partner, who, being devoid of and weak in that suit, may look to it as support for an otherwise doubtful "no trumper." Aces and kings are indeed the backbone of Royal Auction; they have a greater proportionate value than in the days of ordinary Bridge. There is, moreover, less excuse for the dealer calling below the proper strength since the compulsory declaration has been abolished. With regard to the original "one no trump," the Robertson Rule still holds good for the novice. If the value of the hand amounts to 21—an ace counting 7, a king 5, and a knave 1—this is the minimum strength on which the call should be made. But a sound suit call is preferable, and this should consist at least of five cards headed by ace or king, queen or king, knave, with one or two probable tricks in other suits. Four trumps with three top honours is permissible with other strength. These conditions apply, of course, only to an *original* call, and are laid down with a view not to deceive one's partner. On the second round of the bidding, a suit of six without ace or king may be utilised for even a two-trick bid. The previous declarations may justify, and there is then no question of mystifying one's partner. This distinction is now an established rule, and there should be no departure from it.

I have come to the end of my space without covering the intricacies of suit declarations, so I must ask the Editor's permission to expand the subject into a second article.

REVIEWS

Adventures in Empire-Building

Forty Years in Canada. By COLONEL S. B. STEELE, C.B., M.V.O. (Herbert Jenkins. 16s. net.)

THOUGH there are a few million English men and women in Canada, and thousands of English families have sent one or more of their number to explore the possibilities of life in that land of hot summers and clear, cold winters; yet comparatively few of us are familiar with the history of its development and progress. We are vaguely aware that such a tremendous portion of the Empire must have had its pioneers, its brave men who faced dangers of all kinds, who acted as warlike guardians of peace and cleared the way for the settlers who in their thousands have contributed to prosperity and a harmonious commercial

stage; but of the work of such men, of their devotion to the ideals of the mother-country, little is generally known.

The reader who is fortunate enough to study this fine volume by Colonel Steele will find his heart strangely stirred by the modest, capable soldier's story of rough adventures and desperate exploits. "The author's father was on the *Leopard* at the time of the famous "incident" with the *Chesapeake*, when the right to search foreign ships for British deserters was enforced, and in time became a magistrate and colonel of militia in Upper Canada, and first member of Parliament for the county of Simcoe—when Toronto was known as "Little York," and when sailing ships took a couple of months to cross the Atlantic. Colonel Steele, his son, joined the militia as a boy of sixteen, and studied military matters to such good effect that even as a youth he raised and trained a regimental company. From that time his career began. In May, 1870, he obtained a position in the 1st Ontario Rifles, and his description of the river-work, portages, the running of rapids on the way to Lake Winnipeg and Fort Garry, is vivid and fascinating. Troubles with whisky-traders, smallpox, and minor "scrimmages" followed, and the social life of Winnipeg forty years ago forms a pleasant interlude, not without amusement. Subsequently Colonel Steele gained permission to join the newly formed North-West Mounted Police. Lawlessness abounded; "the state of affairs was infinitely worse than in the days when none but the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and the numerous tribes of Red Indians inhabited the territory," and one cause of this was the U.S.A. borderland to the immediate south. "Here large numbers of reckless men found their way, and simply did what they pleased, ruined the Indians, and brought on quarrels with them for the sake of gain." Only the traveller who courted death went west of where the town of Regina now prospers, and the trails were extremely rough and difficult; the journey from Fort Garry to Edmonton, 1,255 miles, was one long and risky struggle with ice, mud, and marshes, which the scared horses would hardly face.

The Commissioner of the Force, Colonel (now Sir John) French, spoke highly of it, and on his resignation was presented by the sergeants with an address and a gold watch and chain. The experiences of this important force form the most interesting part of the book. In one year Colonel Steele rode 6,800 miles in all weathers; the members herded and slaughtered their own beef, cut and hauled hay and fuel, repaired transport, made sleds for winter travel, and often slept in home-made cabins with the temperature twenty or thirty degrees below zero.

In 1881 speculators and settlers began to arrive in numbers, and required looking after. "People were ready to buy anything. The hotels did a roaring trade, and the bars made profits of hundreds of dollars a day. Every available space was taken up for sleeping accommodation, and the privilege of having a chair or a step on the stairs to sleep on cost a dollar." This

was in the early Winnipeg; and, soon after, Colonel Steele was placed in command of detachments on the line of construction of the C.P.R., continuing till railway work ceased for the season. Taking charge at Calgary, he found great difficulties over the laws for the suppression of the liquor traffic; his comments on this subject are worth pondering:—

We soon learned that compulsion will not make people sober; it must be brought about by the example of the best people. The prohibitory law made more drunkards than if there had been an open bar and free drinks at every street corner. Liquor was brought into the territories by every conceivable trick. Egg shells were emptied of their contents and alcohol substituted; tin imitations of the Holy Bible were filled with intoxicants and sold on the trains; metal kegs filled with alcohol came concealed in the centre of barrels of kerosene, and mincemeat soaked in brandy and peaches prepared in the same manner were common.

We cannot follow the career of this gallant pioneer of civilisation in detail, but it will be seen that he has been closely associated throughout his whole life with our enormous Western Dominion, and has done more than most men to bring it through its birth-troubles and youthful escapades to its present state of safety and steadiness. The late Lord Strathcona had promised to write a "Foreword" to this book, but his death intervened. Lord Strathcona, we are told in the introduction which has now been written by J. C. Colmer, C.M.G., had a sincere regard for Colonel Steele, and never forgot his services as commanding officer of Strathcona's Horse during the South African War. Chapter xvii deals with this change in the scene; but we have not space to do more than mention it. The photographic illustrations are excellent; and the reader who has any sense of the value of British administration and British pluck will find the volume a treasure of mingled history and adventure in the finest work in the world—the building of an Empire.

A Difference in Method

German Spies in England. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
(Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

My Adventures as a Spy. By Lieut.-Gen. SIR R. BADEN-POWELL. (C. Arthur Pearson. 1s. net.)

TWO writers, both animated with patriotism, an eagerness for the welfare of their country, and a desire to present military affairs in a manner calculated to awaken and interest their readers in this and future years, Mr. William Le Queux and Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. Baden-Powell, treat of the spy from very different standpoints. It is true that one deals chiefly with spies from the ranks of the enemy, while the other relates his own experiences, but after taking this into consideration the deductions of the former writer are most startling compared with the calmer and more reassuring observations of the soldier.

Both men have seen a considerable amount of foreign travel; both have come into contact with other nationalities, other ideas, other points of view; the

benefit of their experiences they now give to the public. The most remarkable part of "German Spies in England" is contained in the report of a speech made by the Kaiser at a secret council held at Potsdam in June, 1908. Said the war lord:—

To find an outlet for the discontent of the nation; to nip the growing republican sentiment in the bud; to fill our treasury; to reduce the burden of taxation; to gain new colonies and markets for our industries across the seas; to accomplish all this, and still more, we simply have to invade England. . . . If God will help us, as I am convinced He will, I trust that at the end of the coming year the Imperial treasury will be filled to overflowing with the gold of the British and French war indemnities.

A copy of the whole of the infamous and blasphemous utterance, of which the above forms a part, was obtained by the author and placed before certain members of the British Cabinet. The most charitable assumption is that the whole thing was regarded as the ravings of one not wholly responsible for his actions; otherwise, even the most unsuspicious person would naturally remark upon the apparent absence of anything done to meet this threat, backed up as it was by an efficient and numerically strong army.

The matter of the indifference of the Home Office with regard to aliens residing on or near the East Coast is the subject of very strong comment by Mr. Le Queux. In company with other writers he connects the Yarmouth and Scarborough raids with signalling and wireless messages, although at the same time acknowledging that in this and other cases a great deal of traitorous work is perhaps being done by British subjects in the enemy's pay. To these may be added the careless sailor or soldier who, after a few extra "drinks," will probably babble about matters best not spoken of outside the forces.

Throughout his book Mr. Le Queux appears to take both Germans and English at the German valuation. Of the fact that a large amount of boastfulness and bluff may lie under the talk of the Teutons this author takes very little account; and because the English appear indifferent in so many circumstances where so much is at stake, Mr. Le Queux credits them with negligence and lack of intelligence. Not so Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who in "My Adventures as a Spy" relates a case of an English Ambassador who "had the appearance of a cheery, bluff, British farmer, with nothing below the surface," yet managed to outwit all the intriguers gathered round an Eastern Court. As this attitude is typical of Englishmen generally, it probably accounts for the many mistakes made by Germany in her summing up of our character and intelligence. This second book contrasts sharply, although doubtless unintentionally, the difference in method between the English and the German spy—the observance of the laws of humanity by one and the utter unscrupulousness of the other. Sir Robert's experiences were many and interesting; taken separately and told at greater length, they would form excellent stories. As they stand, they will be of incalculable value to

the force he has made so completely his own—the Boy Scouts.

Professor Cramb's Warning and Anticipation

Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain. By J. A. CRAMB. (Murray. 5s. net.)

Germany and England. By J. A. CRAMB. Popular Edition. (Murray. 1s.)

PROFESSOR CRAMB died in October, 1913—some nine months before the crisis which was to lend more point to much that he had to say than he himself probably ever believed possible. His lectures on the "Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain" were directly inspired by the Boer War; his lectures on "Germany and England" were the result of his study of Treitschke and Bernhardt at a time when so many others chose to ignore them; we can only wonder as we glance again through both books to-day to what heights his often poetic, often merely verbose, but always well-informed and thoroughly sincere, rhetoric might have been carried by the spectacle of Germany and England at grips and by the uprising of the British dominions in a way which eclipses anything seen during the struggle in South Africa. In issuing a further edition of "Germany and England" the publisher indicates that twelve editions were disposed of between August and November last; the first edition in June did not apparently find a ready market till the war was upon us. After the war had become a reality, people began to study the warnings which a few men like Cramb had been issuing. Mr. Murray might have added considerably to the interest of the reprint by giving us figures of the first edition and of subsequent editions; they would have provided a neat little object-lesson in the public tendency always to learn what is wrong with the stable door after the horse has got away. The present is called a popular edition. What does that mean? Were not the editions which kept the press busy during four months popular? At best this may be a more popular edition, and it costs one instead of two shillings. Yet who has not read Cramb's account of the teaching of Treitschke and Bernhardt? Those who did not buy the book last autumn borrowed it. Its principal value now—indeed, its only value—is that it may induce a universal determination "never again" to be caught as we were in August last. Some of the ideas which found expression in "Germany and England" are also to be found in what Dr. A. C. Bradley describes as Cramb's "too little known volume 'The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain.'" There is much in Cramb's ideas on empires in general and on Imperial Britain in particular—he rather objects to British Empire because the term involves certain associations that do not strike us as vastly significant—which every student may study with advantage. He was profoundly impressed with the new ideal of empire which has come to Great Britain—an ideal which in 1900 he said was "impressing the whole earth by its

majesty"—and he searches all history without finding a parallel. He takes a spiritual view of Imperial Britain, which is not always quite easy to reconcile with certain familiar material facts, and his analyses of causes and effects strike us sometimes as prompted by faith rather than events. However, the book is a serious contribution to the growing Imperial library, and if in the struggle to attain the conscious ideal which he says has now come to us we have time for reading how we have arrived where we are, and how we are to achieve our destiny, then Cramb will perhaps take his place somewhere near Seeley. It is a book to read, not to be rushed through, if we would grasp all that was in the mind of the writer, who believed, and rightly believed, that in Britain the spirit of empire receives a new incarnation.

The Children's Philosopher

The New Parent's Assistant. By STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.G.S. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT is popularly supposed that all fathers and mothers know best how to bring up their own children, and that those who venture advice and suggestions on this delicate subject are well rewarded if they are shown the door as interfering busybodies. The education of the child's mind, especially during babyhood, is an intimate and personal matter, and, far from being simple, it is a process at which we might well be lost in wonderment, did we but take the pains to comprehend it. Eyes and ears and fingers—all the senses, in fact—are constantly conveying their impressions of a new world to a new brain with no past experience to work upon, and the growing brain is endeavouring to arrange and associate those varying impressions, forming, very gradually, a coherent opinion of the universe constituted by "home" and friends and limited excursions. Upon this period, with great courage, Dr. Stephen Paget has thought fit to throw his clear, unwavering searchlight of inquiry, and the result, far from being resented, must be praised highly. Those who have read Dr. Paget's previous essays dealing with "The Young People" will know how pleasant is his style, how sure is his touch with themes that might easily be ruined by thoughtless handling. He takes us from "The First Few Years" to the difficult time when the child begins to ask awkward questions about religion, right and wrong, and when the decision whether to explain or to disregard the mysteries of sex has to be taken. On this problem few men could have written more wisely. With the chapter entitled "Discipline," the "Parent's Assistant" really comes to an end; but "The Love of London" and "The Use of Grandparents," two charming little discursions, are not foreign to the purpose of the book, and a note under the heading of "August, 1914," explains that these essays were written in times of peace, and expresses the hope that they may yet win a glance amid the general confusion. We are sure that they will do more than this. Dr. Paget is a philosopher with a charming,

easy lucidity, a teacher dignified and yet familiar, a serious adviser with a gift of humour and a rare humility. "Neither science nor ethics can do much for us," he writes, referring to our bewilderment at the behaviour of the growing child. "Not that I should ever go to an Ethical Society for guidance in any of my difficulties: I would not trust it so much as to tell me, without a paper and a two hours' discussion, how to get from the Bank to the Marble Arch; but ethics, doubtless, are a grand study, if only the Ethical Societies would leave them alone." We recommend this little volume to all grown-up people with open minds and warm hearts.

Fiction

SACRED and profane love form the main *motif* of Miss Marjorie Bowen's latest historical romance, "The Carnival of Florence" (Methuen and Co., 6s.). For setting she has chosen the ancient Tuscan capital in the latter half of the fifteenth century, when the power of the brilliant Medici family was on the wane and the influence of Savonarola, at once orator and ecclesiastical reformer, in the ascendant; in a word, Florence in her magnificence and her misery. The heroine is not inaptly named Aprilis, for her young heart is fated to be stirred in turn by the conflicting emotions of her betrothal to one man, her marriage to another, and her love for a third, the unfortunate Piero dei Medici. The daughter of a Florentine money-lender, she falls under Savonarola's influence, and Miss Bowen relates with sympathetic feeling the story of her struggles.

Melodrama with more than the usual quantum of shocks and thrills, startling situations and incidents, is to be found in "The Enemies of England," by Cyril Ranger-Gull (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.), who, if we mistake not, first made his bow as a novelist under the pseudonym of "Guy Thorne," and presented us with "Love and the Freeman" and "When It Was Dark." These were followed, under the new style, by "Murder Limited," to be now capped by this *magnum opus* of villainy, with the familiar beautiful auburn-haired siren and the polished and charming foreign count. They are, of course, both adepts in wickedness, and they and their select coterie, whilst thrilling the reader, cause the British Government no little anxiety. But in spite of infernal machines in the form of watches and mysterious firearms which go off noiselessly, and poison rings, and a gigantic saurian which dwells in St. John's Wood, all their diabolical machinations come to naught in quite an unexpected manner.

The habit of questioning is one chiefly associated with the small child, whose nascent inquiring mind will often propound riddles that a sage may find a difficulty in solving. "They Who Question" (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), however, is an anonymous work on Biblical lines beyond the Sunday-school phase. It is apparently intended for those grown-up persons

who, without being exactly Pharisees, will sit and listen to one sermon after another, whether administered in homœopathic doses or delivered with the interminable iteration of a zealous divine whose ardour ignores the flight of time and the hunger-pangs of his congregation. The publishers assure us that the book is "from the pen of a well-known writer," and it is a pity that he or she does not come out into the open and add the weight of a specific personality to the vapid outpourings inflicted on the reader in the form of a novel. But this anonymous author has recourse to puppets who preach and preach to repletion, until finally a not too orthodox dean, with fashionable imperialism, ends all questioning with a more or less unctuously delivered sermon of over a dozen pages.

Shorter Notices

"Malice in Kulturland"

Among the many attempts which have recently been made to treat the world-wide war in the satiric spirit, Mr. Horace Wyatt's adaptation of Lewis Carroll's two famous books into one lively pasquinade with the title of our heading (*The Car Illustrated*, 1s. net.) is, we think, the most successful. The assured popularity of any book which takes "Alice" as its ground-work is here heightened by the excellent illustrations by "Tell," an artist who follows Sir John Tenniel's designs in a spirit of admirable burlesque, and sometimes gives us original drawings in the same manner, but with a certain modern bitterness added which is very effective and amusing. As the title implies, Mr. Wyatt does not spare the protagonists of the war any less than the artist. Perhaps the following example gives as good an idea as one could select of the quality of the parody. The dialogue is, of course, between the German Emperor and the Crown Prince:

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And the end of your life is in sight;

Yet you're frequently patting your God on the head—

Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," said his sire, "I established my case

As a being apart and divine;

And I think if I try to keep God in His place,

He ought to support me in mine."

Many cunning thrusts and satiric comments are given on the affairs which led up to and continued the war. As a whole, "Malice in Kulturland" is an entertaining and indubitable success for both the artist and the author.

Love Letters

Nothing is easier than to concoct at a time like the present a series of letters which are merely sickly sentimentality. Miss May Aldington has avoided the pitfall very cleverly in "Love Letters to a Soldier" (Werner Laurie, 1s.). They are quite natural epistles from a very charming woman who will not marry the man she loves on the eve of his going to the front. "All the woman in me says 'Yes,' all the practical common sense says 'No'; the practical common sense is only another name for 'duty.'" She is his, but does not wish to be asked to do "what all the other women in your world would desire to do." The end is dra-

matic in its simplicity, when on their wedding-day she goes to meet the ship which brings him home and she sees him: "One sleeve, the right, pinned empty to his breast! It has left me numb, speechless with an indescribable sense of joy and pain." For very light reading we commend "Love Letters to a Soldier."

The Theatre

"Hajj"

THE inexhaustible romance and charm of the Arabian Nights are known to all, but no one in our immediate period has so entirely acquired the feeling and character of these once oft-told tales as the accomplished author of "Kismet." After many successful adventures in other and very different kinds of drama, Mr. Edward Knoblauch has turned again to the wild loves and follies and braveries of the East. "Hajj" has evidently been especially written for the first appearance of Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton on the variety stage, and we can imagine no more auspicious and agreeable entrance. On Monday night, at the Palace, the play, which lasts about forty minutes, was received with immense applause. As Hajj, Mr. Asche appears once more in the welcome character of the braggadocio beggar of Baghdad, whose fortunes are so strange and rapid, whose vivid star will, we hope, give him many another night of nights and many more nights of power. The quick drama of the little play as Mr. Knoblauch has written it is full of gaiety, instinct with the graceful and bold spirit of an old Arabian city. Every phrase is based upon a knowledge of the "Nights," every quick incident breathes the charm and vigour of the fantastic period it revives for all to see. Yet this particular story of Hajj is original in conception, and constructed with a skill which hides beneath the becoming mask of inevitability. Mr. Knoblauch may have done greater work, but he has never written quite so cleverly, so entirely within the picture. This quality is brought home to us by the easy development of the drama and the excellent characterisation of the personages of the play. Miss Lily Brayton as the slave girl Harifah, who is not really a slave, is a decorative memory of old Baghdad made human and passionate. Her lover, Salim, Mr. Skillan, gives us the quintessence of perfumed Persian gallantry. Mr. Caleb Porter, as the wicked merchant Ali, is the impersonation of the immemorial old miser and thief of life. Hajj we all know, but after many daring and reckless schemes he appears at the end of the play as the friend of true lovers and the avenger who slays the evil-doer. The production is restrained but splendid; the Egyptian dances seductive and beautiful; every part is admirably played; and the music by Mr. Christopher Wilson greatly helps the illusion which Mr. Knoblauch and Mr. Asche and his gifted company have woven for our delight. All who can spare an

hour from sterner affairs will feel they owe a debt to the Palace for this production, the sort of debt—

. . . the ruin owes the vine
That covers it with dreams of wine,
Of fauns, of starry nights, of blue
Resplendent skies. . .

Miss Hoey and Mr. Grossmith

THE gayest and most irresponsible of all the revivals is to be found at the Vaudeville Theatre, where Miss Margaret Mayo's "Baby Mine" is now admirably reproduced. We do not consider the title very fortunate—even after years of success—but that is a small affair. The object of a farce in three acts is to be accumulatively funny, and this end the present play achieves with easy grace—and some freedom. It is the most laughable and best-acted farce in town, a welcome resource for those who are tired of thinking and wish to be, broadly speaking, amused. But there is much more than mere unthinking, irresistible laughter in Miss Mayo's piece. There are Miss Hoey and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, both whole-heartedly devoted to the matter in hand, both great artists who choose to devote their gifts to helping the world to merriment, both personages who could touch our emotions in other ways if it chanced to be their humour.

Miss Hoey is capable of anything on the stage, from, say, her part in "The Silent Woman" even unto "The Pearl Girl," and as Zoie, the wife and would-be mother of "Baby Mine," she shows herself, notwithstanding the farcical surroundings, to be one of the most charming comedians of the English stage. Her air of conviction and sincerity, her cleverness and sense of character, send the whole lively intrigue along at lightning pace. She has never played it better than on the night of the revival, when the whole house cheered her again and again. All the clever things that Miss Hoey did with her part Mr. Grossmith effected in his own rare manner with the character of the unfortunate Jimmy. The story of the wife's little lies, her runaway husband, and her friend's *ruse* to bring him home with the lure of a baby, is well known. No part is allowed to flag for a moment. That strange friend of farce, Aggie, who arranged the baby incident, is made quite human and real by Miss Constance Hyem, and the even stranger husband of farce, Alfred Hardy, is played by Mr. J. V. Bryant with so much spirit and force that we almost believe in him until the curtain is down and we find our way out into the lightless Strand. Thus we have been permitted to forget for a few hours the saddening aspect of life as it really is, and wander for a time in the amusing world which Miss Margaret Mayo has so cleverly discovered for us, a world where nothing matters except laughter. If you need the tonic of a lively evening and can enjoy the subtle art of several gifted comedians, haste to the Vaudeville.

EGAN MEW.

MOTORING

THE other day a motorist was summoned at Mortlake for a breach of the "powerful light" regulation. Being a member of the A.A. & M.U., he was defended by the Legal Department of the Association. The lamps complained of were electric side-lamps, of six-candle power. In supporting the summons, the police stated that the Commissioner had taken the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, who had given it as their view that any lamps showing a greater power than that of the ordinary oil lamp carried by taxi-cabs would be considered a "powerful light" within the meaning of the regulations now in force. On the other hand, it may be mentioned that the military definition of a "powerful light" is said to be one which projects a beam of more than 30 yards in length.

The Automobile Association & Motor Union has recently given careful consideration to its position in relation to the regulations made under the Defence of the Realm Act, 1914, which prohibit the use of powerful lights on motor vehicles within the Metropolitan Police area, and desires to make the following announcement of its intentions in the matter. Since the issue of the regulations in November last, the Association has made it a practice to defend members and their drivers who received summonses for infringements, although, strictly speaking, such offences are not covered under the free legal defence scheme, which applies solely to offences under the Motor Car Act. Having regard, however, to the fact that the regulations have now been operative for three months, it is felt by the A.A. committee that the time has arrived when there can be no longer any question of the provisions not being within the knowledge of motorists generally. They have therefore decided that, except in cases where they are satisfied that a conviction would be a serious miscarriage of justice, the benefit of free legal defence shall not cover infringements committed after March 6 next.

The Dunlop Company have just introduced a new pressure gauge which should commend itself to those motorists who study economy by attending to the proper inflation of their tyres, a subject which is receiving more attention than ever at the present time. The principle of this latest Dunlop accessory is a coiled spring and piston enclosed in a cylinder. On the tester being applied to the valve, the plunger is depressed by the projecting pin at its base. The escaping air causes the spring-controlled piston to rise, the motion being recorded on the gauge above by an indicator which is separate from the piston, and which retains its position after the air pressure is removed. The spring is the result of careful experiments, and the makers state that it can be relied upon to be uniform in action and practically everlasting. To set the gauge at zero, the moving parts are depressed by hand. The price of the gauge is 5s.

In view of the prominence given in the Press to the

recent fire at the Dunlop Rubber Mills, the Dunlop Company wishes us to state that the conflagration was purely local and that the consequences are not serious. There will be practically no interruption in supplies.

The Romance of Empire*

IN my view the British Empire is the most romantic and wonderful thing in the history of the whole world. It is the only Empire ever founded on freedom, the only Empire which could claim that its outlying parts were buttresses of the central structure, not mere solitary settlements held in place by an officialdom which when not cast iron was just red-tape. Its history, if we choose to follow out the threads, is as complete a romance as the most ingenious weaver of plots could wish to find, and it has the added allurements of being the romance of fact, not of fiction. As I read of Canadians in their thousands crossing the Atlantic to fight for the Motherland, of Sikhs and Gurkhas being landed at Marseilles to fight for France as the ally of Great Britain, of Australians and new Zealanders crossing the southern seas to defend Egypt from the German-led Turk, of Dutch and British fighting side by side under the leadership of General Botha to preserve South Africa inalienably for the British flag, my mind surges with thoughts of Cabot in his merest cockle-shell making his way over the waters of the Atlantic to the new isle for the discovery of which Henry VII made him the munificent present of £10; of the long struggle of Spain and Portugal, of France and England, to find a sea-route to the spice islands of the East in order to capture the trade which passed over the desert now pierced by the Suez Canal; of the quest for the Austral land which when found was thought little of and was ultimately selected as best fitted for the convicts of England; of the desperate fights between England and France for the overlordship of the native races of India, and of the century-long conflict of Boer with Briton for supremacy at the Cape. I think of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, of Drake and Hawke and Rodney, of Clive and Wolfe, of Nelson and Wellington, and a thousand others who played heroic parts in the world-drama which opened with Columbus and Vasco da Gama when the one reached the West and the other the East Indies. The British Empire to-day is fighting as England has fought many a time, for the right to exist: as England fought with Spain, with Portugal, with Holland, with France, all of whom were out for dominion in Europe and beyond the seas just as Germany is. One recalls the Papal bull which divided the heathen world between Spain and Portugal—a scrap of paper which England refused to recognise and resistance to which accounts for not a little of her history. We might almost adopt the remark with which Francis I greeted the Papal ordinance and say of another little scheme of more recent date: "As though our first father, Adam, had made them his sole heirs!" There is a curious irony about Empire; those who design Empire get it only to lose it: one like England, who never designed Empire, had Empire forced upon her by the necessity of protecting her trade and the settlements she started overseas not with a view to world-power, but to give her people a chance of living. Dupleix

* "The Romance and Rally of the Empire" formed the subject of a lecture delivered at the Royal Colonial Institute this week by Mr. Edward Salmon. We take two portions of the address. I.—"The Past" we reprint this week; II.—"The Future" will appear next week. The complete address will appear in the Journal of the Institute, *United Empire*.

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designed Empire in India for France; Clive without design won it for England. England's Empire expanded often in despite of herself. England went to Madras to participate in the riches of Eastern trade; France and her native allies tried to oust her and brought into the field a mere clerk, a discontented youth who, having failed to blow his brains out, stepped from his desk to lead a band of European and native levies to Arcot. Empire in the East began with the defence of Arcot, and the devotion of our splendid Indian soldiery had its earliest manifestation when the natives led into the fort by this East India Company's clerk held it on rice-water whilst giving him and the Europeans the rice itself. When Germany wanted East Africa in 1884 Count Pfeil, Karl Peters, and Dr. Jühlke entered the country disguised as mechanics and deluded the chiefs into signing away 60,000 square miles which belonged to the Sultan of Zanzibar; when she wanted West Africa she secured letters of introduction from Great Britain to native chiefs and used them in an attempt to steal territory belonging to France; Nachtigal very nearly rewarded British trust in his peaceful commercial mission by securing for Germany the Oil Rivers territory, better known as Southern Nigeria. Germany provoked a crisis in Morocco and compelled France for the sake of peace to compensate her with 100,000 square miles in the Cameroons. That is how Germany made Empire. England's greatest mistake in her Imperial history, according to the general opinion, was made when she elected to impose upon the American Colonists some part of the cost of the Seven Years' War she fought in their interests: it is one of the most dramatic instances in history of cause and effect that we lost America because we won Canada; if Wolfe had not been victorious on the Plains of Abraham, Canada might have remained French, and the Americans would not have revolted—at any rate when they did. Then, you will remember, when the Americans, freed of the British incubus, wished to lend the Canadians a hand to free themselves, the Canadians point-blank rejected the offer. The story of Canada since she passed from French to British possession surely finds a fitting sequel when she sends out the men of Quebec, as well as the men of Ontario and the other Provinces, to take their share in fighting for a cause which the twin mother-countries have made their own. Was it for nothing that Wolfe and Montcalm both fell on the Plains of Abraham and were commemorated in that joint monument which stands on Dufferin Terrace, overlooking the St. Lawrence? You know its gloriously simple tribute—

"Mortem virtus Communem
Famam Historia
Momentum Posteritas
Dedit"

—which perhaps I may be allowed to render freely: "Valour gave a common death, History a common fame, Posterity a common monument." How I wish I could throw into a series of pictures the events of the eighteenth century side by side with those which have stirred our emotion and our pride in the twentieth century! At the last meeting of the Institute we were all moved by Sir George Reid's enthusiasm at the sight from which he had just returned, of 22,000 Australians on the banks of the Suez Canal, prepared with other representatives of the fighting forces of the Empire to meet the enemy. Sir George Reid pointed the moral: We sent convicts to Australia; Australia sends us of her manhood to assist in the defence of the Empire. Very remarkable is the martial instinct of the Australians, democrats of democrats, whose country has never known a war, for the fights with the natives were mere affrays; her solitary battle, if it can be so called, was between the riotous miners and the soldiery at the Eureka Stockade. Australia commemorated the

event with a monument which may be taken as marking appreciation of its exceptional character so far as the island continent is concerned. Democracy, enjoyed in peace, has not made the Australian less ready to fight for the Empire than is the Canadian, the New Zealander, and the South African. South Africa, perhaps, provides the most extraordinary instance of what I choose to call the romance of the Empire; we know from the day of the Great Trek to the day of Majuba that the Dutch in South Africa swore they would never live under the British flag; to escape it they endured every conceivable hardship; they trekked and fought and intrigued; Majuba only confirmed them in their resolve. The hour came, as it came in Canada, when two races fought out their differences, and the conqueror won not merely the war, but the loyalty of the vanquished. It is never safe for the alien enemy to rely on intrigue within the British gates, as Germany and her friends in South Africa have discovered. General Botha accepted British citizenship, he has learned that there is both freedom and security within the folds of the Union Jack, and he has held South Africa for Britain as staunchly as in other days he would have held it for the Dutch. General Botha and most of his colleagues have been simply splendid. "You can safely withdraw all Imperial troops," he cabled, in effect, to Downing Street; "we will look after the interests of the Empire in these parts." It was a message as thrilling as Mr. Redmond's when he pledged the Nationalist Volunteers to stand side by side with the Ulster Volunteers for the protection of the flag which Germany was assured they were only waiting to tear to ribbons. I am the more free to pay generous tribute to the attitude and action of the majority of the Dutch in South Africa, with General Botha and General Smuts at their head, because I was one of the most convinced opponents of what I regarded as a too liberal and too precipitate concession to Boer demands; it is a case in which it is a profound satisfaction to confess that one was wrong and to bear witness that the gospel of loyalty is more appealing and more potent than the gospel of hate.

The City

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S endorsement of Mr. Lloyd George's war finance, as to which there seems to have been a moment's doubt, is in accord with City feeling. He congratulated the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the success of his departure in consulting financial authorities upon financial matters—a point which the City will remember when perhaps Mr. Chamberlain himself may some day be in charge of the portfolio now held by Mr. Lloyd George. The new Treasury Bills offered this week have been a further proof of confidence as well as of our resources. "After nearly seven months of the most expensive war ever waged," said Mr. Lloyd George, on Tuesday, "the Government had that day raised £20,000,000 in the City by six months' and twelve months' bills, both of which were considerably over-subscribed. The average interest on the twelve month bills was £2 17s., while for the six month bills, which was subscribed three or four times over, they would have to pay £1 12s. 3d." The success of the issue was the more notable because the market was paying up the £10,000,000 of new Russian bills.

The Stock Exchange is in a state of dull anticipation. Rumours of fresh Canadian and other borrowings have had their effect on first-class securities, though we should have thought, in any case, the statement of the Canadian Minister of Finance would have been reassuring to any who may have had doubts as to the Dominion's position what-

ever the convenience of the moment might demand. The Stock Exchange is, of course, still awaiting a decision as to revised minimum prices: when this comes, things, it is hoped, will look up. Canpacs, Grand Trunks, and Argentine Railways have all been good, the rise in the first being significant, but generally the markets in which movements have taken place, have recorded declines, Mexican Rails being especially weak. Home Rails are marked by no feature of interest. Oils are fairly active, though with smaller business in Shells; Caucasians were freely dealt in up to 27s. 6d., which, however, is some 7s. below the figure at which they stood before the outbreak of war. Rubbers, notwithstanding the promising prices being obtained for the raw material, have claimed no particular attention. Industrials have been somewhat more freely dealt in, with Selfridge's an improving spot, due in some measure to the effect of the chairman's speech and his confident prediction that however good the report for last year might in the circumstances be considered, that for 1915 was going to be "decidedly better."

Insurance companies are faced with a question as the result of the war which may not make their way in future easier. The Legal and General Life has paid a good many claims directly due to the war; yet its mortality was 252 as against 313 expected in normal circumstances. This is in keeping with the other insurance reports, and has induced the question whether the public is not obviously paying too much for its insurance in peace time. With new business affected by war conditions the Legal and General are fortunate in being able to report that for the first time its premium income exceeded £1,000,000. Its total funds increased during the year by the sum of £700,233, and amounted to £10,410,529.

SELFRIDGE'S.

A GREAT HOUSE WITH 200 DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS.

Mr. H. G. Selfridge presided over the sixth annual meeting held in the Palm Court, on Tuesday, February 23. There was a larger attendance of shareholders than usual.

The Chairman said: Our sixth annual report is before you, showing a net profit of £134,791 4s. 2d., to which must be added the amount carried forward from last year's accounts, £16,396 1s. 3d., making a total of £151,187 5s. 5d. Out of this we have paid £18,960 for debenture interest, £32,337 for preference dividend, and we propose to make the following appropriations: £25,000, being 5 per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares—same as last year—and to be paid subject to deduction of income-tax; £20,000 in reduction of preliminary expenses; £8,000 to depreciation of fixtures and fittings, and £6,000 to writing down investments, leaving £40,890 to be carried forward. This amount is £24,000 more than last year, and is equal to a full year's dividend on the preference capital. You will observe from the report that, in addition to the depreciations charged as working expenses, we have also appropriated from January, 1912, to date, upwards of £155,000 out of profits to betterment—and I think you will agree that seeing we have been establishing a new business this is very satisfactory.

While reasonably pleased with the year's results, it is hardly necessary to add that, except for the extraordinary conditions since August 1, the profits would have been considerably higher. Of course, our returns for 1914 have been much larger than for any previous year, and our gross profits for the twelve months were, in volume, largely in excess of those of the preceding or any former year; but our efforts during the months of the war have been more concentrated on "carrying on" than in closely scrutinising our expenses. During all the difficult months of last year we made no arbitrary dismissals, reduced no

salaries, and required no unusual holidays or absence from duty. This action has been taken with eyes wide open, and would be repeated if the matter were again to come up for decision. Our percentage to gross profits has been interfered with somewhat by the business we have done with the War Departments of this country and our Allies, which, while by no means great in amount, has been carried through at a very small gross profit, and in many instances at actual cost. Again, I repeat this policy has been adopted with entire knowledge of what the result would be, and we have no reason to regret such decision. Our stock of merchandise is somewhat higher than last year. This is a condition, however, with which we are quite satisfied, especially when we note that the number of times our average stock has turned has been during 1914 considerably higher than during 1913. We believe that every merchant should always scrutinise more carefully the number of times turned than the actual amount of stock on hand—assuming that the stock itself is good and saleable. Our book debts are higher than last year by a large amount, this increase being made up to a considerable extent in several amounts due from the War Departments of this and other countries.

The recent months, of course, have not been propitious ones in which to complete plans for opening the new provision departments across Oxford Street; but they have been opened nevertheless, and are already, while only two months old, doing a large business, and one which is showing great growth every single day. I have every reason to believe that these departments, which have been extraordinarily successful from the morning the doors were opened, will develop into a very important portion of this business. During the year we have purchased the business of Messrs. T. Lloyd and Co., Ltd., and by this purchase, and the acquisition of other leasehold interests in the premises, we have secured the great space on the west of this main building extending to Orchard Street. We have since completed negotiations with the ground landlord for a new lease for over eighty years of the whole of the property on terms which are very fair and reasonable, and throughout these negotiations we have received every courtesy and consideration.

The purchase of the business of T. Lloyd and Co. and of the other premises, and the arrangements for the renewal of the leases, are a great step forward for this business, and will undoubtedly secure a tremendous increase in the annual returns and resulting profits. The great advantages which this addition will give will not be fully realised until the new buildings are erected—a work which we shall hope to begin as soon as possible after the close of the war. We have given much time and consideration to the designing of these new buildings, and when they are completed and added to the present store, which is already too small for our growing business, we shall be able to complete the extension of our trade, which our experience has confirmed can be developed almost without limit. While, perhaps, a result which shows a few thousand pounds better profit than the year before may be considered as very good, I have no hesitation, all things considered, in prophesying a decidedly better result for the year which we have just entered. This is a progressive, growing, rapidly developing business, which, war or no war, is gathering to its 200 departments constantly increasing numbers of London's buying public, and every day making more and more of them regular and permanent customers and friends. (Applause.) The Chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Percy A. Best seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the chairman.

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Notes of the Week

Good Work All Round

EXCELLENT work has been done by the Allies on the Western frontier during the week, and Canada will glow with pride at General French's special reference to the smart capture of German trenches by men of Princess Patricia's Infantry. But greater work has been done by Russia in the East. Again, as we confidently expected, Russia has turned the tables on Count von Hindenburg. In desperate fighting she has hurled the Germans back, capturing many thousands and valuable booty. Berlin's pæon of triumph has been short-lived. In the Carpathians the Russians have scored further successes, and Germany is now attributing her reverses, so far as she admits them, to shortage of officers. Success attends her nowhere. The bombardment of the Dardanelles disconcerts her plans to the South, and the piratical idea of a submarine blockade seems to be resolving itself into a tragi-comedy. Submarines and Zeppelins alike are playing her false. The trouble in which she hoped to involve us with America has to materialise, and the efforts of the German Americans to bring matters to a head by sending out the *Dacia* have been amusingly countered by the French capture of the ship. Great Britain is not the only nation concerned in these nefarious schemes. The intervention of a French cruiser was a move for which the astute German American was not prepared. There has been another miscalculation.

No Half Measures

Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith have made it clear that the Government will use no half-measures in dealing either with industrial disputes at home or German efforts at sea. The strike on the Clyde was downright treachery; men and masters haggle over farthings while their fellows in the trenches are risking their lives for the country and demanding the munitions of war. It matters little at this moment who is right; the existence, to say nothing of the self-respect, of the nation is at stake, and the Government have sternly called upon the men to resume work. Differences must be adjusted by other means. Mr. Lloyd George traces part of the mischief to the grog shop; Russia has given up vodka, France absinthe, and now we are warned that there must be still earlier closing if drink becomes a national menace. There can be no paltering with the enemy within any more than without the gates. The British reply to Ger-

many's piracy is to take measures which will prevent ships either entering or leaving German ports, whatever they carry. Germany, with her great fleet in hiding, will be made now to realise what sea power means.

Constantinople

The dramatic turn affairs have taken in the Dardanelles, the smashing of the forts, and the mine-sweeping miles within the entrance, involve not only the possibility of Russian produce securing a clear way out from the Black Sea at an early date, but the fate of Constantinople itself. It also lends remarkable point to the very able article which Mr. J. Ellis Barker contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* this month. In his opinion, Russia's acquisition of Constantinople—which is at the back of most people's heads to-day, though M. Sazanoff in a much misinterpreted speech implied rather than said it was Russia's goal—would not increase Russia's military strength, but make her more vulnerable. Mr. Ellis Barker's thirty-page account of the city which has been the pivot of so much history is immensely valuable just now. It contains much from authoritative documents not readily available to British readers. Lord Salisbury said we backed the wrong horse in putting our money on Turkey; that was a legacy we derived from the inventive faculty of Napoleon.

The South African Rebellion

The Union Parliament has met in South Africa under peculiarly trying conditions. De Wet and other leaders in the rebellion are either in prison or dead, but Hertzog is present to cause trouble and actively resent the Governor-General's description of the rebellion as "a treacherous conspiracy." The evidence in the De Wet trial, not yet concluded, together with other well-known facts, suffices to prove that it was largely, if not wholly, the work of German intrigue. Yet General Hertzog proposes that a Select Committee should inquire into the cause of the rebellion. The Blue Book giving the official report on the rising adds a touch of romance to the unpleasant story: the rebels were encouraged by the visions of the notorious Van Rensburg, who saw seven bulls fighting, and a grey one (Germany) emerging victorious. Beyers, Maritz, and the rest used the vision for all it was worth with the simple Boer. General Botha from the field sent a stirring message inviting members to drop party differences till the enemy had been disposed of, and entering a plea that mercy should be shown men deluded by leaders false to their oath and their country. General Botha's fine example ought to result in the crushing out of the last remnants of racial animosity in South Africa.

Australia's Tom Tiddler's Ground

What is to be the future of Australia's Northern Territory—the Tom Tiddler's Ground of the island continent, as a writer in *THE ACADEMY* of September 26 last described it? At the Royal Society of Arts this week Mr. David Lindsay said that men and money are all that are needed to add a prosperous new State to the Commonwealth. *THE ACADEMY* contributor suggested

that British India should be drawn upon as white labour is impossible in the Northern Territory. Mr. Lindsay proposes to go to Spain. Why go outside the Empire? Arrangements might be made for settling British Indians within a strictly defined zone where they would be invaluable economically, without in any way conflicting with the ideal of a White Australia. Perhaps this war, in which British Indian regiments are fighting side by side with Australian, may modify extreme views at the Antipodes. Mr. Lindsay's way out does not appeal to us: what do the Australians think of it?

Mr. W. L. George and the Bookseller

BY A PUBLISHER

MR. W. L. GEORGE is a man of immense courage. He admits he knows nothing of the bookselling business—is this a fact or mock humility?—and he proceeds to lecture the booksellers for forty minutes on the needs of their trade. At a meeting of the London branch of the National Book Trade Provident Society at Stationers' Hall on Friday, February 26, under the chairmanship of Mr. Joseph Shaylor, he elected to tell them a variety of interesting things, which would have been still more interesting if the impression left had not been that Mr. George's disavowal of knowledge was entirely well founded. The title of his address was "The Bookseller and Author"—the publisher, unhappy man, is between the upper and the nether millstone and bound to be crushed. But Mr. George incidentally sought to show him also, though without deliberate design, how he should run *his* business—in the interests of authors. Mr. George, we should have thought, judging from what we hear of his success, has no great cause to complain of the publisher, but he evidently labours under the disquieting suspicion that all is not done for his books that might be done. He entered a plea for the standardisation of the price at which novels—he was mainly concerned with novels when he talked of books—are subscribed.

Mr. George's view is that, when a publisher's representative shows a book to the trade, he asks easier terms for the work of an inferior author than those at which, say, Mr. George's own great efforts in fiction are subscribed. This, in his opinion, is unfair to the best authors and against the best interests of literature. Now, two things are certain: first, it is right and proper that the inferior article should be subscribed at a lower figure than the better, because any bookseller will find ten times as much difficulty in selling it if he sells it at all, and the experience of everyone with the least knowledge of the trade is that no terms will induce booksellers to take a work unless they are fairly well assured that there will be some demand for it. Mr. George may repose peacefully on his couch, assured that where one copy of an inferior novel, or a novel by an unknown writer, which is not necessarily the same thing,

is subscribed hundreds of his own will be taken up. The second point is one that does not concern Mr. George to-day, but was of considerable consequence to him before he achieved success. When Mr. George's first novel was offered to the trade, his publisher probably secured him a hearing by giving terms which he would not give to-day; it is simply absurd, though to the uninitiated it may seem profound wisdom, to talk of an identical subscription price for novels by authors who are either inferior or unknown and authors who only need to announce a new novel to command a market. If Mr. George's scheme became the law, he would make it more than ever difficult for a new novelist, however able, to get a hearing. When he tells booksellers how they should or should not dress their windows, we feel inclined to ask him whether, assuming he were a tradesman, and had an article like a Marie Corelli or a Hall Caine that had but to be shown to sell, he would not prefer to stock a window with it rather than, say, a new novel by W. L. George, which commands a sufficient but not, we imagine, exceptional public? Mr. George's objection to cheap reprints is a little precious; publishers do not, as a rule, issue cheap reprints till they know that the demand for the more expensive edition has practically been exhausted.

Lastly, he is very severe on the practice of a bookseller who vends new books, offering "remainders"—that is, the unsold copies of a work. They kill their trade in new books, he says, and so reduce their profit. That is another fallacy. "Remainders" are either as good a source of profit to the bookseller as the new book just published, or they may be the bookseller's expedient for relieving himself of surplus stock. Thousands of the public buy "remainders" because they are cheap, who would buy neither the particular book nor any other if the original price were maintained. "Remainders" mean that the public demand has not been as great as was anticipated. If they were pulped, as Mr. George airily suggests they should be, publishers would certainly suffer to an extent which would ultimately reflect itself in their dealings with authors. We have known cases where the price realised for "remainders" has been practically all the publisher's profits—the author probably has already had his royalties or honorarium.

Mr. George undoubtedly brings a good deal of the same imagination to bear on this question that goes to assist his novel-writing. The principal merit of his address was that it acted as an incentive to a vigorous debate in which booksellers like Mr. F. Hanson and Mr. J. G. Wilson and writers like Mr. Thomas Secombe and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes took part. "Once upon a time every bookseller was more or less a man of letters," said Mr. George; the discussion affords no reason for considering that he is not "more or less" so still, as Mr. George may possibly agree. Bookseller and author had the evening to themselves. No publisher was heard. He is merely a negligible quantity. The author always gets as much as he can out of the publisher, and the bookseller pays him as little as

possible for the author's fledgling, and now that the two have come together under the auspices of Mr. George there is talk of closer relations. The publisher must clearly beware; he is in danger on both flanks. He is forewarned. Mr. Shaylor, like a wise man, was genially non-committal; yet he, and one or two others who were silent, might have said much which would have enlightened, perhaps even edified, Mr. George.

Before and After

SOME poet has said or sung that it is possible for all time to be centred in one heart-beat. Many people, poets and otherwise, believe that in reality there is no such thing as time—it only exists in our sensations; a day may be as long as a lifetime, or as short as that moment preceding the rising of the sun when first the golden rays strike above the dark horizon.

To-day in many people's minds there is only one appropriate classification of the events of consequence which have arisen in their lives. They happened either "before the war" or "now." And between these two definitions there lie for all of us the crowded emotions of a lifetime, events which have changed the whole current of our outlook and philosophy. It is impossible now to reconstruct the sensations which belonged to the far-off days, the lives we lived anterior to the war; it seems as impossible for us at this date to enter into the thoughts, the desires and intentions of the men who wrote then for our edification, or danced or sang or made music for our entertainment. It is a tremendous thing, this change, and one before which the understanding reels. All that was temporary or evanescent has disappeared. The old order has changed; the old way is dead; will the new better it or not?

Life can never be the same again; thought will never run in the old grooves; between us and the midsummer of a past year there lies a barrier insurmountable as the Himalayas, a barrier that will never be pierced nor undermined, and over which no man shall climb. And what is yet more strange, none will desire to surmount it.

At present, to those whose range of sight is limited, there appears to be chaos in the intellectual world as well as on the battlefields, with their inevitable devastation. Painting is dead; literature, the stage, the ballet, music itself, are gone, except in so far as they are in touch with the dominant spirit of war. Creative effort

appears paralysed; all the garnishing of civilisation is swept away, along with the ruthless violation of its principles at the hands of the Huns. But only apparently.

The great legend of the birth of the world from the womb of chaos is an allegory of the throes of creation for all time. It is as applicable to that which is invisible as to the material universe. Science unfolds to us the long vistas of evolution conveyed in those words in Genesis with which all are familiar; but the unerring touch of inspiration, of genius, points us to the moment of actual birth, when the great principle of life complete rose from this welter of preparation. History upholds it. From the chaos of a medley of turbulent tribes, always striving, uprose the great attainment of the Empire of Greece; from the same conditions emerged the Holy Roman Empire of mediæval days, and later again the tremendous genius of the Renaissance.

The harvest of the intellect is reaped in times of peace, but its seed is sown in the days of tribulation and watered by the tears and life blood of a nation. Strength grows from the exertion of strength. Genius, to be efficient, must needs set its roots in the foundations on which human life rests. War takes men down to the bedrock of life, divides it into its elemental conditions; they who are victors and survive are they whose outlook is widest, whose strength and endurance are greatest, and in whom the spiritual element is most developed. A time of peace prolonged is apt to be a time of mediocrity. Looking across the barrier, it seems to have been so in recent years. It was a time of cleverness in which men and women exploited new fads and philosophies, new fashions in art and morality and lapdogs. There have recently been revivals of plays of which the ink has not had time to fade, new editions of books whose writers are still very alive and popular, but which, when we read or listen to them, seem to belong to an age other than ours, an age that was forced to create interests and problems and to discuss its own want of sincerity.

To-day we have dropped all masks. We are face to face with problems whose immensity needs no stating; we have interests so tremendous as to be painful; we have emotions that we are unashamed to reveal. Epigrams have given place to official *communiqués*; whole tragedies of individual lives or cities occupy brief lines of print; there is no time for comment, no place for caustic wit or playful badinage. All that belonged to the days before the war. What will come after?

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Great art, whether of the pen or the brush, of the musician or the dancer, is only the expression of great ideas, of visions that certain chosen spirits are capable of making us see and hear. All England—possibly all the world—is now thinking great thoughts and performing worthy deeds. In the aftermath of peace we shall reap the harvest of these thoughts. Out of the whirlwind and the tangle of the storm that rends the nations will come the still, small voice of genius, the finger that will point us once more to the quiet realms of beauty. In the meantime a practical thought suggests itself. In the times of fiercest conflict the Greeks fed the flame on their altars, the shrines raised to the spirit of beauty in the world; it is our task to see that those in whose hands the lamp of genius may be lighted do not suffer unduly. We owe this duty to ourselves, to those who have ministered to the arts in past days; above all, we owe it to the future. Painters, writers, musicians, actors: who knows what message they may have for us after? War will pass, with its attendant horrors, its crying needs, but life will still be with us, and it may be for all England a much greater and fuller life.

Then we shall call upon the ministers of beauty once more to serve us, and it will be to our shame and sorrow and loss if we find that genius is starved or has suffered from our neglect during the crisis through which we are passing.

Can Germany be Starved Out?

BY J. ELLIS BARKER.

THE professors and the public in England and in Germany have been lately discussing the question whether Germany can be starved out by the British blockade. At first sight it would appear that Germany cannot possibly stand a long interruption of her foreign trade. Germany, like Great Britain, is pre-eminently an industrial and very densely-populated country. According to the latest statistics, the population of Germany is 120 per square kilometre as compared with 144 per square kilometre in Great Britain and with 73.8 in France. In other words, Germany's population per square kilometre is about 60 per cent. larger than that of France and very nearly as great as that of the United Kingdom. The density of population seems to forbid Germany nourishing herself with her own produce. That impression is strengthened by a casual glance at the statistics of Germany's foreign trade. From these we learn that in 1912 Germany imported about 6,000,000 tons of wheat, rye, barley and oats. In addition to these enormous quantities she imported many millions of tons of fodder for cattle and pigs. At first sight it seems impossible that on a comparatively narrow territory Germany should be able to provide food for nearly 70,000,000 people.

If, however, we look a little more closely into Germany's economic position, we find much reason for thinking that Germany should normally be able to

nourish her citizens almost indefinitely with the produce of her agriculture, provided the people make certain changes in their diet, adapting themselves to the circumstances of war, and provided that the next harvest, or harvests, will be approximately normal. Germany possesses a most intensive agriculture. She produces bread corn for approximately 54,000,000 people, while this country produces bread corn for only about 5,000,000 people. In addition, Germany raises colossal quantities of meat. Practically the whole of the meat consumed in Germany is home raised, while this country produces only about one-half the meat required. Only for lard, which is largely consumed by the German people, has the country to rely on imports from abroad. Germany produces approximately four-fifths of its bread corn, and practically the whole of its meat. On the other hand, there are large quantities of certain food luxuries, such as butter, eggs, poultry, cheese, coffee, tea, cocoa, etc., which are furnished from abroad. The problem, therefore, is to find a substitute for the undoubted, though not very great, shortage in bread corn. That substitute may be found in potatoes and sugar, of which Germany has a large surplus. It is generally known that Germany is the largest beet sugar producer in the world, but it is not generally known that she is also by far the largest potato producer. Germany raises every year about one-third of the world's entire potato crop. How enormous her potato harvest is may be seen from this, that her potato harvest, which on an average comes to 45,000,000 tons per year, is about nine times as large as the average potato harvest of the whole of the United Kingdom. According to the International Agricultural statistics, published in the Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture, the German potato harvest of 1908 was applied as follows:—

12,000,000 tons for human food.
17,600,000 tons for fodder.
2,500,000 tons for making spirits.
1,400,000 tons for making starch.
5,200,000 tons for seed.
5,000,000 tons for loss and waste.

Total 43,700,000 tons.

It will be noticed that only about one-fourth of the German potato crop of 1908 was used for human consumption. The quantity reserved for seed can, of course, not safely be entrenched upon. The quantity used for making starch and spirit, which is almost as great as the entire British potato crop, can almost entirely be saved. The German Government regulates the supply and use of foodstuffs. It is seriously interfering with the production of starch and spirits. In addition the 5,000,000 tons of potatoes which are wasted and lost in normal years, will, in a year of scarcity owing to blockade, no doubt be saved for human or animal consumption. It will be noticed that the largest item consists in 17,600,000 tons of potatoes fed to animals. The livestock of Germany is enormous. That country has about twice as many heads of cattle and about five times as

many pigs as has the United Kingdom. Animals in Germany are largely fed on potatoes, turnips, and other roots. By killing off part of the animals, the supply of potatoes and other vegetables for human beings can be very largely increased. Already the German Government has encouraged the killing of animals, the maintenance of which may possibly endanger the store of vegetable food for human beings.

In view of the colossal surplus of potatoes and sugar, it seems likely that Germany can feed herself, provided she changes her diet and becomes largely vegetarian. That seems all the more likely, as she has endeavoured to increase her food production to the utmost by planting all her waste lands, and even her military drill grounds, with potatoes. On the other hand, it has to be considered that her able-bodied country population has been drafted into the army. The question arises whether the old men, women and children who have been left behind, together with the prisoners and the unemployed of the towns, will succeed in doing the necessary work. Probably they will be able to do so; but then the grave question arises—whether the next harvest will be a normal or an insufficient one.

Last, but not least, we must ask ourselves whether Germany has not gravely prejudiced her position by allowing six months to elapse before taking charge of the food problem in its entirety. We do not know whether the stocks in Germany at the outbreak of the War were large, normal, or small. No doubt considerable quantities of food were destroyed by the Russian invasion into East Prussia at the beginning of the War. During the first six months of the campaign the Germans have eaten probably more than usual, because soldiers are large feeders. At the same time, the animals, who were not at once reduced in number, have had to live largely on potatoes instead of on imported maize and other fodder. Consequently, both the stock of bread-corn and of potatoes may now be dangerously reduced. From various indications it seems that there will be a shortage of food for man and animals before the next harvest comes round, and it seems quite possible that, owing to the belated interference of the German Government, that shortage may not be inconsiderable.

Back to the Stone Age

BY WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S.

FEW English folk now living have ever had occasion to light their morning fire by the aid of a tinder-box, yet by a turn of Fortune's wheel the use of this contrivance has once more been revived by the great war. It is true that Brandon, the sleepy Suffolk town on the Little Ouse, has never entirely ceased from the very dawn of history to manufacture gun-flints and "strike-a-lights." But now unexpectedly comes a fresh impetus. The gun-flints will doubtless still continue to be exported to Central and Western Africa, where the

fire-arms are of ancient patterns, but the tinder-boxes will now also be sent out to be used by British soldiers in the sodden trenches. Many a wearied soldier who would otherwise be unable to get a light for his pipe, will now find that he is independent of the weather, and need not mourn over his wet matches.

The surpassing interest of the novelty lies in the fact that, as I have elsewhere shown at considerable length, this mode of obtaining fire was continuously employed from the Neolithic period down to the introduction of the lucifer match about ninety years ago. Throughout the centuries there have been slight modifications in design, but both principle and practice have been constant, except that, before man discovered how to smelt iron, he had to be content with iron pyrites. A tinder-box which was manufactured at the time of the South African war, when a temporary revival occurred, lies before me on the table. It contains a disc of blue-black flint, about an inch and a half in diameter, neatly trimmed at the edges, a small flat bar of steel, and a cotton fuse consisting of parti-coloured yarns woven loosely into a round cord. Occasionally the steel is conveniently shaped like a letter C with its back somewhat flattened. The whole apparatus is neatly packed in a metal box which closes in such a way as to exclude damp. To be candid, it must be said that a fair amount of practice is required before one becomes an adept, first, in getting sparks to fly off in quick succession, and then in adjusting the movement so that the sparks fall exactly on the fuse and cause it to smoulder. The rough, aimless blow is ineffective; it merely shatters the edges of the flint and wears away the substance. A gentle, vertical, sliding movement of the steel over the edges of the firmly held flint, a movement in which the striking or chipping is hardly perceptible, will tell in the end, and the experimenter will find to his delight that he has mastered the trick. It is popularly believed that a tinder-box of this kind will be as serviceable as 300 times its bulk of safety matches.

As just mentioned, the piece of flint is circular in shape. The uninformed will naturally ask how such a hard, intractable, and at the same time brittle material can be thus reduced and rounded. The reply lies in the art of the knapper or flint-worker. Probably for 3,000 years these Brandon artisans, now diminished to a group of some half a dozen, have been delving for flint, and fashioning it to various ends. The flint-diggers bore shafts through the chalk which underlies the surface of Lingheath, outside the town. A typical shaft, which is almost rectangular in section, measures about nine feet by five, and may reach a depth of forty feet. In making the boring, which has many curious points of resemblance to the prehistoric workings at Grimes Graves, on the opposite bank of the Little Ouse, several layers of flint are pierced, and these are tunnelled out in all directions to obtain material for rougher work, such as wall-stones and road-metal. But it is one particular stratum, usually not more than eight inches thick, for which all this labour has been expended, and all the waste material painstakingly

thrown out. One cannot here describe the various processes which the excavated flint undergoes in the knapper's workshop—the quartering, the flaking, the trimming—nor can one stop to explain the meaning of such quaint terms as “paps,” and “horns,” and “crusts.” Seated on a low stool the workman holds obliquely a squared block of flint upon his left leg, around which is a tightly strapped pad of leather. Employing a special kind of hammer, he delivers a series of slight taps on the outer, upper edge of the block or core, working round and round. By this means a number of flakes about three inches in length are detached, some whole, some broken, some of undesirable quality. Here, again, the desired result is secured by skill, not force. The breadth and thickness of these flakes are the chief factors in determining whether they shall be used for gun-flints or strike-a-lights. In either case, the flakes must again be broken across once or twice transversely. Should the aim be to produce strike-a-lights or ignition flints, the separate pieces receive a minor chipping round the border. This secondary working obviates the use of a raw edge, which would splinter when struck by the steel.

The pedigree of the strike-a-light may quickly be traced. The present round type of tinder flint was preceded by one which was rudely oval. Thus far, the development lies within the confines of the last few centuries. But we know that Neolithic folk used both oval and horseshoe patterns. The archæologists call these Neolithic objects “scrapers,” but it seems obvious that they served the double purpose of scraping wood or skins, and of fire-production by means of friction. A detailed comparison of specimens would show that the oval pattern goes back for ages alongside that of the horseshoe, but that the horseshoe was probably the earliest type of all. Incidentally, it may be observed that the modern gun-flint has been derived by a series of transitions from the old English strike-a-light.

The connecting links with the prehistoric period are very numerous. Classical references to the use of flint as a fire-producing agent can be cited from Pliny, Virgil, and Claudian. A bronze dagger, accompanied by a nodule of flint, was unearthed from a Cornish barrow, while in several mounds in Derbyshire, Wiltshire, and Hampshire, flint and pyrites have been found in close association. Furthermore, the prehistoric flint-mines of Grimes Graves may be advantageously compared with those of modern Brandon. The shafts, the side galleries, the mode of descent, the employment of a single-headed pick in lieu of a deerhorn, the shape of the flaking hammer, the use of a primitive chalk lamp, are some of the features which lead us to infer complete continuity. And the parallel is still more arresting when we remember that the explorations carried out at Grimes Graves last year have led one distinguished archæologist to believe that the workings are older than they were previously thought to be, that they are, in fact, pre-Neolithic. If this conclusion be correct, then, in truth, we are going back to the Stone Age.

REVIEWS

The Immediate Past of Western Canada

Western Canada Before the War. By E. B. MITCHELL. (Murray. 5s. net.)

OPPORTUNITIES for new studies of the Dominion seem as illimitable as the economic possibilities of the Great North-West itself. We confess we have been agreeably disappointed in this “study of communities”; it is far from being the set of commonplace jottings which such volumes too usually are. Miss E. B. Mitchell—we only know that the writer is a lady from internal evidence provided by her chapters—has succeeded in getting inside the life of the settler out West and Canadian conditions generally. She presents her impressions in admirable style. Here is a delightful and true touch: “The Prairie Town tries to be like a big town and succeeds extraordinarily well in hiding its romance; but the romance is there all the same, for only a few miles away the old prehistoric life is still going on, where a man is ‘up against’ Nature all by himself and has to call up every power of body and soul to keep the fight going.” She takes us to the log-house; it might from the outside be a hen-house or a stable, but inside she finds the vision noble: “The round brown beams dimly seen in the deep shadows of the pointed roof, the bright counterpane standing out with its full value in the absence of all fussy, mixed, unmeaning ornament, the splendid head of the strong old master of the house, the comeliness of his wife as she moved hospitably about the kitchen, half seen through an open door, putting on the kettle and bringing out the tea-cups. ‘Are you dull out here in winter?’ ‘Oh no; we shut up early in the dark days, and my husband reads to me and I sew. We have read Dickens and Thackeray. We get through quite a lot.’”

Easy is it to understand the fascination of these visits to out-of-the-way places where book-learning is scanty but the great book of Nature is open all the time for study. The forest and the prairie are colleges in a university which are well justified of their alumni. “Mine is no gallant tale of camp and foray and jingling bridle. Indians and Police and Old Timers are all alike survivals of an earlier age. The modern country settler is a fighting-man too, but the weapons of his warfare are different and his enemy is not a bodily presence. He comes to wrestle long and hard with Frost and Drought and Solitude and Poverty.” Woman in the Far West requires some philosophy to make the best of things, especially when, being British, she finds her nearest neighbours—and even they may not be very close—are Scandinavians or Galicians or Indian half-breeds. But at least she is saved from bothering her head with questions which have worried woman in the towns in recent years. Votes are negligible things when life is passed in a log-house or something a little more pretentious miles from anywhere. Canada has

her problems to solve, but they are all suspended by the wave of patriotism thrown up by the blasts of war. Much is in the crucible in Canada to-day as elsewhere; as to her future, who shall say? Her immediate past verging into the present we shall the better understand by studying Miss Mitchell's book.

A Leading Lady of France

The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte. By PHILIP W. SERGEANT. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

UNLIKE a large number of historical books, this one by Mr. Sergeant will probably make an appeal to two classes of readers: those to whom anything in the nature of history always creates a desire to probe into the new material, and others—possibly by far the larger number—who care simply for the account of a human life, not troubling whether that life be historical or fictitious.

The Princess Mathilde offers a very wide scope to students searching records for the purpose of throwing fresh light on the period, or to those wishing to give an accurate account of a very interesting personality:

She has sovereign beauty and the beauty of sovereigns, strength and sweetness, line and expression, style and charm, a kind heart for all the world. . . . Here is the face of Napoleon, from the slope of the forehead to the despotic chin; fine eyes, both proud and sweet. . . . There is no lack of decision in the firmly chiselled features. . . . The whole physiognomy indicates nobility, dignity, and, as soon as it lights up, the union of grace and power, the gladness which springs from a healthy nature, frankness, and goodness, at times also an ardent spirit. In a moment of just anger the cheek flames.

Such is part of the descriptions of two of the princess's contemporaries, both qualified by position and intimacy to give an accurate picture. Taking into consideration the France in which she lived, it is not difficult to image the part this clever and gifted woman played and the influence she exerted on her times. Concerned more with the artistic and literary side of affairs than with matters of state, she nevertheless held firm political opinions. She was every inch a Bonaparte; the great Napoleon was her idol, France possessed her love. Against either no one dared to speak without rebuke. Italy also claimed a good deal of her regard, but for England, the country which had ventured to overthrow and banish her revered uncle, she had no good word.

For very many years her *salon* was the resort of some of the finest intellects, the best artists, and naturally, on account of her birth, of the chief royalties of her time. As might be expected, some who were only too glad to foregather at her board took advantage of the opportunity offered of writing more or less unkindly, if not scandalously, of their hostess and often benefactor; among these must be especially mentioned Viel-Castel, who went out of his way to speak maliciously of the lady whose patronage he sought. Separated in her early married life

from her husband, Demidoff, she took as her lover Nieuwerkerke, a man little worthy of the regard she had for him, whatever claims he may be allowed as an artist.

Amid a Court that was far from pure, the Princess by her good sense and frank and open disposition managed to keep remarkably clear of the intrigues of her relatives, and no one was more deeply grieved than she at the many foolish actions of her profligate father and unstable brother; and it is greatly to the credit of the majority of those who had frequented her *salon* during the reign of Napoleon III that they flocked again to her rooms when a presidency replaced the monarchy.

Dealing with a just, fair, and in many ways an estimable woman, Mr. Sergeant seems largely to have woven her characteristics into the formation of his book. Although he passes over in comparative silence one or two matters upon which the reader might reasonably expect to have heard more, on the whole very little is omitted which can in any way hold up in true perspective this remarkable woman, who not only held practically the last *salon* of her times, but more than once declined the distinction of becoming socially, as she already was in artistic circles, the first lady in France—her cousin's wife.

A Gentle Critic

Reticence in Literature, and Other Papers. By ARTHUR WAUGH. (J. G. Wilson. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE lover of books opens a volume of literary essays with a thrill of anticipation. Among these pages, he muses, I shall find here and there thoughts that answer to my own, phrases that will make me pause and consider, opinions that may rouse my resentment, conceits to set me dreaming; and, whether the author be a genius or a mere echo of other men's voices, I shall, at any rate, spend in his company a pleasant hour. These hopes are happily fulfilled in the reading of Mr. Arthur Waugh's collection of articles. They are discursive, wandering from books to men, from men to "movements," and they are nearly all in the quiet, scholarly vein of the true critic. The first, which gives the title, is one of the best; in it the author discusses acutely the varying standard of taste in literature, and, although it was written twenty years ago, it holds true to-day.

With some of the other essays in the book there seems a trifle too much endeavour to instil the quality of "charm," and not enough downright, direct criticism. A few pages on "Anthologies," for example, promising well, need not have ended on a note of platitude such as this:—

Here is the majestic form of Shakespeare, at ease in the shadows of Arden; blind Milton touches once more the organ-stops of eternal music; Dryden's "twin-courers" sweep by in a panoply of triumph. And so to the open fields with Wordsworth, to the glimmering waves with Coleridge, to the dizzy height

thrown out. One cannot here describe the various processes which the excavated flint undergoes in the knapper's workshop—the quartering, the flaking, the trimming—nor can one stop to explain the meaning of such quaint terms as “paps,” and “horns,” and “crusts.” Seated on a low stool the workman holds obliquely a squared block of flint upon his left leg, around which is a tightly strapped pad of leather. Employing a special kind of hammer, he delivers a series of slight taps on the outer, upper edge of the block or core, working round and round. By this means a number of flakes about three inches in length are detached, some whole, some broken, some of undesirable quality. Here, again, the desired result is secured by skill, not force. The breadth and thickness of these flakes are the chief factors in determining whether they shall be used for gun-flints or strike-a-lights. In either case, the flakes must again be broken across once or twice transversely. Should the aim be to produce strike-a-lights or ignition flints, the separate pieces receive a minor chipping round the border. This secondary working obviates the use of a raw edge, which would splinter when struck by the steel.

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The Immediate Past of Western Canada

Western Canada Before the War. By E. B. MITCHELL. (Murray. 5s. net.)

OPPORTUNITIES for new studies of the Dominion seem as illimitable as the economic possibilities of the Great North-West itself. We confess we have been agreeably disappointed in this “study of communities”; it is far from being the set of commonplace jottings which such volumes too usually are. Miss E. B. Mitchell—we only know that the writer is a lady from internal evidence provided by her chapters—has succeeded in getting inside the life of the settler out West and Canadian conditions generally. She presents her impressions in admirable style. Here is a delightful and true touch: “The Prairie Town tries to be like a big town and succeeds extraordinarily well in hiding its romance; but the romance is there all the same, for only a few miles away the old prehistoric life is still going on, where a man is ‘up against’ Nature all by himself and has to call up every power of body and soul to keep the fight going.” She takes us to the log-house; it might from the outside be a hen-house or a stable, but inside she finds the vision noble: “The round brown beams dimly seen in the deep shadows of the pointed roof, the bright counterpane standing out with its full value in the absence of all fussy, mixed, unmeaning ornament, the splendid head of the strong old master of the house, the comeliness of his wife as she moved hospitably about the kitchen, half seen through an open door, putting on the kettle and bringing out the tea-cups. ‘Are you dull out here in winter?’ ‘Oh no; we shut up early in the dark days, and my husband reads to me and I sew. We have read Dickens and Thackeray. We get through quite a lot.’”

Easy is it to understand the fascination of these visits to out-of-the-way places where book-learning is scanty but the great book of Nature is open all the time for study. The forest and the prairie are colleges in a university which are well justified of their alumni. “Mine is no gallant tale of camp and foray and jingling bridle. Indians and Police and Old Timers are all alike survivals of an earlier age. The modern country settler is a fighting-man too, but the weapons of his warfare are different and his enemy is not a bodily presence. He comes to wrestle long and hard with Frost and Drought and Solitude and Poverty.” Woman in the Far West requires some philosophy to make the best of things, especially when, being British, she finds her nearest neighbours—and even they may not be very close—are Scandinavians or Galicians or Indian half-breeds. But at least she is saved from bothering her head with questions which have worried woman in the towns in recent years. Votes are negligible things when life is passed in a log-house or something a little more pretentious miles from anywhere. Canada has

her problems to solve, but they are all suspended by the wave of patriotism thrown up by the blasts of war. Much is in the crucible in Canada to-day as elsewhere; as to her future, who shall say? Her immediate past verging into the present we shall the better understand by studying Miss Mitchell's book.

A Leading Lady of France

The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte. By PHILIP W. SERGEANT. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

UNLIKE a large number of historical books, this one by Mr. Sergeant will probably make an appeal to two classes of readers: those to whom anything in the nature of history always creates a desire to probe into the new material, and others—possibly by far the larger number—who care simply for the account of a human life, not troubling whether that life be historical or fictitious.

The Princess Mathilde offers a very wide scope to students searching records for the purpose of throwing fresh light on the period, or to those wishing to give an accurate account of a very interesting personality:

She has sovereign beauty and the beauty of sovereigns, strength and sweetness, line and expression, style and charm, a kind heart for all the world. . . . Here is the face of Napoleon, from the slope of the forehead to the despotic chin; fine eyes, both proud and sweet. . . . There is no lack of decision in the firmly chiselled features. . . . The whole physiognomy indicates nobility, dignity, and, as soon as it lights up, the union of grace and power, the gladness which springs from a healthy nature, frankness, and goodness, at times also an ardent spirit. In a moment of just anger the cheek flames.

Such is part of the descriptions of two of the princess's contemporaries, both qualified by position and intimacy to give an accurate picture. Taking into consideration the France in which she lived, it is not difficult to image the part this clever and gifted woman played and the influence she exerted on her times. Concerned more with the artistic and literary side of affairs than with matters of state, she nevertheless held firm political opinions. She was every inch a Bonaparte; the great Napoleon was her idol, France possessed her love. Against either no one dared to speak without rebuke. Italy also claimed a good deal of her regard, but for England, the country which had ventured to overthrow and banish her revered uncle, she had no good word.

For very many years her *salon* was the resort of some of the finest intellects, the best artists, and naturally, on account of her birth, of the chief royalties of her time. As might be expected, some who were only too glad to foregather at her board took advantage of the opportunity offered of writing more or less unkindly, if not scandalously, of their hostess and often benefactor; among these must be especially mentioned Viel-Castel, who went out of his way to speak maliciously of the lady whose patronage he sought. Separated in her early married life

from her husband, Demidoff, she took as her lover Nieuwerkerke, a man little worthy of the regard she had for him, whatever claims he may be allowed as an artist.

Amid a Court that was far from pure, the Princess by her good sense and frank and open disposition managed to keep remarkably clear of the intrigues of her relatives, and no one was more deeply grieved than she at the many foolish actions of her profligate father and unstable brother; and it is greatly to the credit of the majority of those who had frequented her *salon* during the reign of Napoleon III that they flocked again to her rooms when a presidency replaced the monarchy.

Dealing with a just, fair, and in many ways an estimable woman, Mr. Sergeant seems largely to have woven her characteristics into the formation of his book. Although he passes over in comparative silence one or two matters upon which the reader might reasonably expect to have heard more, on the whole very little is omitted which can in any way hold up in true perspective this remarkable woman, who not only held practically the last *salon* of her times, but more than once declined the distinction of becoming socially, as she already was in artistic circles, the first lady in France—her cousin's wife.

A Gentle Critic

Reticence in Literature, and Other Papers. By ARTHUR WAUGH. (J. G. Wilson. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE lover of books opens a volume of literary essays with a thrill of anticipation. Among these pages, he muses, I shall find here and there thoughts that answer to my own, phrases that will make me pause and consider, opinions that may rouse my resentment, conceits to set me dreaming; and, whether the author be a genius or a mere echo of other men's voices, I shall, at any rate, spend in his company a pleasant hour. These hopes are happily fulfilled in the reading of Mr. Arthur Waugh's collection of articles. They are discursive, wandering from books to men, from men to "movements," and they are nearly all in the quiet, scholarly vein of the true critic. The first, which gives the title, is one of the best; in it the author discusses acutely the varying standard of taste in literature, and, although it was written twenty years ago, it holds true to-day.

With some of the other essays in the book there seems a trifle too much endeavour to instil the quality of "charm," and not enough downright, direct criticism. A few pages on "Anthologies," for example, promising well, need not have ended on a note of platitude such as this:—

Here is the majestic form of Shakespeare, at ease in the shadows of Arden; blind Milton touches once more the organ-stops of eternal music; Dryden's "twin-coursers" sweep by in a panoply of triumph. And so to the open fields with Wordsworth, to the glimmering waves with Coleridge, to the dizzy height

of the lark with Shelley; we taste in an hour all the joys of Nature, and are made one with her illimitable voice. Visions and voices like these make pilgrimage with us through the darkness, and call us to fresh hope and energy with the expected morning.

This is very pretty, no doubt, but it is a weak, disappointing finish, and too much in the style of amateurish first attempts to do the author credit. Mr. Waugh occasionally contradicts himself; on page 37 he writes: "Almost every fresh and vital movement in poetry has been opposed by the responsible organs of criticism"; and on page 87 he says: "Criticism, however hesitating, is generally inclined to enthusiasm over something new." This might have been reconciled by a slight elaboration; even as it stands, the opposition is more apparent than real, but it strikes the attentive reader as requiring amendment. There are two or three other points to be noted. If, in an essay on "Fiction in the Nineteenth Century," the work of Hawthorne is praised—as it should be—surely Mr. Henry James deserves mention? The theme, one feels, should hardly have been treated in ten short pages. And in an appreciative study, with quotations, of George Herbert, it seems a pity not to have alluded to three or four of his finest lyrics, since there was space to spare. A stanza from "The British Church" is given, and a few lines from "Easter"; it would have been well, for the sake of readers new to George Herbert—and we fear they are many—to have taken at least one complete poem, such as "The Flower," with its exquisite second verse:—

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

Mr. Waugh's readers would have been indulgent had he quoted even more from such lovely and delicate work.

Lest we appear hypercritical, let us hasten to assure all book-lovers that these complaints are but brief notes taken by the way, at long intervals, on a quite delightful literary ramble. The short papers on George Gissing, Robert Buchanan, Christina Rossetti, Charles Kingsley, and others, are excellent, and "The Abuse of the Superlative" should be read and pondered by all young writers who are not above taking a hint from wisdom and experience. Mr. Waugh's "Dedication" is one of the best we have ever seen, and would entirely disarm any critic who happened to be in a fighting mood.

An original idea for a writing pad which may also be converted to a rest for a book has been evolved by Messrs. Truslove and Hanson. The contrivance is called "Lianrite," and is especially adapted for the use of wounded soldiers and invalids.

Fiction

THE middle of the eighteenth century saw the final break-up of the wealthy and populous Moghul Empire, a period known to Indian history as the "Great Anarchy." The empire began with conquest, and comprised a heterogeneous group of warlike races, chiefly Usbeks, Persians, Arabs, and Turks, who were divided into two great religious communities, ever ready to take up arms against each other. With the establishment of the European Sultanate it may be said to have reached its apogee, but the defeat of the Turks before Vienna in 1683 put a term to its era of conquest, and it then entered upon its decline. The closing days are the period chosen by Lieut.-Colonel G. F. MacMunn, D.S.O., for his historical romance, "A Freelance in Kashmir" (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), when the country was laid waste and the population decimated by internecine wars. The ocean which had originally been a barrier against invasion became a highway for a host of rapacious European adventurers who hastened to offer their services to the warring native princes, and were careful to sow as much discord as they could for their own ends. Though nominally at peace, for a time the French and English were both represented and fighting on opposing sides; but at last, in 1748, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle settled the affairs of India over the heads of those who had played the chief part in them. As may be readily understood, these were days of stirring adventure, and Colonel MacMunn, who is a recognised authority on India and its history, has taken full advantage of the opportunities offered him and written a capital story of the derring-do that helped to found our Indian Empire.

We shall not attempt to review "Whom God Hath Joined," by Arnold Bennett (Methuen, 6s.), which is a re-issue of a most interesting novel; but we must call attention to the careless way in which this good story has been presented in this new edition. Misprints abound; the hero's name, Lawrence, is spelt "Lawrence," "Lawrencee," and later on "Lawrence" for a few pages; this is a case where variety is not charming. One of the characters finds "a empty compartment"; another "had gone to Londen to study education," where we hoped she learned how to spell the name of the city. The "correspondent" in a divorce case is Emery Greatbatch or Greatbach—we do not know which, for, like Lawrence, his spelling is indifferent; Methuselah is given as "Methusaleh"; "pedogogic," "stret" for "street," "of" for "on," "that" for "than," are other mishaps, and "she caught her husband's glance and not flinch" seems to lack the word "did." The word "twinkling" is hyphenated as "twinkl-ing"; and there are more slips which we need not give in detail. Such a production is no credit to author, printer, or publisher, and we are greatly surprised that it was passed for press in this condition.

"Love is not for me" is the keynote of "The Lady of the Reef," by F. Frankfort Moore (Hutchinson and

Co., 6s.), a story which starts well, but ends in a half-hearted fashion, as though the author had lost all enthusiasm. A first glance at the title raised visions of other climes, probably in the distant mysterious Pacific, whither we have been transported by not a few noted novelists in recent years; but we soon discovered that we were to travel no farther than to "Paris in France" and to the Ulster coast where the lady and the reef are to be found. Bertha, the lady in question, is one of Mr. Frankfort Moore's most delightful creations, but one cannot help losing patience with her towards the end of the story, and with some of the other characters also.

Shorter Notices

Ten Years in Prison

The story of Italian literature is so inextricably entangled with Italian politics that its appeal is as much to the student of history as to the man of letters. There are, however, some little masterpieces which should be more widely known to the ordinary reader, and one of these is the "Prison Memoirs of Silvio Pellico" (Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1s.). Pellico, an ardent patriot but one of the gentlest of men, was arrested in the year 1820 by the Austrian Government on suspicion of being a dangerous revolutionary, and imprisoned for ten years, first in Milan, then on the Isle of St. Michele at Venice, and for the last eight years in the fortress of Spielberg, Austria. Plays and poems, thought out in his busy brain even when he was deprived of all writing materials, resulted from this long period of enforced reflection; but the memoirs, which he wrote at Turin after his liberation and first published at Paris in 1833, brought him popularity, and have been translated into several languages. They are as delicate in atmosphere as the essays of Charles Lamb, and each little event—the friendship of a deaf and dumb child, the sound of voices from other prisoners, the entrance of jailers and their casual conversation—is utilised to its fullest possibilities by the prisoner. Weary he must have been beyond words; but through the chapters runs a wonderfully beautiful thread of hope and faith, and his restoration, at the age of forty-one, to his father, mother, brothers and sister is charmingly described—at that joyful moment he is "one of the most enviable of mankind." The introduction, by Frederick J. Crowest, is a great help to the clear comprehension of the character of the author and the condition of Italy at the time.

Widdicombe Fair

"If I have written somewhat trenchantly on religious or political subjects, I have done my best to abstain from unfair criticism of individuals either in Church or State." So says Canon Widdicombe in the preface to his "Memories and Musings" (George Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d. net). His book entirely bears out the spirit of one who, "slowing down into the Great Terminus, would not wish to enter it and pass through its portals into the eternal realities of the unseen and the unknown with unkind thoughts towards his fellow-creatures." Nor, if we rightly understand his wishes, would he desire to be thought unkindly of by them. His reminiscences cover nearly seventy years, and extend from London in the 'fifties to South Africa in the

'sixties and onwards down to the Union. His anecdotes are not always perhaps entirely new, but they make excellent light reading, and the book will do something to assist the public to appreciate realities in South Africa to-day. Canon Widdicombe's racial and political reflections are genial and to the point, and he looks to South Africa to participate in the British ideal of freedom and justice, becoming in due time one of the brightest jewels of the British Crown. That was written long before General Botha had made his fine stand for the Union Jack. To the question of Christian reunion Canon Widdicombe devotes many pages; he writes hopefully, notwithstanding that Rome has slammed, bolted, and barred the door. On all the topics he touches he at least provides food for thought.

The Busy English Nation

The educational book is too often written in a dry, informative style which tends to defeat its purpose; many authors who desire to instruct and edify the younger generation forget that facts may be presented in two ways—the attractive, and the repellent. In the case of a little volume on "The English Nation," by Mr. H. Court, B.Sc. (Relfe Bros., 1s. 6d.) there is every likelihood that any thoughtful boy or girl who happens to pick it up will read it through to the end, whether it be used as a lesson-book or not. It deals, as Part I of a series, with "Industry and Commerce," and surveys our national trade, our policy, our inventions and poor-laws from the very beginning of known history, when barter was the only system of buying and selling. The chapters on "The Lending of Money," "Agriculture," and "England's Trading Companies" are very lucid; that on "Inventions of the Nineteenth Century" is good, but might be better—for instance, it is rather loose to define a turbine as "a horizontal wheel driven by the escape of water through holes in the wheel," and calculated to give an engineer a severe shock. On the whole, however, the book is a valuable exposition of the events and processes which have led to the present position of the country in commercial enterprise.

The Theatre

"The Three Musketeers"

THE greatness of the Brothers Melville lies in the fact that they know just what is wanted by the majority, and while these gentlemen control the Lyceum it is possible to look in at any time and be sure of getting a few thrills. "The Three Musketeers" is at present staged, and, although one may get a little tired of so many "curtains" (there are about fifteen scenes), one is recompensed by the excellence of the acting throughout. The D'Artagnan of Mr. Harcourt Williams is especially good. Miss Ethel Warwick is once again "Miladi," and, although the thought of a spy brings a shudder nowadays, it must be admitted that this lady makes an attractive one. The part of Cardinal Richelieu is very successfully entrusted to Mr. Albert Ward, and good work is done by Miss Mary Dibley (the Queen of France), Messrs. Coleman, Lawrence, and Macmillan (the Three Musketeers), and Mr. Major-Jones (Captain De Treville).

The Romance of Empire

THE FUTURE.—II.

THE question has been asked—I have asked it myself more than once—are Empire and Democracy compatible? The British Empire must supply the answer, because history provides no parallel and consequently no clue. When this hideous war, relieved of some of its horrors for us by the glorious manifestation which eclipses anything we had a right to expect, is over, the Dominions at least, India possibly, will have something to say which must momentarily affect our Imperial future. They have poured out and will continue to pour out their best blood and treasure in a cause of which, when they elected to take the plunge, they knew as much and as little as myself or any other man in the street. They did what they did in the hour of gravest danger, unbidden and for love. In the hour when danger has passed they will say—and they will be entitled to say: "You can hardly look to us to do this again under precisely the same conditions. We are prepared to fight for you, to throw all our worldly possessions into the scale for you, to die for you, but you must give us an opportunity of knowing the true inwardness of the cause for which we fight and expressing a preliminary opinion by sharing with you the knowledge of antecedent events; in other words, we want a voice in Imperial Councils and then you may trust us, knowing where we are, to take our full share of Imperial burdens, alike in peace and in war." Sir Robert Borden has made this point perfectly clear in more than one brilliant speech, both before and since the outbreak of war. Sir Wilfrid Laurier long ago uttered the memorable words: "If you want our aid, call us to your Councils." There are difficulties in the way, of course; but we must make up our minds that difficulties will present themselves, not to turn us aside from the noblest constitutional ideal ever vouchsafed to mortal man, but to be turned aside. A year ago I read a long dispatch from the Australian Defence Minister protesting emphatically at the manner in which the Admiralty were treating Australian desires—it amounted, in fact, to a charge of breach of faith—in regard to the Navy in the Southern Seas. Such a dispatch could never have been written if there had been an Australian representative not merely in touch with, but in and of the Imperial Government which was called upon to deal with this essentially Imperial question. The Dominions want to know, to be consulted, to an extent impossible under the present regime; when they do know, there can be little doubt as to the response they will make. Three years ago there was a development of the German menace. New Zealand had just presented a battleship to the Empire; Mr. Churchill cabled out asking whether it might be stationed elsewhere than in China seas, according to agreement. What was the answer which flashed back from the then Prime Minister of New Zealand, now the High Commissioner in London, the Hon. Thomas Mackenzie? "Place ship where of most service to the Empire." That answer for me, and I hope for you, carries with it a whole Empire in its significance. Let us be done with talking of the difficulties, and agree that there must be concessions of some rather antique claims, and that, without any of the hidebound pretensions and conditions which have brought Germany to ruin, a scheme shall be evolved out of the constructive statesmanship of the Empire which shall make us an Empire in fact. If difficulties ahead had been allowed to weigh with those who built up the Empire, there would have been no Empire. The difficulties which confronted the little British Indian force on the eve of the Battle of Plassey were deemed insuperable—by all save one man. The Council of War Clive

called decided that it would be madness to fight. Clive was impressed by the arguments of the Council and agreed; but an hour's solitary reflection, and he was prepared to overcome the insuperable. If he had allowed the difficulties to prevail, the British, as Macaulay says, would never have been masters of Bengal. When the expedition of 141 sail which Saunders captained up the St. Lawrence to the siege of Quebec was in the river, the difficulties which confronted it might well have made the task ahead appear almost impossible. The French had removed every sign-post, every warning of danger from currents, rocks, shoals, and sandbanks; but what did the grand sea-dogs on whom everything depended do? They amazed the French by passing their ships where no French ship ever presumed to go without a pilot. Old Killick, who took the lead in the imposing procession, according to Knox, shouted out, "Aye, aye, my dear, chalk it down a damned dangerous navigation—eh! if you don't make a splutter about it, you'll get no credit for it in England." If credit for the achievement of Imperial federation is commensurate with the splutter about its difficulties, British statesmanship, when Imperial federation is achieved, will be exalted indeed. The difficulties of Australian Federation were at one time regarded as quite hopeless; they cropped up to the confusion of public-spirited men whenever an effort was made to further the cause. It is with no small interest I recall that the obstacles to Australian Federation were only outflanked when our chairman of to-night was sent on a truly Imperial mission to report on Australian defence. His report gave Sir Henry Parkes his cue: Australia divided by six was insecure; there must be unity at any rate for defence. When that was realised, as Sir Bevan Edwards made Sir Henry Parkes and his friends realise it, all the rest was matter for negotiation. Perhaps after the travail of this war we shall be as ready to brush aside the prejudices which have hitherto made advocacy of Imperial Federation about as practical as crying for the moon.

Britons throughout the world are faced with an unprecedented situation; they will have to modify many views which in the past have blocked the way to greater things. Let us take as our motto the words of one whose name will always be held in tender memory by the Fellows of this Institute—Sir Frederick Young. Sir Frederick clenched his arguments for Imperial Federation with an ingenious adaptation of the utilitarian watchword: "Government of the Empire, by the Empire, for the Empire." There must be no craven fear in the Council Chamber any more than there is in the field. Many inspiring chapters on Imperial history and Imperial relations have come from the pen of Sir Charles Lucas. None seems to be more worthy of careful consideration than his address at King's College on the influence of science upon Empire. He said the problem which has to be solved is how to hold together in perpetuity lands and peoples both diverse and distant. The diversity of the Empire we would not destroy, I think, if we could; we certainly could not if we would, except by destroying the Empire itself. Distance, on the other hand, has been annihilated by science—science which has brought the Colonies nearer England in the essential point of time than Edinburgh or Dublin was to London in the days of George IV; science, which has made modern democracy possible, should make possible also an Empire broad-based upon a people's will. Science has done a vast deal, and will do a vast deal more. There is one direction in which I submit it is lacking, and that is in our statesmanship. What we want in the political and constitutional sphere is precisely what Sir Charles Lucas showed has worked such wonders in the physical and social spheres. The first thing we twentieth-century Britons, whether Great or Greater, have to do is to get a real conception of

Empire into our heads. Do we even to-day realise more than vaguely what the Empire is, what its history has been, what its present potentialities are?

Cannot a dozen men within the Empire be induced to abandon the inglorious rôle of rivalry in tub-thumping for a few extra votes, and make their names and the Empire imperishable by working out a scheme of federation? Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, if he had been spared, would, I believe, have essayed the task; he would have detached himself from party politics and have brought the genius which in earlier days made Birmingham a model municipality to bear in making the British Empire something no other Empire ever has been—a model Empire, potent as free. The alternative to Imperial Federation is one I personally refuse to consider; but I do ask you to think of this: If the Dominions in 1914 had not still been part of the Empire, they would at best have been neutrals. The United States of America are neutrals, and though I cannot doubt that the sympathies of the United States are with Great Britain and her Allies, I am none the less certain that the neutrality of the United States has not been without its qualifications for the comfort of the British Government. We should have had three or four samples of United States on our beam if the Dominions had not been ours. The German Empire overseas would not have been either captured or deprived of power for mischief as it has been, and the *Emden* might still be playing havoc with British commerce, for you will remember it was the *Sydney*, of His Majesty's Australian Navy, that sent her to her account. The issue before the Empire is plain. What response will Imperial statesmen make when they are called upon to face it? That depends upon democracy; it depends upon you who can influence opinion; your leaders will follow obediently and do your behests if you will stamp your opinion with the authority and emphasis of a mandate. That mandate must be, for our own sake, for the sake of civilisation, that the Empire is to continue one and indivisible, and that statesmanship is expected to find a way of making it so by effecting a compact under which we shall be severally free when Empire is not concerned, but jointly responsible where Empire is in question. We have, in a word, to prove to the world that Empire and Democracy are not merely compatibles, but counterparts.

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THE ACADEMY of February 13

CONTAINED

A SIGNALLER'S GRAPHIC STORY

OF

THE SINKING OF THE "EMDEN."

The most realistic and the fullest account of the event yet published.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LAST OF THE PARNASSIANS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Owing to a rather severe illness I have been unable to read my ACADEMY for several weeks, and have only just come to the three issues containing Mr. Douglas Goldring's very interesting article on James Elroy Flecker and his writings, which I have read in bed over and over again. Still, I might not have written to you, so long after, but for one passage of Mr. Goldring's first part. He says that Mr. Flecker was "as completely uncommercial as the simplest of priests, and I don't suppose he ever spoke two words to a British 'business man' in the whole course of his life."

Well, I am a business man, and I had the pleasure of speaking more than two words and more than two thousand, with him. I was his Oxford bookseller in those days, and if there is one place in England where an impassable gulf lies between university men and tradesmen that place is Oxford, as Mr. Goldring may remember. Yet Flecker did not recognise it. He discussed literary matters with me by the hour when he was breaking forth into literature. He took me to his lodgings in Beaumont Street, near my shop, to have tea with him, and there introduced me to a set of his friends tea-drinking round the room, some of them well-known men now—an unpardonable, or, at least, unusual offence for an Oxford undergraduate: I mean the introduction of a tradesman to a social circle of undergraduates. They did not like it, but Flecker seemed to enjoy the situation. I imagine that with all his classicism he loved to shock people realistically.

Again, he invited me to his later lodgings in Walton Street, where I drank liqueur with him and smoked his cigarettes while he talked freely. He was alone that night. Yet I was only a bookseller.

He showed to me nearly all his early poems as they were written and allowed me to criticise them. He gave me one little lyric, that I think has never been published, written on a tiny notebook leaf in his small clear handwriting. I typed on my own machine all his early work, including the "Bridge of Fire" poems, and "The Last Generation," a type copy of which, with other things, I have kept. We had much discussion over that fantastic essay, "The Last Generation." Its weirdness delighted him.

I had dozens of "business transactions" with him, and I do understand what Mr. Goldring means, for Flecker was not "commercial," although he wrote several times from different places asking me to sell his latest book. But he never seemed to worry much about money and prices, and paid promptly when his account fell due. Yet I cannot remember that in ordinary business he was different from other undergraduates. I did not think then that he was not able to push his way through life.

Now he is dead before his prime, with seven books as his monument. He was a memorable man, even as an undergraduate. He must have been nearly six feet tall. He was thin and very dark. His eyes burned with the deep enthusiasm of the scholar, and when he talked on favourite subjects his manner was highly animated, though I am sure that he was to most people shy and cold. I knew hundreds of Oxford undergraduates fairly well in my time, but hardly another made such a mysterious impression on me or made me feel so sure of his future fame. Not because of his scholarship, which, of course, I had no means of judging, but because of his fascinating personality and the achievement of his early verse.

I shall never forget his reading aloud to me in my shop

of some of his first poems. Other undergraduates have honoured me with their literary confidences and have come with their early work, and many orators at the Union have descended to ask my help in preparing their speeches, but of all my personal memories of Oxford nothing seems more flattering now than the confidences of the author of "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" when he sprang the gulf between the scholar and the tradesman—"washing his hands in invisible water with imperceptible soap"; and no Oxford man's death ever moved me so deeply as the news of his.

This is my poor homage to his rare memory, if a mere tradesman may be allowed to render homage to the memory of a poet, a scholar, and a gentleman. Yours faithfully,

OXFORD BOOKSELLER.

London, February 23.

SHOULD HISTORY BE ABOLISHED?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In his Creighton Lectures last week, on Race Sentiment as a Factor in History, Lord Bryce opened up a rather novel line of thought when he suggested that the study of the past has its dangers. It is certainly dangerous when history transfers past claims and past hatreds to the present. A sage friend discussing the complications of south-east Europe said to Lord Bryce: "Ought we not to get rid of history altogether?" How history differs from tradition, which is notorious in its strength where written history does not exist, and in its ability to keep the past alive, Lord Bryce did not attempt to show. He says that "Learned men never put their books to worse use than when they fill each people with a fine conceit of its own superiority." There is one thing worse, I submit, and that is to be a friend of every country except one's own. To blot out history might help some to be that. Yours very truly,

A BELIEVER IN HISTORY.

March 1, 1915.

THE COURT CONVERT. (ANNO ???)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The Bodleian Library possesses a book of 376 riming verses entitled "The Court Convert," of which nothing is known at the British Museum. Its catalog would be usefully improved, if some reader of THE ACADEMY would publish a note saying by whom they were written, and where and when the book came to light. The copy in question, which contains the book-plate of Sir John Reade, has a title-page on which one reads only "The Court Convert." To this follows page 9 with the signature B, but having at the top the title repeated. Hence it is presumable that pages 1—8 contained a preface. The book appears to be of about the year 1700. The last page, 32, ends with FINIS. All the others have catch-words. Signature B2 occurs at the foot of page 11, D2 at the foot of 27. One notes on p. 11: "Leave the fair *Train*, and the light-guiled *Room*," p. 13, "who" in stead of "whom" in "To GOD, who *Kings* obey; p. 15 "His boundless *Self* he gives us, is so good || (As *Romans* hold) the *Sacrimental* (sic) Food || To Regale us with's (sic) *Body* and His Blood", which shew that the writer was no Papist; p. 17 "Anctious" as a spelling of "anxious", not recorded in the Dictionary. On p. 24 the two last lines are "He lov'd the *Cross*, O *Cross*! O happy *Wood*! || That once was Manur'd with our *Saviour's* Blood," and on p. 25 "a *Jumbent* Fire" is an evident misprinting of *lambent*. I remain, Sir, yours,

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

St. Valentines Day, 1915.

The City

MR. ASQUITH'S speech, showing that shortly our war expenditure will amount to £2,000,000 per day, was cheerfully received in the City, and holders of surplus cash are anticipating further opportunities for safe investment at a fair return. Cheerfulness has been accentuated by Russia's splendid rally and by the progress of the Allies generally. The feature of the Stock Exchange has been the activity in Oil shares, which has not been materially affected by the report of the Anglo-Maikop Corporation, showing a modest £14,557 profit on the year's working. With £19,186 brought forward there is an available balance of £33,743; £12,760 is placed to reserve, and after payment of managers' commission, and allowing for depreciation, there is £17,088 to carry forward. There is no dividend, but developments have taken place which are promising, and the account the chairman will doubtless give of these should be of considerable interest. Armament shares have been in demand, but the public should go cautiously. Prices will sag sharply whenever peace comes in sight, and the shares are at best a gamble.

Sir Alfred Newton's extremely lucid statement at Harrod's meeting will have the effect of emphasising the extraordinarily strong position, financially and commercially, in which the company finds itself, notwithstanding the adverse influence of the war and the fact that 800 of its employees are serving with the Army. Harrod's is to be congratulated on having invested so much of its funds in its own property which has appreciated, instead of in even Government stock which has depreciated. It has also, as the Chairman said, been fortunate in its "resiliency," which has enabled it to make good on the swings any losses on the roundabouts.

The Committee appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Western Canada Land Company has issued a report which is much more favourable than was hoped for. If the view is good that the land is worth \$8 an acre instead of \$5.30 at which it stands in the balance-sheet the shareholders are in luck. An Extraordinary General Meeting will be held next week to consider the report, and everything now turns on what is said by the directors and decided by the shareholders then.

The report of the Mysore Gold Mining Company, Ltd., for 1914, shows a total production of 212,394.116 ozs. of fine gold of a value of £899,498. Revenue expenditure was £363,244 and the profit resulting £488,858. A final dividend for 1914 of 4s. 6d. per share, less income tax, was declared on the 17th ultimo, which will absorb £137,250, leaving £13,478 to credit of account 1915. It is pointed out that the total distribution for the year 1914 of 11s. 6d. per share is 115 per cent. on the nominal capital.

Spratt's Patent, Ltd., for 1914, makes a good showing. £7,942 was brought in, and after making various provisions, including £3,000 to reserve against bad debts, there is a balance of £59,214. The directors recommend a dividend for the second six months at the rate of 1s. 3d. per Ordinary share, making, with the interim dividend, 2s. 3d. per share for the year, and they propose to write off from first item of assets £7,000, to add to special reserve £7,000 and to pension fund £3,000, leaving to carry forward £10,453.

The Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation, Ltd., for the year ended December 31, 1914, states that the premiums for the year were £1,932,177—an advance of £197,210 over 1913. An interim dividend of 5s. per share has already been paid, and a further dividend of 11s. per share (free of income tax), making together a dividend of 16s. per share for the year, is now proposed, the whole absorbing £80,000.

HARROD'S STORES.

EXTRAORDINARY RESILIENCY.

THE twenty-fifth annual general meeting of Harrod's Stores, Limited, was held on February 26, Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bart. (the chairman), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. R. H. Griffith) read the notice convening the meeting and also the auditors' report.

The Chairman said: I will ask you, first, to refer to our profit and loss account. Compared with last year, our insurance and insurance for National Health and Unemployment remain at about the same figures. In the item of rent, rates, taxes, water and lighting, £49,050, there is an increase of £1,354. The salaries, wages and commissions show a reduction of £1,851, the total being £329,964. There is also a reduction in the item of printing, stationery, advertising and stamps of £7,551, that item standing at a total of £103,890. General trade expenses have increased by £1,589, and the other items on the debit side of the account are practically the same as before. Under the heading of interest, provision for sinking funds, etc., repairs and renewals for the year stand at £16,040, a reduction of £5,262, but I would impress upon you that there has been no neglect of repairs in order to bring about that reduction. It arises principally from the fact that during the past year there were very few internal alterations, and I may say that whenever any so-called internal alterations are made the cost of them is charged to revenue. The total reduction in working expenses, including interest, amounts to £14,481. On the other side of the account we have gross profit amounting to £873,513, showing a decrease of £19,384. We have received a little more from rents, £1,507, and we have also received from dividends on investments (including Ordinary shares of Dickins and Jones) £21,433, or £17,521 in excess of the previous year. The outcome of the profit and loss account is that we carried to the balance-sheet £309,226, or £14,045 more than in the previous year. (Applause.)

I will now ask you to return to the balance-sheet, and, taking the capital and liabilities side, you will see that our share capital during the past year has been increased by the issue of 700,000 £1 Five per cent. Cumulative Preference shares. That issue was made in order to acquire the great bulk of the Ordinary shares of Dickins and Jones. Last April and May, when that purchase was negotiated, the general outlook for business was serene and encouraging, and we are of opinion that that grand old business, when infused with Brompton Road management and methods, will have a very eloquent tale to tell in the future. (Hear, hear.) The reserve fund, as per last report, was £1,497,672. Various deductions have been made from that, in accordance with the resolution passed at the last meeting, totalling £8,750, and there has been added to the reserve fund the premium on the issue of 700,000 Preference shares (less the expenses) of £40,273, so that the reserve fund stands at £1,529,196, less certain allowances, as set out, to dependents of the staff serving with his Majesty's forces, £2,882—(applause)—subscriptions to war funds as follows:—Prince of Wales's Fund, £1,050; Princess Mary's Fund, £262 10s.; and Belgian Relief Fund, £262 10s. (Applause.) No fewer than 758 of our employees are now with his Majesty's forces. (Hear, hear.) I venture to state that there are very few business houses that can show such a roll of honour as is displayed in this room, and Mr. Naughton just reminds me that since that roll was prepared the number of our employees with the colours has increased to 800. (Applause.) The managers' and buyers' pension fund stands at £32,820, and the staff pension fund at £10,535. Of the former, half is subscribed by the managers and buyers and the other half, with interest at 4 per cent., is added by the company,

while the whole of the staff pension fund is provided by the company. We next come to the sinking funds. The amount of the sinking funds, with interest, charged against revenue this year is no less than £14,499, and I would remind you that that sum is practically a working charge against profits. Now, if you will turn to the assets and expenditure side of the balance-sheet, you will see the amounts stand as originally set out. On sundry leaseholds we have expended during the year £46,952. That expenditure has been made on the Trevor Square extension, which has helped us very materially in carrying on our business. We have spent on our freehold property at Barnes £6,070.

The item of horses and vans and motors, after allowing for depreciation, stands at £34,716, an increase of £8,227. Many of our horses were required by Government and have not been replaced, but we have made a very large addition to our fleet of motors. The sundry debtors, less credit balances, are £457,143, an increase of £41,208. This is accounted for to a very great extent by war contracts, and I need scarcely tell you the amount is, as we believe, perfectly secure. Our investments and securities are set out, and they include 333,275 Ordinary shares of Dickins and Jones and 54,000 Deferred shares of 1s. each of Harrods (Buenos Aires), Limited. These are taken at cost. Fortunately for us—and I say so advisedly—our investments in Consols, Guaranteed stock (Irish Land), Bank of England stock, and such like, are comparatively small, because, as you are aware, investments of that character have considerably depreciated, whereas the great bulk of our investments is in our own property, and, instead of having depreciated, have, I imagine, considerably appreciated in value. The item of stocks on hand stands at £632,275, of which £42,046 is represented by military stock. I would take this opportunity of saying that we have an extensive and very varied stock of military necessities and are in a position to supply officers or regiments with what they may require at very short notice. As to the stock, I should like to draw your attention to the report of the auditors, Messrs Hays, Akers and Hays, who state: "We beg to report that we attended at the stores for the purpose of challenging the correctness of the stock-lists in some of the departments." They then give details, with which I need not trouble you, and go on to say: "As the result of our examination of the above stocks we are of opinion that they have been carefully and accurately taken." (Hear, hear.)

Referring to the trade of the company for the past year, when this terrible and devastating war so unexpectedly burst upon us it was but natural to anticipate that a business of this character must necessarily be adversely influenced, and your directors, the management and staff considered the desirability of effecting economies where they could judiciously do so. Some departments, notably those of fashion, furnishing and luxuries, were very materially affected, but such is the extraordinary resiliency of this business that the deficiency suffered by some departments had in part been made up by others which retained their full activity. (Hear, hear.) To use a homely expression, "Whilst the swings are partly neglected the roundabouts are thronged." (Laughter.) You will not expect any prediction from me as to the future. All I can say, on behalf of the board, management and staff, is that every exertion will continue to be made to maintain the reputation and extend the business of this great and deservedly popular trading concern. (Applause.) I now move the adoption of the report and the payment of the dividends therein recommended.

Mr. F. H. Harvey-Samuel seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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Notes of the Week

Progress on All Sides

GERMAN reports become more and more ostrich-like. Russia has inflicted heavy reverses on Marshal von Hindenberg at Przasnysz and Grodno and on the Austrians in the Carpathians; but Austro-German losses are minimised by the authorities who three weeks ago were making a mighty demonstration over the crushing blows which Russia had sustained. The same with the Dardanelles. Turkish forts have been blown to atoms; French and British ships are at the very entrance of the Narrows; and so much has been accomplished at very small cost. Yet Turkey and Germany assure the world that six thousand shells were fired by the allied fleet without material effect, and suggest that the whole thing is bluff. The *Queen Elizabeth* firing across the peninsula at the forts on the Asiatic side of the Narrows is the sort of bluff which at least the defenders would not appreciate. Effective work has also been done by the East Indies Squadron against Smyrna. In the Persian Gulf, where our losses were considerably heavier than was at first reported, the punishment meted out to the enemy has been many times greater. On the Western front, France has made further important progress, especially in the Champagne, but we do not gather that from the German accounts.

Hesitating Neutrals

The best proof of the progress of the Allies up the Dardanelles is afforded by the flutter among the smaller Powers, who are eagerly debating whether the time has not arrived when they should cut in. Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece—all are more or less perturbed lest they should delay too long. In Greece there has been a constitutional crisis, due, it is understood, to a conflict of opinion between the King, who is anxious to keep out for the present, and M. Venezelos, who was equally anxious to take action at once. Greece itself is believed to be quite ready to participate. Bulgaria

again would not wish to see Constantinople captured without having fired a gun to hasten the departure of the Turk. The Italian interventionists grow more insistent, but the scruples of the Italian Government are easy to understand, and the only thing certain is that Count von Bulow's mission to Rome has not assured the indefinite neutrality of Italy. Rumania's way would be cleared of serious obstacles by the fall of Constantinople. The sympathies of all four with the Allies will be quickened in precise proportion to the success of the Allies in the Dardanelles.

What the Pirates Have Accomplished

The pirates had quite a big day on Tuesday; three British merchant vessels were sunk—one on the East Coast, one on the West, and one on the South. No warning was given, and in one case unhappily it is to be feared there is only a solitary survivor out of a crew of 38. There should be a new pæan of triumph in Germany over this masterly crime. Hitherto the submarine "blockade" has hopelessly miscarried. In six weeks, out of some eight or nine thousand arrivals and sailings the submarine had accounted for fifteen vessels. Meantime, how many submarines have been lost in the great effort? Two have been disposed in a week—the U 8 and the U 20. The latter was rammed by a destroyer; the former was rounded up by a destroyer flotilla. In both cases the crews were saved, but no false sentiment is to be wasted over them. The Admiralty frankly recognises them as pirates. No doubt there is great difficulty in bringing home to them responsibility for particular crimes, but the boastful German seems to be eager to help the British authorities in that respect by enlarging on the U 8's achievements. A few more details would assist in establishing their guilt in sending non-combatant crews and passengers to the bottom. The U 8 prisoners will not be accorded any distinction of rank, nor allowed to mingle with other prisoners of war.

Racing As Usual?

Should the business of racing go on "as usual" in war time? If football is to be permitted, why not horse-racing? Lord Rosebery and others see no objection to it, and they are certainly not to be charged with lack of concern for recruiting. A good deal of capital and employment will undoubtedly be sacrificed if racing ceases, but that, after all, is not a peculiar penalty. The question is, what is in the national interest? In the South African War Lord Roberts thought fit to heliograph to the troops the result of a race. But the Lady Roberts says that in this present crisis he was entirely opposed to such distractions; the gravity of the peril and the magnitude of the sacrifice demanded weighed with him, and it may indeed well be urged that exceptional circumstances demand exceptional measures. Carried to its logical conclusion, that would mean no man should play a game of golf or a game of bridge—though how that would serve the country we fail to see. Would the Derby or Ascot rob the Army of a single recruit? We cannot be sure. We think the most serious point is that raised by Colonel

Sir Henry Knollys. The social gaiety of Ascot is undesirable on every ground. Men and women "peacocking in their plumes and prattling their puerilities" are *not* good recruiting agents.

Warriors and Poetry

The President of Magdalen, Sir Herbert Warren, K.C.V.O., in the first of two lectures at the Royal Institution on "Poetry and War," showed how completely our thoughts have turned from the pleasant rhymes of peace to the interest of sterner themes. Many of the finest poets of olden time were fighters—their battle-songs were not written for them by poets who stayed at home, whose only inspiration was the news. Sir Herbert Warren mentioned Sophocles and Horace as examples of this, and Virgil as one who had suffered by the struggle that made the Roman Empire; he might have added the name of Marcus Aurelius, whose work, philosophic-poetic, was partly composed in the pauses of battle, in camp or field. It is probable that we shall not see the real effects of this war on matters literary for some years; the fugitive verse and the topical books now appearing are but the light foam blown from an approaching wave. The Renaissance was slow, but sure, in its magnificent curving sweep across Europe; it may be that the conflict of the nations will clear the way for another such calm, irresistible revolution of thought. "Passion," said the lecturer, "is the chief secret of all poetry"; but if the flood of passion be not steadied and directed wisely, it spreads and weakens, and produces no great, permanent results.

The Triumph of the Big Gun

BY SIDNEY GRAVES KOON, M.M.E.

[The work of the "Queen Elizabeth" and her monster guns against the Dardanelles forts lends point to the following article, written by an American expert, which we are glad to have secured for THE ACADEMY.]

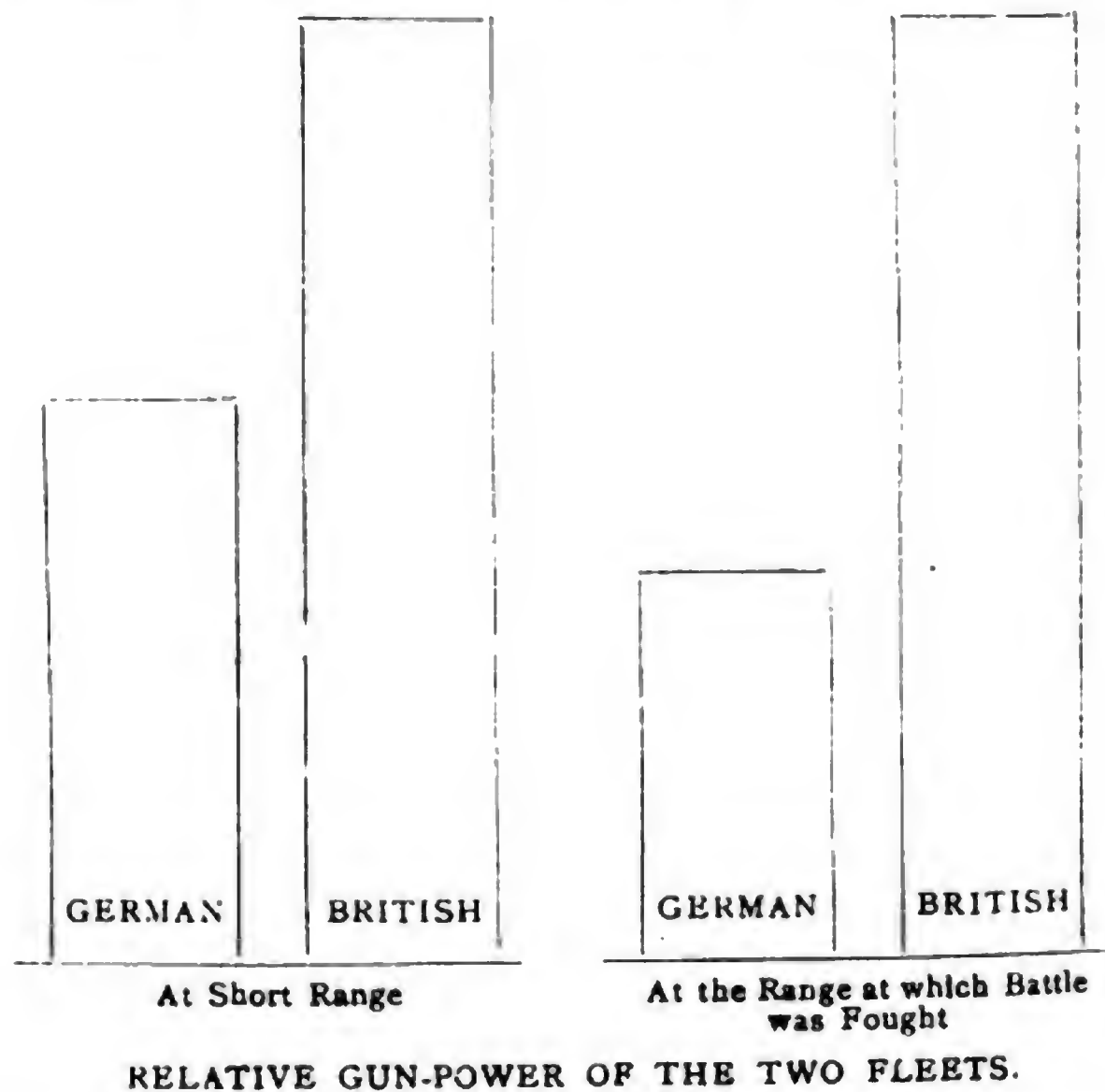
JUST as Admiral Von Spee's squadron outgunned the British off the Chilean coast—and defeated them; just as Admiral Sturdee outgunned the German squadron off the Falkland Islands—and defeated them; so Admiral Beatty's battle cruisers on January 24 outgunned the German raiding battle cruisers—and defeated them. It was 40 big guns against 40. But the British were all 12-inch and 13½-inch; while only eight of the German guns reached 12-inch, and twelve were only 8¼-inch. The British broadside of 44,800 pounds was 66 per cent. greater than the German broadside of 27,040 pounds; and it was greatly more effective at the long range at which the battle was fought—a range probably beyond any results from the *Blücher's* 8¼-inch guns.

Leaving aside all small cruisers as simply befogging the issue; ignoring all torpedo boats and destroyers, for the same reason; the running battle was fought out between five British battle cruisers, on the one hand, and four German ships on the other—three battle

cruisers and the ill-fated armoured cruiser *Blücher*. The ships compared as follows:—

	Tons	Speed	Big Guns	Shell Weight, Pounds	Broadside, Pounds
<i>Tiger</i>	28,500	30	8-13½ in.	1,400	11,200
<i>Princess Royal</i> ...	26,350	31.7	8-13½ in.	1,250	10,000
<i>Lion</i> †	26,350	31.5	8-13½ in.	1,250	10,000
<i>New Zealand</i>	18,750	27.	8-12 in.	850	6,800
<i>Indomitable</i>	17,250	28.	8-12 in.	850	6,800
	117,200	27.	40	Av. 1,120	44,800
<i>Derfflinger</i> †	28,000	29.	8-12.2 in.	980	7,840
<i>Seydlitz</i> †	25,000	29.	10-11 in.	760	8,360
<i>Moltke</i>	22,640	28.4	10-11 in.	760	8,360
<i>Blücher</i> *	14,760	24.5	12-8.2 in.	310	2,480
	90,400	24.5	40	Av. 676	27,040
*Sunk †Disabled. British advantage %.	29½	10	—	66	66

The overwhelming superiority of the British broadside fire would be much increased at the very long range of ten miles at which the action opened—for it must be remembered that only a very heavy projectile can be thrown to such a great distance. (This may sound like a paradox; it must be understood that the



resistance of the atmosphere overcomes the momentum of a smaller shell long before such a distance is reached.) Certainly the *Blücher's* guns were not equal to the task, nor could the 11-inch guns on the *Moltke* and *Seydlitz* have done much damage. Admiral Beatty reports that his gunners *hit* the enemy at 17,000 yards (9.2-3 miles)—something which was *never before done since history began*.

But this battle, from the very circumstances under which it was fought, was different in many ways from anything which ever happened before, and no direct comparison of the broadside fires is a true guide. In the first place, no previous naval battle was ever fought over a running distance of 100 miles. In the second place, none was ever fought at a speed of nearly 30 knots, although some of the smaller vessels, in other engagements since August, may have shown that speed. It was essentially a rear-guard action, in which the rear guard was deliberately sacrificed, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, for the safety of the rest. And it was,

in a sense, a piecemeal action—for the *New Zealand* and the *Indomitable* never got really into it, except to put the finishing touches on the battered and disabled *Blücher*.

First the *Lion* and then the *Tiger* overhauled the fleeing Germans, and upon those two was concentrated all the fire of the German guns—now at much closer range. That it was not more effective was due no doubt to the great damage which the British guns had wrought at the longer ranges. The *Lion* was severely damaged by a shell below the water-line, and finally had to be towed home. But the *Derfflinger* and *Seydlitz*, it is reported, were practically silenced—all their big guns being put out of action—and both were said to be badly afire.

Here enters the last of the unusual features of this peculiar encounter—the German submarines, used as a screen for their fleeing battle-cruisers. These underwater terrors had followed the big ships through the night, and when the latter came tearing desperately back were ready to receive the enemy. In the presence of such a flotilla, with the mined area not far away, further British pursuit would have been madness. The submarines alone could perhaps have been avoided, though even then a single lucky torpedo would have spelled disaster; but the minefield provided almost a certainty of destruction, and could not sensibly have been risked.

Unlike the Scarborough and Whitby raid, which took place in a heavy fog, and in which the Germans managed to escape the pursuit of their natural opponents, this raid was boldly attempted in fine weather, and the Germans stumbled right into the very ships they most wished to avoid. For no other squadron of the British Navy could have overtaken them in so summary a fashion; and none, failing to overtake them, could have had a chance to smash them. There will be no more raids of that sort for some time to come. The *Moltke*, unaided, would not attempt it; and the *Moltke* is the only one left with the speed and gun-power needed, unless the *Luetzow* has been completed more rapidly than anticipated. With the *Derfflinger*, *Seydlitz*, and *Von der Tann* all out of action for some time to come, Germany has available only two armoured vessels of 24 knots or better out of the nine on her lists August 1. The *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and *Blücher* are at the bottom, and the *Goeben* is in Turkish hands. Omitting the *Lion*, temporarily disabled, England has eleven such ships available, though not all of them are in English waters. The *Lion* is the only one of this type which has yet been damaged.

The lesson again is *Guns*. Speed was needed to overtake the Germans, but without the guns that speed would have been of scant avail. And that nation which is to have command of the sea, and thereby of the ability to wage war successfully, must have guns—big ones and lots of them—mounted on well-defended and fast ships. In no other way can ultimate victory be assured against an aggressive and determined enemy.

Arras and Douai

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING

THE towns of Arras and Douai, which have suffered so severely during the last few months at the hands of the Germans, rise from a melancholy but rich plain. Their history—like that of the whole of the Lowlands—has been one of great commercial prosperity varied by periods of terrible suffering inflicted by the conquerors whom their wealth attracted. The greatest periods in the history of Arras were the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the city was famous for its cloth and woollen manufactures, and for the tapestries which have made its name a household word. In modern times, however, it has been far surpassed by Douai in commercial importance. When I was in Arras last Easter, an air of unhappiness seemed even then to pervade its uncompleted boulevards and ill-kept public buildings. Seen from the railway, Arras used to arouse great expectations. Its fine Beffroi, now non-existent, and the baroque mass of the Abbaye of St. Vaast overawed the mean streets which surrounded them, and in the distance gave a great impression of grandeur which a closer inspection of the town, it must be admitted, failed to bear out. Indeed, it was evident as soon as one left the station yard that there was a blight over Arras. The new boulevard which has taken the place of the demolished fortifications was unfinished, and suggested a new suburb in which a number of speculative builders had become bankrupt. When one penetrated into the town and entered the fine Grande Place, with its characteristic Flemish houses, with arcades and ornamented gables, the feeling of depression was, if anything, increased. A few railway trucks stood forlornly in the midst of the cobbled expanse, and a sad air of neglect and squalor hung over what were once the homes of the wealthy Arrageois merchants of the seventeenth century. The Petite Place, which opens out of the Grande Place, had a more imposing air, owing to the presence of the restored and richly ornamented Hotel de Ville (now demolished), which occupied the whole of one side.

The centre of the "life" of the city—it probably has none now—was the tiny Place du Théâtre, some way to the left, through which runs the narrow, stone-paved Rue Ernestale. Here one's feeling of depression became almost unbearable. The people who passed were dour and sour-looking, and quite unlike the volatile Latins of other parts of France; the language they talked was guttural and harsh; they were not remarkable for politeness.

I remember that the first day of my visit was Good Friday. Some military manœuvres had been taking place in the neighbourhood, and at luncheon time the *salle-à-manger* of the hotel was filled with hard-working, frugal French officers who impressed me with their seriousness and simplicity. They looked, even then, as though they "meant business," as if they, too,

were preparing with unremitting energy for "the day." An old colonel who sat at the next table to me, I remember very vividly. He had the clear blue eyes of a child—full of intelligence and with possibilities of a steely hardness—and long white moustaches and a skin all wrinkled and puckered with exposure. His hands were beautifully kept, and his manner to his junior officers—who appeared to adore him—was a delight to watch. The number of his regiment was, I believe, the 63rd.

To me the soldiers were the one bright spot in Arras. The town itself made one shudder. Perhaps the Arrageois themselves have not yet recovered from the attentions of their fellow-citizens, Robespierre and Lebon, at the time of the Terror. I do not think it could have surprised anyone who knows Arras to hear of the terrible things which have happened there during the present war. Some towns always seem to be clouded over with impending doom. Arras was one of them.

The Cathedral of Arras and its great Abbey are—perhaps one should say "were"—huge, cold buildings, whose only claim to distinction is their size. The Abbey, which is the better of the two, was reconstructed in 1754. The Cathedral was begun in the following year, but not completed till 1833. Its huge, vault-like nave struck me as incredibly gloomy and repellent, while its numerous tawdry ornaments, falling into decay, increased its appearance of neglect.

Arras has a *citadelle*, in which a few troops were wont to be stationed, and has often been described in the papers as a "fortified" town. Its fortifications were, however, dismantled some years ago, and it is quite unimportant in the military sense. It boasts one peculiar feature, which may very probably have come in useful for the civilian inhabitants during the recent bombardments. A large number of the houses, besides their ordinary cellars, possess vast underground halls and passages called *boves*, said to have been caused by ancient quarrying operations. Some of these *boves* have been left in their rough state; others have been fitted up and utilised in various ways. The most remarkable of these catacombs are under the Grande Place and the Place de la Préfecture.

Douai is larger than Arras, having about 35,000 inhabitants to Arras' 25,000, and is very much dirtier. It reminds one of some of the towns in the English Black Country, and its long line of forges and foundries rise out of the plain with a curious and bizarre effect. Behind its rampart of factories and ironworks, however, lie the monuments of the great university town in which so many English and Irish Catholic priests of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries received their education. The Hotel de Ville, with its Beffroi, are good examples of fifteenth century architecture, and were restored in 1857-60. Like Arras, Douai has withstood sieges and suffered more than its share of the horrors of war. When the history of the present struggle comes to be written, we may find that the miseries it has suffered during the past few months exceed anything that it has ever known.

The Influence of the Sea

BY SOPHROSINE

ALL the tendency of late years has been to minimise the importance of the sea as a barrier between continents or countries. America has playfully talked of the Atlantic as the "herring pond," the Channel between us and the Continent was the "little silver streak"; turbines and still more recently aeroplanes have reduced time to its minimum, until what was formerly a great adventure became a luxurious passage of four or five days; in the case of the Channel, of as many hours; while the airman succeeded in establishing the *entente cordiale* in a return visit between the hours of lunch and dinner! England, so often in times past the butt of wit on the ground of its insularity, began to pride itself on its cosmopolitan tendency, to feel almost as thoroughly in touch with Continental life as if no belt of water flowed between. Some, indeed, there were whose desire for travel so far exceeded their means and seamanship as to make them wish they had not been placed by destiny on an island. All things conspired to make that fact of less and less importance.

Nevertheless, fundamentally the influence played by the sea in the making and the history of England is at the root of her greatness. It has given her a stability possessed by no other of the Western nations. Across the Continent of Europe the flood of invasion poured its tide, not once but many times, blotting out and exterminating previous civilisations, generating races that were hybrid to decadence. In England, those who conquered, while they came to stay, altered in much less degree the character of the country. Even while they brought fresh ideas and acquisitions in their train, they became absorbed into its existing life. They gave, they added to, but in no case did they exterminate that which they found on their arrival.

Not only stability resulted, but hardihood. The races who conquered the island were those who had prowess on the sea. Danes and Romans, the Norseman and the Norman, were all men for whom the sea had no terrors, who lived in sea-girt lands themselves, and who, if they included pirates in their number, were also men of strength, endurance, and abounding vitality. The dweller on an island has need of hardihood. His means of livelihood, his medium of defence is "ocean, mighty monster," hardest of all the forces of nature to tame, most difficult of all to yoke to the triumphal car of civilisation. To-day the British sailor is the finest sailor in the world; he is the outcome of untold generations of watchful hardihood, of the power to endure all perils of the sea, the skill to interpret her moods in his interest and to gauge the capacity and personality of the ships which ride her.

Much of the strength of which Englishmen are so proud, the pluck that has made them great travellers, keen sportsmen, and soldiers who have no compeers the whole world over, is due to the influence of the sea, is an heritage of the struggles weathered by far-off ancestors in the endeavour to preserve life in the difficult climatic conditions of an island, amid restricted

resources; of their fight for the mastery of the sea which constantly beats upon their shores, and over which they must pass to reach the treasure, the luxury, and tropic abundance of the South which they coveted.

The sea not only engenders hardihood; it breeds imagination. These are the two distinguishing factors in leadership; no man and no nation can be great without them. There is a tendency to confuse excitability with imagination, and to assume that because the English are stolid, self-restrained, externally unimaginative, they are lacking in that quality. No mistake could be greater. The land of romance, the home of the legend, is the land of the sea. The Saga of the Norseman, the Homeric poems of the sea-scattered isles of Greece, the Arthurian legends of the shores of Brittany and of our Western promontory, the immortal legends of the Rhine, are survivals of the most ancient romances of the world, and have all come down to us from the lips of men to whom the salt of the sea was as the breath of life to their nostrils. The tendency of the city is to stifle imagination. Fact is too real, too near, life too crammed with the business of getting money and pleasure to allow much play for the luxury of dreams. The sailor at his post, alone with the great stretch of purple sea, under a boundless canopy of sky, or riding hard on the gale in the teeth of angry foam-crowned waves, finds it easy to people the air and the waters with teeming multitudes of spirits interested in his destiny for good or evil. No man is so imaginative or at the same time so superstitious as a sailor.

The influence of the sea is a tyranny, so strong is it in many English families. No power can keep them away from its charm; no lure of pleasure or gold is as seductive as its spell, to which they are compelled to answer. Generation after generation, they have given of their sons, their brothers, to the deep, to lie silent in the bosom of the mistress they loved so well; but still they respond to her voice; the Navy is full of men whose forefathers from the days of gallant Drake have been seafarers. In the fishing villages of England the pursuit of the craft has come down in line unbroken from the remotest past. Many hold that the supremacy of our airmen is due to the inherited instinct of control of the elements that helps the bird on its wing, and the man who has battled with the winds for long ages in the person of his ancestors.

From whatever side we view it, it is impossible to dissociate England from her empire of the sea, to overrate its influence upon her people. Truths that were half recognised before are gaining enormous importance in these days. One of these is the strategic value of natural frontiers, of barriers afforded by rivers, hills, and especially by the sea. Always this has been known, but in this war is infinitely emphasised. Week by week the pressure on Germany is being increased by our mastery of the sea; week by week, as the war progresses, England learns her debt to that belt of water and to the argus-eyed Navy that watches it unceasingly and without sleep.

To those whom the business of war or commerce compels frequent crossing of the Channel, the contrast between those lands which war has ravaged and our own, lying safe within the circle of the waves, is so keen as to be distressing. A short four hours' journey, and one is in the presence of war itself, dread and terrible, with its attendant ministry of horror. Here in England, it is true, we live in its shadow; it clouds our minds and it darkens life—but what an infinity of difference! Our land so sacred is still unsoiled, our commerce scarcely touched, our women and children dwell secure; our Empire unafraid, unshaken, rests on foundations that are unassailable. All this we owe to the influence of the Sea. Many lives we have given to her in this war, much tribute we have paid her, but in storm and in calm she has proved herself the friend of England.

REVIEWS

The Great Game

A Pilgrim's Scrip. By R. CAMPBELL THOMPSON.
Illustrated. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

TIME, in his progress, hides a thousand interesting things from our inquisitive eyes; he buries cities under sea or sand, drops the curtain over ancient civilisations and peoples, changes the course of rivers, and does his best to thwart the peering, prying scientist. Here and there, however, on rocks that rise above the desert, on stones lightly covered with the drifted sand of centuries, he has left the records of ancient nations, the tale of stirring deeds; but only in quite recent years have men been able to read these fascinating words. By this "great game" of hide-and-seek Mr. Campbell Thompson has been enthralled, and the story of some of his adventures into the land of the Hittites, north of Bagdad, into the peninsula of Sinai, and into Tripoli, is set forth in this book.

The author's manner of writing is almost scriptural, and after the first feeling of surprise this is not unpleasant. Even the most prosaic details, such as the provision of a "tip-truck railway" in excavation work, are treated in this style: "After the first probings have borne fruit," he says, "the lucky areas widen, and all their refuse must be vomited afar off, lest the tailings add their hindrance. Thus is a railway expedient, and its cost adds greatly to the burden of the enterprise; yet, perhaps, a first season in a virgin place demands it not." He explains that "the northern road from Trebizonde was closed by reason of the winter, for it was yet February," and throughout the book we find him using "nay," "for," "now" at the beginning of sentences in the Biblical mode. From pleasant, casual references, however, we gather that he does not disdain other literature; by allusions to "Sol Gills" and "Mr. Feeder, B.A.," he proves himself a student of Charles Dickens—and here is a pretty play of words

which brings "Pickwick" and Mr. Alfred Jingle to the mind:

The soldier led the caravan, his mare probing for a ford, while as a tailpiece to the picture of four horses splashing knee-deep in the water there was old Mustapha huddled high on his saddle. To my mind came a jingle of expectation—deep ford—paper to a learned society—crossing water—didactic utterance—mouth the only safe place for a watch—if horse stumble—heroic picture—plaguey wet—very—. And then, be damned to it, my horse did stumble, put his foot into a hole, and I slipped out of the saddle. With barely time to slip my watch into my mouth and hold up the camera in its haversack shoulder-high, I was floundering about in the muddy stream, waist-deep. I spent an hour on the bank getting a dry shift of clothing from the packs.

This gives a glimpse of the difficulties attending travel in these lands; as to the excavation itself, "you may dig for week after week," writes Mr. Thompson, "a weary and indefinite time of waiting, finding nothing, and then on a sudden the most glorious treasures will be revealed, tasking your time from dawn to sunset; so it was in the first year of excavations at Car-chemish." The finest chapters in the book are concerned with discoveries at Mosul, the ancient Nineveh, in 1904, and with the deciphering of the great inscription of Darius, dating from 500 B.C., at Behistun. This remained almost unread, save for a few names, until the efforts of Henry Rawlinson laid the foundation for a knowledge of the cuneiform script; and more than half a century after him came Mr. Thompson. For sixteen days he and his colleague, Mr. Leonard King, climbed ladders or swung in cradles against the carved, lofty rock, and the results of their labours are now known to all who study these wondrous themes.

The minor incidents of the journeys are full of interest, and occasionally amusing. The wandering minstrel of Syria has changed his pipes, it seems, for a gramophone "gasping out Turkish discords such as savages delight in. He peregrinates the markets with this devil's voice ready to be unchained for a *metal-lique*; it is a toy fit for the Tartar intelligence." And at Bagdad "the younger Turks were riding gently to and fro on bicycles, exhibiting explosive, ring-straked socks." Weddings, festivities, alarms of brigands, a strike among the workmen, hunting of the ibex in Sinai, a visit to the turquoise-mines (where an Englishman—from Poplar!—was in charge), and many other incidents of travel are described; the reader who does not happen to be particularly interested in the subjects of Assyriology or archæology will still find this volume, with its fine illustrations, one to enjoy and to read carefully. "When the laborious sunlight has departed, and it is time to take to writing, it is an encouragement to think that other and fitter men have made mistakes, but better still to remember that all critics are hostile." So writes the author in a passage half-truculent, half-apologetic; but critics of his work, we imagine, will be anything but hostile. They may rebel at some of his words, as when he writes "to joust at the quintain of his outrecuidance," or uses terms such

as "gigmanity," "agiotage," "cytogastrous," or drops into "hight" and "bedight" incongruously; but, noting these unfortunate flaws, they will have to admit that he has given them one of the best travel-books of late years. Mr. Thompson has recently been appointed a captain on the Staff of the Indian Army, and is now on active service; we wish him a safe return, and, in times of peace, more pleasant wanderings.

Modern Germany

Modern Germany. By J. ELLIS BARKER. Fifth Edition. (London: Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

NONE has worked more strenuously or been better equipped than Mr. Ellis Barker in the last fifteen years to make the British people realise two things: first, the ever-growing menace of Germany to the British Empire; second, the opportunities which had come to the British Empire to make itself a real Empire in defence, in commerce, in economics—opportunities which the Free Traders for purely party purposes refused to seize. The double-headed lesson has surely been brought home to all to-day, and the only puzzle to us is that four editions of Mr. Ellis Barker's "Modern Germany" should be exhausted whilst the British democracy remained deaf to the teachings of the book. How the interest in Germany's doings in the last few years has grown is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the first edition of the book contained 346 pages; the fifth edition contains 852. There is not a superfluous page in it. Neither, so far as we can gather, has Mr. Ellis Barker missed anything essential to the completeness of the picture. Its survey of the expansion of Germany under the guidance of Prussia, a purely military State, till its navy, its commerce, and its colonies had become of world-wide significance is masterly as orderly. Germany took many of her ideas from this country—her navy, her agriculture, her great manufacturing industry—and improved upon them in some ways, whilst cheapening them in others. Her ambition, as he shows, was ultimately to secure our heritage, and she had gone so far and done so much that it is not in the least surprising she should have come to consider that she was to be the master of the world, with Great Britain as her obedient henchman, existing on sufferance. How could she think otherwise? We have done everything to lead her to believe that we were abandoning those courses by which we secured the position she envies. Take agriculture alone: "Great Britain, after having been the first and the foremost nation in applying science to agriculture, has now become the last." Germany has grown rich with the capital provided by France in '71, on which she really started her business, and riches have brought discontent; the men, says Mr. Barker, who are powerful are discontented because they are not wealthy, the men who are wealthy are discontented because they are not powerful. Germany has been brought to her present critical plight by the very machine which made her

great—the army; and we really think that the most significant chapter in Mr. Barker's new edition is that in which he tells the shameful story of the Zabern affair. When the tin tyrants of militarism obviously place themselves in the wrong with the civil population, when the Reichstag can pass a vote of censure by 293 to 54, and when a military court can, by declaring the offending officers not guilty, override every civil right, then we get an example of Prussianism run mad, and can begin to understand that, if there had been no war, there would probably ere long have been a constitutional revolution in the German Empire. Mr. Ellis Barker's "Modern Germany" is invaluable as a clue to the forces at work in every department of her national life, and we agree with him that it is a pity the cost of producing so ample a volume does not admit of its being issued at a more popular price than 7s. 6d.—though that is only two-thirds of the cost of the book when it bulked less than half its present size.

Unsavoury and Unvaried Fare

Napoleon III and the Women He Loved. By HECTOR FLEISCHMANN. Translated by DR. A. S. RAPPOPORT. (Holden and Hardingham. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT seems a pity that certain writers, of more than one nationality, should find a pleasure—or profit—in compiling books that are of little value from an artistic or any other point of view. In these columns, not so very many months ago, an English author's work was severely dealt with on account of the very unnecessary revelations it made concerning a sovereign who is still alive. Prince Louis Napoleon no longer lives to charm, beguile, or fascinate the fair ladies, so anxious to pay court to the fickle monarch, but at the same time the use, interest, or amusement of "Napoleon III and the Women He Loved" is very hard to discover. In "Princess Mathilde," a book reviewed in THE ACADEMY last week, this monarch had his place; his indiscretions were not omitted, his foibles not glossed over, yet their presentation was a very different matter from that of M. Fleischmann and his translator, Dr. Rappoport.

Napoleon III certainly in no way rose superior to the times in which he lived; he came to a corrupt court, and did nothing in any way to improve the conditions he found there. The present book, however, in dealing with one side only of the Emperor's character, gives the reader a very unjust impression, and magnifies out of all due proportion the sins laid to his charge. Viel Castel's diaries are drawn upon largely for many quotations, some of which are in very bad taste. The translation, also, is frequently rendered into very poor English—in fact, in some places it can hardly be said to be English at all. What, for instance, does the last sentence mean in the following:

What qualities did he possess, besides his title of prince and nephew of Napoleon, calculated to seduce and conquer them, to kindle in their feeble souls the fire of romantic passions? How was he?

"He was described as measuring 1 metre 68" may mean

height or chest proportion, for it is stated that Napoleon III was stout.

Some portions of the account read more like jottings than a book with any literary pretensions. Of Captain—later Colonel—Claude Nicolas Vaudrey it is explained that:

At Mont Saint Jean he pointed his guns and fired the last shots for the Empire. Result—half-pay, November 1, 1815. . . . He was by rights entitled to be Aide-de-Camp to the Duc d'Orleans. Refusal. He had the right to a scholarship for his son. Refusal.

Enough has been said to give the reader some idea of the fare he will receive if he decides to attend the table of M. Hector Fleischmann and Dr. A. S. Rappoport; the dishes will not be varied, and if in time he begins to feel a little wearied of the reappearance of the same viands, and wish for a change, he will learn that there is nothing else to serve.

Hills and Vales of Somerset

The Heart of Mendip. By FRANCIS A. KNIGHT. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 8s. 6d. net.)

IT is a matter of congratulation that Mr. Knight, whose death occurred just before the publication of this book, lived to complete his treatment of the Mendip district. In this and its companion volume, "The Sea-Board of Mendip," published thirteen years earlier, we have an adequate and delightful survey of a most interesting and hitherto little known corner of Western England. It was a special distinction of the author that he was not only an archæologist and naturalist, but that he possessed the gift of writing with some measure of literary charm, to which he added the human touch that is sometimes lacking in the work of antiquaries and naturalists. By this accomplishment undoubtedly Mr. Knight will be remembered in the future; he is the historian of Mendip, and as such all who love Somerset, and all lovers of our countryside annals, will ever be grateful to him. In saying this we do not forget his other graceful and pleasing writings. It is not altogether a satisfactory thing to find that this volume has been published by subscription, because we are forced to realise that without such a precaution it might not have been published at all; and it is a condemnation of our public that there should be no remunerative market for such sterling work, which is of far more than local interest; but, recognising that condition, the method of subscription is a good alternative.

We should have been glad if Mr. Knight had extended his treatment so as to include Dundry and Maes Knoll and Stanton Drew, but in so doing he would certainly have gone outside the "heart" of Mendip. This region is now more accessible than ever before; it has become unhappily familiar to consumptives; its heights are traversed by tourist cars with loads of sight-seers, and are linked in hurried excursions to the attractions of Cheddar and of Wells.

Yet still in most parts the somewhat bare plateau is consecrated to utter solitude; only its fringe is touched

by railways, and the population is scanty. It is, as Mr. Edward Hutton well says, a "lonely, windy place, as grey as a winter sky and as mysterious as the last few days of the year, a place of rolling and empty fields, of sudden and immense views, of a strange and grim enchantment." The very name is a puzzle; its first syllable may be the Celtic *maen*, a stone; or perhaps *men*, which means ore, recalling the mining that took place on Mendip from immemorial times.

The earliest known Roman inscription discovered in Britain was on a pig of lead found near Wookey Hole, dated A.D. 49, when Claudius was Emperor; and the Romans merely carried on the work of earlier inhabitants, probably a tribe of Belgæ. Among the parishes here fully dealt with are Winscombe, with its Quaker settlement and its famous Sidcot Schools; Shipham, with its mining memories and its records of the good work done by Hannah More in humanising the population that was sunk low in ignorance and savagery; Churchill, which includes the huge Dolbury camp; Burrington, with its fine Combe and its caves; Axbridge, with its interesting church and old-world atmosphere; Cheddar, of world-wide fame not only for its magnificent gorge and caverns, but also for its cheeses, which were alluded to by Camden, more than three centuries ago, as "excellent and prodigious." In these days we know that some so-called "Cheddar" comes from across the water, but much good cheese is still produced in the Mendip district. There is also a chapter devoted to Charterhouse-on-Mendip, with its long since despoiled monastery of Witham and its traces of Roman occupation. The volume is illumined and enlivened by many quotations from old-time parish registers, by notices of bird and beast and flower, by due attention to architecture and church monuments, by local legend and personal association. The literary charm of the region is not great, though Locke was born, and Hannah More lived, at Wrington, which lies well within the Mendip neighbourhood. We seldom read either nowadays, but we cannot forget that Hannah More, if small as a poetess, was a large-hearted and most useful woman. There are good pictures, and a map adds interest and value to what is a thoroughly attractive and welcome volume.

Fiction

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS has returned to bonnie Devon in his new novel, "Brunel's Tower" (Heinemann, 6s.), and very glad are we to say that this will stand with his best West-country stories. It is more a study of finely contrasted characters than a novel of action, but it holds the reader right through. Harvey Porter, the youth of mysterious origin, with queer notions of right and wrong; Easterbrook, the master of the Devon pottery, and Paul Pitts, his painter and friend, who argue from different points of view—one being a rationalist, the other a Christian—but who both do good and live rightly; the conceited Marsland and his sweetheart, humorous in the most delightful

vein: each of these is a splendidly drawn, distinct person. And the workmen of the pottery remind us of Mr. Thomas Hardy's finest "native" conversations; their remarks are shrewd, innocent, amusing, and they all live. As far as we know, the red clay of Devon has not been thus spiritualised and expounded before in any book, and Mr. Phillpotts has succeeded admirably. The clay runs through the story like a recurring theme in a fugue, never lost, never too obtrusive. Lovers of Dartmoor and its fringe of valleys will set this book aside to be read again. It has its tragedy—as when Aunt Sophia, who paints the flowers on the pots and vases, and whose bad work through failing sight has been concealed from her by those who love her, is rudely told the truth by the careless Harvey; it ends also on a grave note; but it is sincere, restful, and has the reality of life, where laughter is never far away from sorrow.

It is one thing to write a book, but quite another to find a suitable title for it. The modern novelist, especially if a lady, often calls her story by the name of her heroine. Some of these works have become classics, as, for instance, "Jane Eyre," but not one of them gives an inkling to the would-be reader of the delights or the disappointments he may be faced with as he turns the pages. "La Belle Alliance," by Rowland Grey (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), is an exception; the title awakens an interest which may at the first blush be doomed to disappointment, but which at the end will be more than satisfied. It does not tell of a clash of arms, of the historic battle of giants, with which the name is so closely associated in connection with the happenings of a century ago; on the contrary, "La Belle Alliance" is a quite peaceful story. The heroine, an athletic English girl, is sent to finish her education in Madame Souvestre's well-known establishment at Fontainebleau, and anyone who has had to face a similar ordeal will acknowledge the difficulties confronting insular prejudice when pitted against the suavity of the politest nation in the world. This is to all intents and purposes a girl's book, but we venture to think it will entertain scores of older readers, just as "Tom Brown's Schooldays" has done.

In "The Family" (Methuen and Co., 6s.) Elinor Mordaunt presents a minute study of a country gentleman's family and home. He is the typical English squire, with sporting proclivities and numerous children to provide for. There are eleven boys and girls and their mother, and the author is at pains to individualise the characteristics of each in a way that demonstrates a deep acquaintance with the idiosyncrasies of human nature. A pathetic side of the story is that only two of the squire's numerous progeny show any real sympathy for each other.

"The Relation of International Law to the Law of England and the United States," by Cyril M. Picciotto, with an introduction by Professor Oppenheim, will appear immediately through Messrs. Wm. Dawson and Sons, Ltd.

Shorter Notices

The Hand and the Brain

The claims of actual handwork as supplementary to theoretical study are now thoroughly realised by most teachers, but there was room for a critical treatment of the subject. This is now given by Mr. P. B. Ballard, M.A., in the new, revised, and much enlarged edition of his book on "Handwork as an Educational Medium" (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d. net). Quoting some of the famous psychologists, he discusses in a lucid and extremely interesting manner the motor and mental development of the child, and passes on to consider the place of practical work—the actual manipulation of objects—in the formation of ideas and the evolution of the mind, including a clever chapter on "Ambidexterity." It has been found that boys, supposedly stupid when put to study the classics, became markedly skilful even to the point of genius when transferred to mechanical work; "far from being the worst intellects in the school," said a successful headmaster, "they were often the best." Instead of being listless and a constant worry to the teacher, they did their tasks keenly and with pleasure, and their progress in mathematics was notably better than before. Mr. Ballard's thoughtful work has done much to remove the dreariness from school life, and to show that between the "dull boy" and the "bright boy" the difference is often merely that of the method of instruction or the task each is set to do. We commend this book as a very fine study of educational complexities which every teacher should buy and read carefully.

The Rubber Industry

Not the least useful purpose of an exhibition such as that held last summer in London in connection with rubber and allied trades is that, while visualising the industry in all its branches, it affords experts an opportunity of expounding their views in conference. From the planting of the rubber tree to the turning out of a motor tyre the industry is full of fascination and even of romance. It is one of the marvels of the tropics, but rubber would all count for nothing but for the discovery of vulcanisation and the resourcefulness of the laboratory in application. A fair idea of the development and potentialities of the business is afforded by "The Rubber Industry" (Exhibition Offices, 75, Chancery Lane, W.C., 15s. 6d. net), edited by Dr. Torrey and A. Staines Manders. The volume contains the papers and addresses delivered at the London Conference in 1914, together with those read at the New York Conference in 1912. Rubber problems are many and varied; as industries go, the rubber industry is a new one, and chemists and planters make discoveries of importance pretty frequently. The chemist has, of course, introduced the bogey of synthetic rubber, but those who study these papers will not, we think, be much scared by any menace in that direction. "The Rubber Industry" is a volume which everyone engaged in rubber production and manufacture must possess.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* in future will publish the Officers' Casualty List (arranged by regiments) on the last Saturday in each month. These lists will contain the casualties which have been officially notified during the previous month.

On the Rules of Royal Auction

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

THESE is a curious disinclination on the part of Auction Bridge players to master the rules of the game. The latter are to be found in almost every manual on the subject. There are, however, considerably over a hundred of them, and the number may explain this neglect of an elementary acquirement. Whatever be the reason, it is quite customary to have disputes and differences of opinion among people who have otherwise a useful grasp of the intricacies of the game. And the points in debate are mostly the same. I have committed some of these to memory, and shall group them together in this article, trusting that, detached from the formidable body of the rules, they may make a more permanent impression. But the best form of instruction is for strict players to enforce the penalty in every instance, for there is a penalty for every breach which can be construed as giving an advantage to the side which commits it. Leniency in this respect is a mistake for all parties, and fosters a slovenly style of play, as evidenced in this reluctance to learn even the rules.

Even at so early a stage of the game as the deal, some ambiguity seems to exist. For instance, I have known players who have discovered towards the end of a round that they have only twelve cards claim a fresh deal. The laws are very explicit on this point, and impose, moreover, a penalty for the failure of a player to detect an error in the deal or in the pack when arranging his hand. If he does not discover a deficiency before playing any of his cards, the deal stands good, and he is as responsible for any revoke he may have made as if the missing card were in his hand. Again, if a pack be found to be incorrect at any stage of a rubber, or after its completion, the scores made prior to the discovery cannot be altered or annulled. The hand in which the error is detected, however, is null and void, and there must be a fresh deal. Another point of uncertainty is in regard to dealing out of turn, or with the adversaries' cards. The mistake cannot be rectified after the last card is dealt; the deal then stands good.

Now a few words on declaring trumps. The initiated will forgive me mentioning, for the benefit of the novice, that, as the lowest bid at Royal Auction is "One Club," "Spades" now mean "Royals," and anyone overcalling "One Spade" with "One Club" may be penalised to go two of the latter suit. Then, when both partners have made declarations in the same suit, the deal goes invariably to the original declarant of it, whatever be the circumstances. I have known it asserted that, because another bid has intervened, the declaration thereby becomes a new one. There is an important point in connection with the failure of a player to declare sufficient tricks to overbid the previous declaration. As is well known enough, the declarant in fault is compelled to go the requisite number of tricks, but what is not so well known is that

his partner is debarred from making any further declaration unless the bidding is re-opened by one of the adversaries. The insufficient bid, however, must be noticed and rectified before it is overcalled, nor can the number of tricks a player is forced to go exceed seven. At the end of the bidding the only information a player is entitled to ask for is what was the final declaration.

On the subject of doubling, I need only say that the limit imposed by the laws is the first re-double, and that in the latter case both the bonus for fulfilling the contract and for each additional trick beyond the contract is a hundred points. No player must double out of his turn; if he does, the other side may demand a new deal.

There is an impression that the participation of Dummy, once his cards are exposed, is restricted to inquiring if his partner has none of a suit renounced. Dummy is not quite so effaced as all that. The rules permit him (1) to call attention to the fact that too many or too few cards have been played to a trick; (2) to correct the claim of either adversary to a penalty if improperly stated; (3) to call attention to the erroneous gathering of a trick by either side; (4) to join in a discussion on a question of fact or of law; (5) to correct an erroneous score. What he must not do is to call the declarant's attention to any penalty to which the latter may be entitled; to touch or otherwise suggest the play of a card; to point out that the declarant is about to play from the wrong hand; to look over his partner's hand or, strictly, indeed, to leave his seat.

The laws are most lenient to the player of the two hands, whom I have referred to as the declarant. He is not held liable to any penalty for an error whence he can gain no advantage, not even, for example, if he exposes the whole of his cards (Rule 70). The subject of exposed cards and cards liable to be called is too long to be dealt with here; it will be found treated in the laws from Rule 71 to 86, and will repay careful study. Other rules worth noting are (84), that if fourth hand should play before the second, the latter (not being Dummy or his partner) may be called upon to win or not to win the trick, or to discard from a suit specified by the declarant, always, of course, subject to his not being asked to revoke. Then Rule 89 is of a drastic order, viz., if anyone, save Dummy, plays two cards to a trick, or mixes a card with a trick and the mistake is not discovered until the hand is played out, he is liable for all consequent revokes he may have made, although if the error be detected during the play of the hand, the tricks may be searched face downwards and the card restored. The penalty remains.

Some noteworthy points in the rules on revoking are that when either of the adversaries has revoked, the declarer may take three tricks to make good his bid, but he may not thereon score any bonus if the declaration has been doubled or redoubled: that the penalty of 150 points is not affected by doubling or redoubling; that in no circumstances can partners score anything except for honours or chicane on a hand in which one of

them has revoked; that if a revoke is discovered before the trick is turned and quitted, the other players may withdraw the cards they have put down, without penalty, but the card of the transgressor may be treated as an exposed card; that the declarant cannot so be dealt with when he is fourth in hand, and Dummy never; that if the player accused of a revoke mixes the cards before they have been examined, the revoke is established; that a revoke cannot be claimed after the pack has been cut for the following deal; that if both sides revoke neither can score anything but for honours and chicane, and if both revoke more than once the side guilty of the fewer offences scores 150 points for each extra revoke.

The Theatre

A Fine, Confused Farce

IF the caprice of a first night's audience made success, "He Didn't Want To Do It," by Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Hackett, produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre last Saturday, would be indeed victorious. The crowded house rocked to the humours of the authors and the curious and excellent performance of the whole cast. But the farce is almost too elaborate, too obviously anxious to be funny, to enthrall the more accustomed playgoer.

Mr. Broadhurst is, we have been told, an Englishman who has had many successes in America, and the present play is certainly reminiscent of some light stage pieces which have gained more admirers in the United States than in London. The plot shows a Major Drinkwater, Mr. Fred Lewis—who has entirely shed his Chesterton-ducial style on this occasion—engaged in a swindle in regard to some wonderful emeralds, which are not, of course, real emeralds. He is to be assisted by the remarkable manager of a popular Riviera hotel, made doubly interesting by the farcical art of Mr. Lyall Swete. But these two subtle dogs become involved with an advertising American novelist, Mr. Nat D. Ayer; three rather unaccountable ladies played by those beauties of the stage, Miss Lydia Bilbrooke, Miss Hilda Bayley, and the lively Miss Marion Lorne; an original type of unconventional sham detective, Mr. Arthur Hatherton; and two innocent and amusing personages, Smith, Mr. Joseph Coyne, and his blunt friend Witherton, Mr. Frederick Kerr. All these people tell the truth, and that which is not, in just such a way as to confuse each other and the audience during the harmless if necessary three acts. As all the actors carry on their mysterious and laugh-provoking business with perfect skill, the result is entertaining bewilderment, dashing action, occasional happy phrases, and many a would-be humorous situation—imported pretty directly from the States. Thus you will find that the play with the already well-worn title "He Didn't Want To Do It" gives plenty of opportunities for various kinds of laughter, from the heartiest, which you share with the

authors and actors, to the most cynical, which you keep within your own mind. If you do not admire the new farce you will still surely enjoy yourselves.

EGAN MEW.

MOTORING

A NUMBER of prosecutions have been instituted for infringements of the "powerful lights" order made under the Defence of the Realm Regulations, and it appears that in the majority of such cases the defendants were unaware that they had entered the prohibited area (the Metropolitan Police District). With a view to co-operating with the authorities, as well as in the interests of motorists themselves, the Automobile Association and Motor Union has stationed patrols on all the main roads leading into London at the points where the Metropolitan Police District begins. They will be on this special duty between one half-hour before lighting-up time and 10 p.m., and will be provided with lamps to warn members of the proximity of the district wherein the prohibition applies. Now that a clear and authoritative definition of what constitutes a "powerful light" within the meaning of the Act has at last been elicited, the matter of swivelling lamps or "searchlights" has been brought into prominence. The ambiguity of the law with regard to the use of movable headlights was the subject of much discussion a year or two ago, and every motorist knows that he is required to use fixed headlights and at the same time show a light in the direction in which the car is moving—a matter of impossibility when the car is rounding a corner. However, the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis has just drawn the attention of the Automobile Association to the fact that certain lamps which are now being advertised in the Press are of types which the law does not allow—i.e., that they are mounted on brackets which enable them to be turned in any direction—a contravention of the Motor Cars Use and Construction Order, 1904. The Commissioner also points out that Section 25 of the Defence of the Realm Regulations enacts that no person shall without lawful authority be in possession of any searchlight or other apparatus intended for signalling, and that the unauthorised possession of a powerful lamp fitted with a shutter is considered an offence.

There is no necessity for workmen skilled in any branch of motor manufacture to be out of employment, and unusually lucrative employment too, at the present time, as remarkable activity prevails in the industry. For example, we hear from Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., whose works are at Acton Vale, W., that they have plenty of room for more men, especially in the turning, turret-laying, milling, drilling, and fitting departments. Full London wages are paid, in addition to a special bonus and liberal overtime money. Moreover, the men employed in this essentially British firm work under the most desirable conditions, the workshops being large, light, and airy.

The City

THE ready manner in which the £50,000,000 of Exchequer Bonds offered on Tuesday were taken up is the best proof not only of the plethora of money available but of the confidence felt everywhere that there will be no over-serious straining of our resources in meeting the crisis brought about by the war. The City, indeed, all things considered, is in quite cheerful mood, and on the Stock Exchange the tendency to speculation increases. On the whole the Government have done so well in matters of business since August that Mr. Lloyd George's announcement of their intention to take over control of engineering factories and workshops engaged in the production of war munitions serves only to inspire confidence. They are not, however, wholly to be congratulated on the handling of British Dyes, Limited, the prospectus of which has just been issued. The company is capitalised at £2,000,000, of which half is guaranteed conditionally on mortgage by the Government, and half must be subscribed by the public. Some uncertainty has already arisen as to the Government terms, and the prospectus leaves some sympathisers with the movement rather cold because the assets to be created will entirely depend upon the spirit in which the authorities may regard the enterprise when peace comes. There is no confidence that with the return to normal party conditions there may not be a return to the undiluted Cobdenism which has hit British business so hard. Other points are sharply criticised by men like Sir William Ramsay and Sir Henry Roscoe. The originators of the scheme have not thought it worth while to give the scientific chemist a preponderant voice in the control of the business. Then there is no suggestion that we intend to exclude German dyes in future. How utterly we fail to apply the lessons Germany has taught us! Unless the scheme is amended, British Dyes, Limited, says Sir William Ramsay, is foredoomed to failure.

Complaint is pretty general that the Government are standing in the way of new companies, the floating of which might mean much to future British business. We hear of one big scheme for the purchase of an oil concession which has had to be dropped owing to the refusal of the authorities to sanction the sending of the necessary cash out of the country. It is just on the cards that the Government have at one and the same time saved the money in a double sense—for national needs and for the enjoyment of the possible investors who might never have seen any return on it. We know nothing of the enterprise in question, but we do know that the public must beware of being caught in the speculative net which certain interests in the Oil group have woven for the unwary. During the past fortnight there has been quite a considerable amount of speculation in the Oil market, but profit taking at the beginning of the week called a halt, and we hope the upward movement will not be resumed by amateur and outside dabbling. That way disappointment inevitably lies. With all the restrictions which now hedge round the buying and selling of shares, it is quite certain that the public is less likely than ever to be allowed to secure more than the tiniest sample of the plunder which the professionals know how to secure for themselves.

Markets generally have been inactive but firm. Marconis have been freely bought and the price is up. Apart from oil, tin has tended to be most in evidence, as the result of the advance in the price of the raw material. A rise of £5, directly traceable to shortage in stocks, encourages hope that this disappointing market may soon again yield better results. The report of the Jos Tim

(Nigeria) is satisfactory, especially in view of the record of certain other Nigerian enterprises which have let down their supporters. Jos pays a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum.

Borax Consolidated, Ltd. show profits for the year ending September 30 last of £344,050. Interim dividends, debenture interest and various other items reduce the available balance to £200,846. After the payment of the final dividends, including 1s. per share on the Deferred Ordinary, making 7½ per cent. for the year, and placing £25,000 to general reserve, there is the very substantial amount of £68,346 to be carried forward.

Messrs. Houlder Bros. and Co. report a credit balance for 1914 of £93,587, to which must be added £13,019 brought in. After payment of Debenture and Preference interest, making various allocations, and bringing the reserve funds up to a quarter of a million sterling, a dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent. is available for the Ordinary shareholders, whilst the carry forward is £23,000—£10,000 more than last year.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.,

Chief Office—HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

FUNDS EXCEED £91,000,000.

Summary of the Report presented at the Sixty-sixth Annual Meeting, held on 4th March, 1915.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 65,751, assuring the sum of £6,318,843, and producing a new annual premium income of £424,353. The premiums received during the year were £5,035,625, being an increase of £115,107 over the year 1913. In addition, £10,315 was received in premiums under the Sickness Insurance Tables. The claims of the year amounted to £4,014,658. The number of deaths was 9,351. The number of endowment assurances matured was 24,966, the premium income of which was £136,735. The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 922,505.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £8,176,202, being an increase of £301,746. The claims of the year amounted to £3,373,850, including £398,360 bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including 6,731 endowment assurances matured, was 392,883. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards, who desired to discontinue their payments, was 103,514, the number in force being 1,947,556. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 46,364. The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was 20,085,010; their average duration exceeds thirteen years. The assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the balance sheet, are £91,202,344, being an increase of £4,209,341 over those of 1913.

The outbreak of hostilities in August last placed upon the Directors the grave responsibility of deciding what charge, if any, should be made to policyholders on active service. After careful consideration it was decided to charge no extra premium in respect of existing policies on the lives of those engaging for the period of the war, and in respect of existing policies on the lives of other members of the regular forces it was decided that £250 of assurance on any life should be exempted from the payment of extra premium.

In the Ordinary Branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of £1 10s. per cent. on the original sums assured has been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876. In the Industrial Branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on policies of over five years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 5th of March, 1915, to the 2nd of March, 1916, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

PREMIUMS PAID FOR				BONUS ADDITION TO SUMS ASSURED.	
5 years and less than 10 years	...	£2 10s. per cent.			
10 " " 15 "	...	£5	"		
15 " " 20 "	...	£5	"		
20 " " 25 "	...	£7 10s.	"		
25 " " 30 "	...	£10	"		
30 " " 35 "	...	£12 10s.	"		
35 " " 40 "	...	£15	"		
40 " " 45 "	...	£20	"		
45 " " 50 "	...	£30	"		
50 " " 55 "	...	£40	"		
55 " " 60 "	...	£50	"		
60 " and upwards.	...	£60	"		

The six Prudential Approved Societies formed under the National

Insurance Act, 1911, have done important work during the year and the membership continues to increase. Since the commencement of the Act the Agency Staff has distributed benefits exceeding £3,000,000 to the members at their own homes.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, Chairman.

W. J. LANCASTER, } Directors.
F. SCHOOLING, }

J. BURN, Actuary.

A. C. THOMPSON,

G. E. MAY, Secretary.

General Manager.

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRICE OF NOVELS, ETC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I have read with much interest the anonymous and somewhat offensive comments of "A Publisher" on the lecture I recently delivered to the booksellers. As his points are interesting I hope you will allow me to reply. My case is, briefly, as follows:—

(1) I contend that it is against the health of letters that one 6s. novel should be offered to the bookseller at 3s., another at 3s. 3d., or 3s. 4d., or 3s. 6d. The bookseller is tempted to buy the cheap and possibly the nasty. "A Publisher" ingeniously suggests that the publisher must sell the inferior article at a lower price if he is to sell it at all, but he conveniently ignores that he has to pay the good and established author 1s. 6d. a copy, the unpopular or new author only 7d. or less. If, therefore, he abates his price for the new or the bad, say, 6d., he has still an advantage of about 5d. Therefore the present system makes it more profitable to sell bad work. He prudently ignores the fact that several publishers make a practice of entrapping novices and paying them *nothing* on the first 1,500 copies or so, which means nothing at all. Here again, then, it profits him to sell the bad and the crude.

(2) As regards window-dressing, my main demand is that the show should be varied every day so that the public may gaze as raptly at books as it does at hats. The suggestion that I complain of the way in which I am treated is rebutted by the show I am kindly given, and reveals that he realises with difficulty that a man may be actuated by anything but self-interest.

(3) I object to remainders, *i.e.*, to the sale of new books at a quarter of their price, because this teaches the public not to buy, but to wait for the remainder. That should be obvious, as the public is not a fool.

Lastly, sir, as regards the close relations between bookseller and author which "A Publisher" seems to look upon as a conspiracy, I would suggest that the publishers I know seem able to take care of themselves, that large houses and motor-cars are commoner among them than in the class to which I belong. I have a strong liking for certain publishers, and there are publishers who like authors; only I do not want their affection to take the form of that of the Wolf when he said: "I like Lamb."

I remain, dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

3, Pembridge Crescent, W.

W. L. GEORGE.

["A Publisher" writes: I am sorry Mr. George thinks my comments "somewhat offensive," but apparently any one who does not regard Mr. George as Sir Oracle is

bound to be "somewhat offensive." Personally, I think Mr. George is "somewhat offensive" in his reference to the large houses and motor-cars of publishers. Why should the men who risk their capital in publishing books, which are always a speculative enterprise, not have their large houses and motor-cars if they can afford them? They do not make them out of publishing as a rule. Many publishers known to me are very glad to see profits on a year's business equal to the amount Mr. George would expect from the writing of a single novel. These innuendoes are a trifle absurd as well as somewhat offensive.]

A SUCCESSFUL APPEAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I venture to tell you that I am very much obliged to you for inserting my appeal for orders for Alpine and herbaceous plants to raise funds for comforts for the wounded.

I have so far received £100 in orders, and am still busy booking orders. I can still send excellent selections from 5s. to £5 and upwards to any lady or gentleman who will write to me and state what sum they wish to spend and let me know their full address and nearest station.

I think it may interest your readers to know that from the sale of my book, "Lady Ann's Fairy Tales," I have been able to send £100 to endow a bed at the Order's Own Hospital at the front by the desire of Lady Perrott and Adeline Duchess of Bedford, and that this bed is to be known as "Lady Ann's Fairy Tales' Bed, Number One."

There are still unsold copies of the book at £1 1s. 6d. Will the public order them and permit me to endow a second bed? I should be most grateful.

Yours faithfully and very gratefully,
CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL.

The Abbey, Much-Wenlock, Shropshire,
March 1, 1915.

GERMANY'S RESOURCES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—While operating on me the other day, a German barber, "naturalised," of course, who said he had served his time in the Saxon Army, regaled me with the following information:—

Of the young men in Germany called up for military service each year, not one found fit for soldiering is sent back. The 50 per cent. who are sent back are all physically or mentally deficient, and unlikely to be of much value now they are pressed into service.

All the youths under 20 and men above 45, qualified and willing to serve, were drafted into the army long ago, as they volunteered when the war started and their services were accepted. Consequently, the youths and elderly men now called up are all more or less unfit or unwilling.

All the first line troops have not been sent to the front, nor will they be, as at least a quarter of a million will be required to protect the Government, Princes and nobility from a popular uprising. The second and third line troops are not to be trusted for this work.

The Allies could render the people of Hanover, Westphalia, the Rhine Province and Saxony reconciled to Germany's defeat, by guaranteeing that Hanover, Westphalia and the Rhine Province should become States of the Empire and no longer Prussian provinces, and that Prussian Saxony should be restored to the Kingdom of Saxony.—Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH BANISTER.

22, Mill Lane, Hampstead, N.W.

February 16, 1915.

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Notes of the Week

The Progress of the War

THE sinking of the *Dresden* and the British capture of Neuve Chapelle are the outstanding incidents of the war during the week. Germany has now apparently only one commerce-raider at large, apart from the submarines that are supposed to be blockading Great Britain. Three or four more luckless merchant vessels have been sent to the bottom round our shores, but the harm done has been disproportionate to the volume of the traffic and the loss the Germans themselves are suffering through their piracy. The Order in Council issued this week is proof of Great Britain's determination to punish Germany for her wicked violation of every law of war and of humanity. Nothing will be allowed to enter or leave Germany, so far as the seas are concerned. Never in history has Great Britain shown more promptly or more effectively what sea power means. Sea power has enabled the Allies to destroy the Dardanelles forts and bring Constantinople itself within the orbit of Mars. Everywhere Germany continues to lose important ground; the Russians have Von Hindenburg, the Austrians, and the Turks well in hand. General Joffre in the Vosges, the Argonne, and Champagne has made material advances, and the British have given more than a taste of their quality at both Neuve Chapelle and St. Eloi. Germany's "victories" are of the "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" order.

The War and the Worker

So far as he was able to deal with the events on either front or in the Dardanelles, Lord Kitchener, in his review of the war to date, had gratifying progress to report. A different note was struck when he referred to the output of munitions, and he frankly confessed to very serious anxiety on this score. Men and masters have chosen to fight out their differences whilst the men who are fighting for the very existence of the Empire are kept short of supplies as vital to success as the men themselves. The Government have, it is to be

hoped, made a recurrence of trouble impossible by taking important armament firms under their control, and arranging that the men shall share in any benefits the war brings to particular companies. Workers in the factories who loyally carry out the great task required of them are, as Lord Kitchener says, showing their patriotism and taking their part in the struggle, and when hostilities end medals will be given to them as to the soldiers who have gone through the actual fighting.

Count de Witte

What a great personality means to any nation, whether popularly or autocratically governed, is brought forcibly home by the death of Count de Witte. His rise from a railway clerkship to be Minister of Finance was a proof that democracy does not alone provide the ladder to preferment. As Minister of Finance, he did big things, but his influence was unfortunate in so far as it led to the larger infusion of German brains and German capital into Russian affairs. Long before he came to power, the Germans had been asserting themselves, and he confirmed the pro-German movement which the war will effectually destroy. Had Count de Witte been in office in July, 1914, Russia's hands might have been unpleasantly tied. Great, therefore, as his services to Russia were, there must always be the qualifying thought in those who estimate his zeal and enterprise that he was instrumental in giving the Germans a hold in the country which on every ground Russian patriotism disapproved.

Racing in War Time

The Jockey Club's decision as to the continuance of racing in war-time is precisely in accord with the line taken in THE ACADEMY. Epsom and Ascot are still to be the scenes of classic contests, but everything possible is to be done to prevent the occasion from being turned into a great function of social gaiety. The democracy which is being lectured on the needs of war-time would certainly misinterpret such functions, but unless every jockey and every stableman were fit to join the ranks or competent to assist in a munition factory, there can be no harm in the races themselves. Lord Dunraven's assertion that the abandonment of racing would be "a national calamity" will hardly find much support, but the decision of the Jockey Club to carry on without ostentation will be approved.

Walter Crane

The death of Mr. Walter Crane removes one who was a link between the period of Rossetti, when soft curves and flowing draperies were dear to the artistic eye, and the present day, when there is danger of an epidemic of "cubes," triangles, and zig-zag lines among the more youthful schools. A true artist, Mr. Crane's especial sympathies lay with the illustration of children's books. His poetry is now rarely mentioned; yet in a volume illustrated by charming designs from his own pen, in black and white, he published some years ago a selection of rondeaux and fanciful verse which will stand the test of criticism. Neither in art nor poesy should we set him upon the highest pinnacle; but he won a position for himself in both spheres.

Burghley's Son

ENGLAND'S greatest men have in the main had biographers in abundance. But there are some who only stand out in the general stream of history like buoys indicating certain points to be observed. Sometimes material for a full picture is lacking; sometimes the figure is overshadowed by association. One instance was Sir Charles Saunders, who is best known as Wolfe's Admiral. Until I made a modest effort to supply the omission, the biographer passed him by. Another instance is Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury, Burghley's son. His name is familiar to students of the history of Elizabeth and James I; the great part he played in the counsels of both and in shaping the destinies of England in most critical times is recognised, but hitherto we have had no adequate and independent study. Mr. Algernon Cecil has, with a devotion and a skill equally admirable, done for him what others have done for Burghley, for Queen Elizabeth, and for Raleigh.* In taking up the rôle of Robert Cecil's biographer, Mr. Algernon Cecil has enjoyed family advantages, and the Hatfield MSS. have yielded a bumper harvest. Whether or not he is right in his assumption that the mere accident of lineal descent may perhaps enable a biographer to "bring to bear upon his subject a keener insight and a firmer grasp"—as a rule we should say perspective were likely to be more true when blood relationship could not possibly affect a point of view—one thing is certain. Mr. Cecil has brought both keen insight and a firm grasp to bear, and his account of the first Earl's too brief career—he was born in 1563 and died in 1612—as well as of the affairs in which he was called upon to play the leading part, is a valuable addition at once to biography and history. The volume will make Robert Cecil one of the intimate characters who live and have their being on our bookshelves.

Next to Queen Elizabeth, Cecil stood for more in the spacious days than any other human being, but he has suffered something approaching eclipse because he kept the ship of state steadily on its course, however stormy the conditions, whilst others were making the welkin ring with their achievements. He was, as Mr. Cecil says, to all intents and purposes, Prime Minister of England during fourteen years when "Shakespeare was giving to the world the supreme glories of the English race." "Beside the splendid gifts of his contemporaries, beside the reckless valour of Essex, the splendid vitality of Raleigh, the far-shining wisdom of Bacon, his own patient labour has passed unperceived, just as amid that crowd of splendid gallants, among whom his lot was cast, his own insignificant person passed unnoticed or despised. Statesmanship is commonly impatient of heroics, and Robert Cecil was not a hero." He was perhaps in a way more than a hero. He was that embodiment of sterling common sense, of sound judgment, of loyalty, and

of resource which are essential even in enterprises of the heroic order. One of the most delightful passages in this delightful book is that containing Burghley's maxims—a sort of Polonius-in-prose exhortation—in which occurs the following:—"Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not for trifles. Compliment him often with many yet small gifts and of little charge. And if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which may be daily in sight. Otherwise in this ambitious age thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole, live in obscurity, and be made a football for every insulting companion to spurn at." In "this ambitious age," Robert Cecil was *facile princeps* partly as the result of being the son of his father, partly because of the quality in him which assured him mastery in the midst of rivals who made more noise and bulk larger in literary estimates. "The question whether or not Robert Cecil should succeed his father became only second in importance to that of the succession to the throne," and it was fortunate that so able a son was available to assume the father's mantle.

Queen Elizabeth, Essex, James I, Raleigh—the mere mention of such names brings to mind an idea of the conditions in which Robert Cecil discharged the duties of his high office. Essex with his intrigues and his recantations, Raleigh with his great miscarriages, would alone suffice to make the period fascinating, but, when we get in addition the world-ambition of Spain and the coming of a Stuart to fill the throne of Elizabeth, we have material that a less accomplished writer than Mr. Cecil would find it difficult to make dull. He has to consider many problems, religious, political, international; he handles them all with a lively sense of the difference "between the position of those who can survey historical problems in the comfortable consciousness that no man's life and no man's kingdom hang upon our conclusions, and that of a seventeenth century statesman whom one act of ill-judged leniency might set toppling from his high estate." Some of Mr. Cecil's thoughts by the way—for instance, his reflections concerning diplomacy and "the three Cecils who have had something to say in the making of their country's history"—are illuminative. In foreign affairs Salisbury was eminently successful, and Mr. Cecil's view is that, with the possible exception of Clarendon, "he was the only one who secured to the English people their proper place in the councils and the consideration of Western Europe. So volatile and elusive a thing is that which we call national prestige!" Salisbury was a true Cecil in his superb indifference to popular applause; there are many touches in these pages which suggest affinity with the late Marquis; the Earl was as ready to conform to the demands of the new, whilst stoutly defending what he deemed best in the old, as was his illustrious descendant. There was the same sharp tongue on occasion, as when Cecil rebuked Coke for his treatment of Raleigh at the trial: "Mr. Attorney, you are more peremptory than honest." And there was a Cecilian

* *A Life of Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury.* By ALGERNON CECIL. (London: Murray. 12s. net.)

directness about his support of the Statute of Tillage: "I do not dwell in the country; I am not acquainted with the plough, but I think that whosoever doth not maintain the plough destroys the kingdom." Mr. Algernon Cecil's defence of the Earl's attitude towards Raleigh will go some way to qualify the accepted verdict: Raleigh was an embarrassing friend. Nothing can ever justify the sacrifice of so noble a patriot and so fine a character to the fears and prejudices of the King. Perhaps Salisbury did all he could, and at least whilst he lived Raleigh lived. Salisbury died four years before Raleigh was sent to the block.

EDWARD SALMON.

An Appeal for Serbia

BY ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW.

A BRITISH Field Hospital is being organised for Serbia under the able directorship of Dr. Hartnell Beavis, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., late director of the Belgian Field Hospital, and it is to be hoped that this will be given the support it deserves, for the condition of the Serbian wounded is a reproach to civilisation. Brave men are dying in agony for lack of sufficient medical attention, for wounds, slight in themselves, become septic if neglected, and gangrene has a habit of spreading quickly. Wounded soldiers are crying out in their agony to England. Can we—ought we—to deafen our ears to their cry?

It will be argued by a number of very kind and well-disposed people that the Serbs have no real claim upon our nation and that charity should begin at home. We have our own soldiers' claims to consider, and not only theirs, but the claims of their dependents. We are bound by a debt of honour to support the homeless Belgian refugees; we have the burden of a colossal war upon our shoulders, but the fact still remains that we are a great country—one of the few prosperous nations; and Serbia—plucky little Serbia—is our ally. The Serbs have no resources to fall back upon. Their country has been wasted by perpetual war. A large part of their territory has been devastated by merciless invaders; their towns and villages have been burnt—their women and children put to the sword. They are sustaining at the present moment an heroic struggle heroically. They have fought with a valour that has electrified Europe, and it must not be forgotten that it is largely thanks to the independent attitude that Serbia

has always adopted that Germany has not made more progress eastward.

The Serbians are a curious and unfortunately very misunderstood race. For political reasons the German and the Austrian Press have conducted for many years a campaign of the most cruel abuse and calumny against Serbia. Her people have been represented as a nation of insolent barbarians, unscrupulous murderers. Courage—sheer physical courage—is the sole virtue that has been accredited to them; but the Serb really possesses a very interesting personality.

First and foremost he is a farmer. He loves the good brown earth and cultivates it carefully; he loves his beasts; he is a merciful master, and though, owing to the poverty of the nation, the latest agricultural improvements are lacking, it is marvellous how fertile the fields have become. This love of the soil is largely responsible for the extraordinary clannish feeling which pervades the entire nation, for the Serb takes the same pride and pleasure in his country that he does in his home. He is exceedingly patriotic. He believes in Serbia with all his heart and soul—her wrongs are his wrongs; he is ready at any moment to pour out his blood for her. And these hard-working agriculturists have never lost touch with the past. The simplest peasant can tell you all about the history of his country, though it reaches back for over a thousand years. But their history-books are the national folk-songs and ballads, and it is these songs that have kept the spirit of patriotism alive in Serbia's heart all through the centuries.

No people in Europe are so greatly given to romance and superstition as are the Serbs. They believe in lucky signs and unlucky omens. They will tell you quite gravely that every tree and stream has its attendant spirit—its "Vila." They relate grim stories about witches and vampires—stories in which they firmly believe themselves. But the Serb is at his most inspired moment on the subject of his country's romantic past. His eyes shine as he pours forth tales about the great Tsar Stephen. He will tell you how in the Holy Cloister of Siczi each king of the line of Stephen was crowned with the diadem of Dushan and issued from the cloister as King of Serbia through a new door cut for his special exit in the old ivy-covered wall. He will sing drowsily to the music of a rude guitar how it came to pass that only seven gates were cut in the cloister wall, for the seventh king, the unhappy Lazar, fell sword in hand fighting the Turks at Kossovo. Or he will sing in lighter strain:

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Laughed old Peter Doitchin,
The burly bau of Varadin.

And as the Serb sings and talks you realise how absolutely the past has hold of him—his love for his country comes out, his vivid belief in her. By slow degrees you can draw out his hopes—his dreams for the future—his firm belief that Serbia is going to be a grand and prosperous nation; and already there can be no denying that she has accomplished a great deal.

In 1817 she was freed from the power of the Turks, and it has taken her less than a hundred years to develop into a strong self-supporting little State. She has had constant upheavals to distract her at home; she has been menaced frequently by great Powers, but she has managed to maintain her own independence, to pay her own way, and this is entirely due to the courage and the perseverance of her sons and her daughters. Russia has been her sole protector. She has been exposed to endless slanders; over and over again it has been a case of "give a dog a bad name and hang him." And now Serbia has received a fresh baptism of blood. She is fighting on the side of England, of France, of Belgium, of Russia; hers is the common cause—the great cause. But she is a little nation, and not nearly so well fitted to cope with the care of her wounded as other countries, for the Serbs are by no means wealthy. They earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, and Serbia has now been at war three times within two years; so is it surprising to what dire straits her people are reduced?

This self-reliant little nation has been the victim of cruel intrigue. The nearest road to Salonika lies through Serbia, and if the Serbs had not preserved their independence—if they had been absorbed into Austria-Hungary, Germany would have had good reason to rejoice; but little Serbia has resisted all the Austrian attempts to force her hand, and now after years of persecution has met her secret enemy in open fight, and defeated him; but some victories are obtained at heavy cost—they have to be paid for in the blood of brave men.

It is almost impossible to describe the appalling condition of the Serbian wounded, but perhaps it is enough to say that during the recent fighting there were 6,000 wounded to about 200 doctors. Mangled soldiers with their bodies torn half open by explosive shells are sometimes left for hours where they fell because of the dearth of surgeons, and when they are finally taken in hand they can only be given a rough dressing on the field; they are then called upon to endure the agony of a long, jolting journey in an ox-wagon to the nearest hospital—a hospital there is little chance of reaching within a week or ten days! Is it surprising that so many patients die in agony on their way, or that wounds not particularly serious at first become septic during the journey? Men have sometimes arrived at the base with their limbs literally rotting off them, and even when the hospitals are reached the wounded have

frequently to lie on straw on the floors, every bed being filled. The supply of bandages often runs short; at the present moment all the hospitals are appealing for more gauze, cotton-wool, and chloroform, and these wants must be supplied. Wounded soldiers cannot be allowed to perish in their agony; a selfish policy never did a nation any good. "Cast your bread upon the waters," says the Book of Books, "and it shall be returned to you after many days."

A hospital that will work on the fringe of the battle-field Serbia stands in great need of at the present moment, and Dr. Hartnell Beavis is anxious to do for Serbia what he has already done for Belgium. He intends to start a Field Hospital that will be worked on similar lines to the Belgian Field Hospital, of which he was director first at Antwerp and then at Furnes. It will consist of four surgeons, four dressers, ten nurses, five motor ambulances, and a full equipment of hospital stores. Its work will lie at the front in the nearest convenient village behind the fighting line, and its duty will be to give immediate help to all those serious cases which will not bear transport to the base hospitals. All dangerous abdominal, chest, and head injuries need immediate treatment if the lives of the patients are to be preserved. Mr. H. S. Souttar, late Surgeon-in-Chief of the Belgian Field Hospital, found that to operate on any internal injury more than twelve hours after it was inflicted was generally useless, and injuries to the limbs by shrapnel nearly always result in gangrene if surgical assistance is too long delayed.

The working expenses of the Hospital will not be particularly heavy—about £400 a month. There are to be 100 beds, and every donation of a pound will keep one bed going for a week. Full reports of the work that is being done will be sent out to subscribers from time to time. Alexander McConnell, Esq., the energetic treasurer of Dr. Hector Munro's Flying Ambulance Corps, and Henry S. Souttar, Esq., F.R.C.S., late Surgeon-in-Chief of the Belgian Field Hospital, have kindly consented to act as Honorary Treasurers, and they will be most grateful for any subscriptions sent to them at 61 and 62, Chancery Lane, W.C.; the smallest donation—even of a shilling Post Office order—will be heartily welcomed, for the poor man may feel as keen a desire to help Serbia as his rich neighbour.

Mr. Souttar, who has recently returned from Furnes, where he has been doing magnificent work, is quite ready to answer any letters of enquiry, and we, who have visited Furnes and seen for ourselves the splendid work that the Belgian Field Hospital is doing, can add our own testimony—the testimony of eye-witnesses. No hospitals can be in greater need of support than these. Were there more Field Hospitals there would be fewer deaths of patients, men whose lives might have been saved could their injuries only have been treated in time. It is not only money for which Dr. Beavis is appealing. Gifts in kind would be equally appreciated. The hospital requires at least four hundred army blankets, and any medical stores would be most welcome—mackintosh sheeting, peroxide of hydrogen,

gauze, and cotton-wool, and, of course, chloroform, for sometimes there has hardly been enough chloroform to go round in the Serbian hospitals, and many wounded soldiers—some of them mere lads—have had to submit to the most painful dressings without any anæsthetic whatever.

We were told a tragic little story straight from Serbia last week. A dying soldier suddenly turned to the English nurse attending upon him and asked her to let him kiss her hand. "This is England's hand," he said huskily, as he kissed her fingers. "Yes, England's hand has bathed my wounds." He died a few minutes later, for he had been brought into the hospital too late to save his life, but his pain had been soothed, and he lay on a bed between clean, white linen sheets. England had done what she could for him, and he was grateful to England—very grateful; he died thanking her.

Over five hundred years have passed since the fatal day of Kossovo, when the last of the old line of Serbian kings was slain, sword in hand; but maybe the mantle of King Lazar has fallen upon the shoulders of King Peter, for who can help admiring the courage of the old king who is fighting with his soldiers in the trenches? Won't England help this little struggling country—help a race of poet-patriots, the folk whose great desire for centuries has been to lead the lives of honest, hard-working husbandmen, the men who have been compelled year after year, owing to the machinations of strong and crafty nations, to abandon the pruning-hook for the sword—to fight for their independence? We English, whose boast it is that we will never be slaves, can surely not refuse our meed of admiration to Serbia. If ever a nation has fought valiantly—heroically—to maintain her independence, Serbia has so fought and is fighting; and let our admiration take some practical form. Let us do what we can to save valuable lives by supporting the first British Field Hospital for Serbia.

On Curiosity

HUMANITY has never been able to satisfy itself as to whether curiosity be a virtue or a vice. When inconvenient, it is labelled as a vice; when it leads to discovery or adds to knowledge, it is applauded as a virtue of the highest order. Certainly it is an instinct deeply engrained in human nature. On it the whole of the progressive steps of childhood's career are based. The first intelligent expression of the infant is wonder; this quickly develops into active curiosity, until life becomes an enthralling and breathless voyage of discovery. Its possession is the great distinction between youth and the purlieu of age. Youth is passed when the sensation of adventure is ended, when, instead of boundless expectation and of curiosity that penetrates into all the corners of existence, a man is content to take things as they are, when eagerness gives way to complacency and questioning to the cynicism of experience.

Curiosity has at all times come into conflict with authority. From the time when society was first modelled, when men began to dwell together in groups and to found cities, and when the knowledge that existed was also arranged into some kind of recognised formulæ, it began to be felt that individual, independent curiosity must give way to an acknowledged authority that should arbitrate as to right and wrong and settle questionings and disputes. In fact, for the privilege of shelter, protection, the material benefits of communal life, man bartered his right of independent judgment, of expressing opinions that should run counter to the conventions established for the benefit of society at large. His curiosity must be confined within limits set by the ruling powers. This attitude and the impossibility of imprisoning the flights of genius within constricted bounds was the source of some of the greatest tragedies in history. It sent a Galileo to prison and expelled a Shelley from the University that afterwards delighted to do him honour. It has been at once the strength and weakness of spiritual authority. "So far you may go, so far know, so far question," was a wise decision of the Church as it affected the unlettered masses; its failure lay in the slowness of authority to move forward the landmarks of knowledge, to recognise the steps which led men far beyond the ancient boundaries of thought, which gave a much wider circle to the horizon of truth than that recognised by authority. It has always been too ready to confuse earnest inquiry with irreverence. Nevertheless, in all affairs authoritative control has been necessary to keep the spirit of inquiry within bounds on which it can work on the lines of truth and science. Without it, Curiosity is the mother of Rumour, and often a near relative, if not precisely the parent of, Invention.

During the war the anxiety of the public and the Press to be *en courant* with all that is happening has led to inevitable conflict with restraining power. Once more the individual has had cause to realise the sacrifice by which he maintains his position as a unit in a protected society. To the relatives of the men laying down their lives on the battlefield, the imposition of silence is incredibly difficult, unnaturally hard to bear; to the Press it means the loss of their privilege of satisfying the curiosity of the public; the only means of bearing it is the knowledge that inclination must be secondary to public good. These suppressions and silences, however, give rise to rumours innumerable, and having little relation to the truth.

Human curiosity may be stifled, but mercifully it never can be killed. In its best form it raises man above the level of the rest of creation; it becomes the desire to know, to penetrate to the root of things, to ascend to the stars and wrest from them their secrets, to solve the problems of the past, the present, and the future. At its worst it may be low and vulgar, unworthy prying into matters which concern us not, the desire to apprehend evil as well as good, a curiosity that is morbid and unwholesome; but, taking it all in all, it is an excellent stimulant to progress.

The man devoid of curiosity is the man who in the end attains to nothing. In the office he remains merely the clerk or paid subordinate; in the professions he rarely specialises or attains to any degree of eminence. In art or literature he would be an anomaly, a thing impossible. That which has brought books and pictures into being is the desire to penetrate the secrets of beauty and humanity and to give it expression which is inherent in the artist. It is the noblest form of curiosity, and that which ranges men on the side of the immortals.

Conversely, it is not only the motive that causes books to be written; it is the incentive which finds them readers. Every soul that enters the wilderness of the world is faced with the terror of its own isolation, a loneliness impossible to be shared by another; it flies to books for the comfort of experiences similar to its own; its greatest curiosity is to get within the envelope of another soul, to taste of its sensations, to live by proxy in its joys and sorrows.

Someone has said that the mind of a child is one huge mark of interrogation; certain it is that the whole experience of life will not suffice to answer the questions seething in the awakening consciousness. Those things which have ever aroused men to keenest curiosity are they to which no answer other than speculation can be given. They are the problems of origin and immortality, of the reasons for existence, if any there be, of its inequalities, of the enormous discrepancy between the powers of man and the fragility of the casket in which they are contained, of the relationship between physical and spiritual forces.

The endeavour to find an answer to these questions is at the root of every religion in the world, of every sect of philosophers yet founded, but still they remain unanswered. The ancients realised the irony of the gods in creating man as an intelligent being, endowed with insatiable curiosity, and then placing between him and the knowledge of all that most vitally concerned him a veil that is impenetrable. At times it seems that the light of science shows places so thin as almost to let through the secret of the other side, but the promise is elusive, and again darkness falls between the spirit of man and the satisfaction of his longing.

The time through which we passed anterior to the war was a time unusually marked by curiosity. Men turned from interest in events to morbid introspection. They dissected each emotion, turned wrong side out each sensation of which human nature was capable. They overhauled in books and plays and in conversation every motive that could animate a love, a hatred, a simple action; curiosity became an obsession, an impulse that was decadent. To the obvious the most complicated motives were attributed. The stroke of a pen, the unsheathing of a sword, has altered all this. The whole of life has become simplified into one great effort centralised on a single purpose, the salvation of our own country and the freedom of the European nations. Our only curiosity lies in the nature of this effort, its duration, the strength of the struggle involved, the loss, the heartbreak, the suffering still

inevitable. Above all there is the question as to its end, the ultimate good, the peace to be set on lasting foundations. And in many sad hearts to-day there lives unceasingly the question of the Great Beyond.

The City Cigar

THE famous essayists of the olden days, attractive as they are in their leisurely methods and their choice of themes, would gain, we imagine, a new and quite exceptional vogue, could we but hear their grave opinions on subjects of the present time. Addison, for instance, writing about his first glimpse of an aeroplane, or Steele giving his impressions of a modern battleship, could not fail to fascinate; and there are a thousand other things brought into being by the mysterious force which we call "progress," equally tempting to the dreamer with a ready pen and an hour or two to spare. One of these, that would have particularly appealed, if we mistake not, to Charles Lamb, is the art of smoking as exemplified in that insignia of financial sociability, the "city" cigar.

In the exchange of courtesies facilitated by tobacco in its various forms, the cigar takes a position of high dignity. The cigarette-case is passed across as a note of the flimsiest bond of mere acquaintanceship; you are smoking a cigarette—the other man is not; you proffer it, he accepts, no suspicion of being poisoned entering his head. The pipe, as a rule, is reserved for actual friendship; the act of tossing across the smooth, comfortably filled pouch, with a request to "Try mine," assumes that you have reached the stage of familiarity where "old chap" may be safely used as a form of address. To offer a cigar, however, may mean either of these things, and place, time, and brand all go to define its significance. Round the fire in the evening, an exchange of cigars may mean intimate friendship; but at lunch or dinner, with business hiding behind the wine, when "affection beams from one eye and calculation gleams from the other," the city cigar comes into its own. It is always offered, never exchanged. It is a cigar with a decided figure—corpulent, long, dark in colour, and rather ostentatious; to many men it would be something of a trial to consume it to the glowing end. The owner of this implement of high finance is careful as to the moment when he produces it—there comes a point in the negotiation, he is well aware, when the appearance of his packed case from a breast pocket will have the maximum of effect. He will smoke one, of course, himself; but first of all he will artfully apply the lighted match to that of his companion (who may become friend or opponent), and his manner, his style, of smoking will be no less artful. It will enter into his conversation here and there, emphasising a remark, gripped firmly between the teeth and urged to a red-hot, fuming circle; poised between first and second finger, it will gently, blandly wave away any possible complaints or objections; held reversed between finger and thumb, the contemplation of its crown of white ash may give

time for retreat from an awkward dilemma, or for the concoction of a neat reply. Its comrade, as a rule, during these manœuvres, is simply smoked, though, if the occasion be a duel of wits, both cigars may take their part in the process of argument. Finally, the victorious one, sitting well back in his chair, will gaze at the ceiling and tilt his cigar at the American angle, satisfied with the consciousness of a good deed or a good "deal"; but if neither prove successful, both cigars may be carried from the scene at a defiant, business-like straight line, half-smoked, determined grimly not to give in. And thus, in any restaurant or grill-room within reach of the city man, you may see the by-play of the important city cigar at suitable hours. Through its rich, pale blue wreaths of smoke the glare of suspicious eyes becomes modified to a twinkle; in its fragrance strangers are persuaded as by a magic spell into accepting friendship, bearing other people's burdens—but not in the Scriptural sense—and taking steps which they will not easily retrace. It is a power in the world; and though cigars, speaking generally, are pleasant and desirable things, the city cigar is not entirely admirable. It is too big, too long, too intelligent—and much too human.

W. L. R.

REVIEWS

Russia in Transition

Thirty-Five Years in Russia. By GEORGE HUME.
(London: Simpkin, Marshall. 10s. 6d. net.)

ALL who care to get glimpses of the formative influences at work in a great country will be attracted by Mr. George Hume's account of the third of a century he spent in Russia. Incidentally his story is of no mean interest as a record of successful personal endeavour, and, if Dr. Smiles were with us to write a new "Self-Help," he would certainly have to include George Hume, who started life as the indentured apprentice of a mechanical engineer, and after various adventures introduced reaping machines in Russia, and wound up as a prosperous millowner in Kharkov. Mr. Hume is clearly a man of many parts, for his book is better than most of its kind; he avoids the pitfalls of inane detail which are common among the writers of autobiography not of the first order, and he succeeds in holding our interest, not only in the country itself, but in his own fluctuating fortunes. It is an encouraging book to read, and will be an especial favourite, we should say, among the young men of the great manufacturing centres of England who are dreaming dreams of new worlds to be conquered by enterprise. They will find in it guidance and suggestion both as to things to do and things to avoid. For our part, the pages with which we are most concerned are those dealing with the Russian Government, the Russian people, and the movements which have set Russia on the road that should ultimately bring her into

line with the two great progressive countries of Western Europe—France and Great Britain. The table he gives of dates of the principal events during his time in Russia from 1861, when it was decreed that 23,000,000 serfs should be emancipated, down to 1891, when the great famine occurred in the Eastern sections of the empire, covers such important landmarks as the institution of the Zemstva, trial by jury, the Russo-Turkish War, the difficulties with Great Britain over the Afghan frontier, and Nihilism. It was a period of transition during which Russia would probably have gone much further towards freedom from the old conditions of serfdom and autocracy but for the excesses of students and agitators who made civil government almost impossible.

Mr. Hume has several striking stories to tell of the stirring and unhappy struggle. The Russian authorities were on occasions severe enough in their methods of repression, but in the main the harshest were humanity itself by contrast with the German governor who in one province made himself so hated by the brutal tyranny with which he discharged his duties that he was mobbed even by the women. It was the law that every peasant who under the emancipation edict had gone to reside out of his village should send his passport yearly for renewal to his commune, with a poll tax of three roubles. Thousands had taken up their residence in cities, and the passport renewal was practically falling into desuetude. The peasants had mistaken their privileges, and the German governor knew how to take advantage of their oversight. He issued a proclamation that any householder harbouring tenants without a passport should be fined 500 roubles, and hundreds of families were turned out into inclement streets in order that the householder should escape the penalty. Mr. Hume gave shelter to a woman and three children, one three weeks old, and was compelled to pay £50 for his humanity. That story of the German governor bears a greater significance to-day than when Mr. Hume committed it to paper. It is doubtless one of many instances which might go far to explain the exultation with which Russia leapt as one man to take part in a war against everything German. It is not the only passage in this interesting volume which throws a ray of light on the events of the years since Mr. Hume lived in Russia. To-day we recognise more strongly than was possible in the 'eighties how true is the suggestion that there is considerable affinity between certain aspects of the British and Russian characters. "It must not be forgotten," says Mr. Hume, "that Russia is a nation in the making"; Britons, himself among the number, have lent a material hand in the process, and all the more recent students of Russian affairs agree that whilst none can render Russia more service than the Briton, so none is assured of a warmer welcome in the Empire of the Tsar. Mr. Hume's book would be worth reading if only for the hints it affords of one direction at least in which British brains and British capital may be employed to their own profit and the advantage of the Russian people.

Quiet Memories

The Hon. Adelaide Drummond: Retrospect and Memoir. By BASIL CHAMPNEYS. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE art of writing and selecting reminiscences which shall appeal to the public is not an easy one unless the writer has moved among large events and striking personalities, and we are compelled to recognise from the first that Mr. Champneys, in his close connection with the Drummond family, takes more heed of what will be interesting to the "children, grandchildren, and great-grandchild" to whom the book is dedicated, than of material of a wider reach. Many of the letters included deal with very trivial affairs—dolls, gardens, impressions of flowers, an aquarium and its inhabitants, etc.—over which the ordinary reader will not be able to raise any enthusiasm. There is more of entertainment in the glimpses we are given of life in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, when there were "no anæsthetics and no antiseptics," and when, if drains smelt badly, the weather-wise people "merely remarked that it was going to rain soon." London was then a very different city; "there were no florists' shops, no flowers in the parks, and nursery gardens abounded south of Belgravia and Kensington and north of Hyde Park."

Mrs. Drummond as a child was privileged to see "the beginning of the great Victorian era." As she was walking with her governess "by the waterside close to the end of Rotten Row" a large dark coach came rather swiftly by:—

At the window next to us was a young face framed in a large black bonnet—not a close bonnet, but one having rather the effect of a very large round hat. The eyes were very red; the hair, a pale brown, was neatly parted in the middle into plain and smooth Madonna bands, such as were universally worn at that time. "That is the young Queen," said our governess, "going to live at Buckingham Palace." This was, I think, a few days after the death of King William.

The young Queen Victoria asked them to call one day, during their morning walk, and received them as she was dressing. "She was very kind to us—sat on a large old-fashioned sofa, putting on her white silk stockings."

So, in a stream of quiet gossip, of memories and letters, the book goes on. Macaulay was a frequent visitor to the Edinburgh hotel where Mrs. Drummond stayed with "Papa and Mamma"—Lord John Russell, her stepfather, and his second wife; thus distinguished from "my father" and "my mother." She also met the poet Moore; saw "Tom Thumb," who "looked like an infant of nine months old dressed in man's clothing"; and has a note on the first appearance of "negro" minstrels in the early 'forties, who created quite a rage in society. In the days of Frederick Greenwood, when the *Pall Mall Gazette* was a literary power in the land, Mrs. Drummond was a frequent and valued contributor to its columns, writing also many notes for *Truth*. Much more, we fancy, might

have been made of these journalistic reminiscences. The book is lively, chatty, and has its really entertaining pages, but on the whole it will be valued chiefly by the members of the circle to which this charming lady belonged.

A Martyr of the Commune

Archbishop Darboy and Some French Tragedies. By LEWIS C. PRICE. (G. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

IT is in sharp contrast to his contemporaries of the Second Empire that the figure of Archbishop Darboy stands out. Amid so much that was sordid, sensual, and extravagant, the cleric's holy, pure, and austere life was one of the few oases in the desert of self-indulgence and recklessness which for the second time in a comparatively short space of years caused France to witness scenes of brutality and bloodshed, now unfortunately equalled and surpassed in Belgium and on her own northern frontier.

Born of humble parents in the small town of Fayl-Billot, Georges Darboy early showed an inclination for study and an aptitude for theological research. To these qualities were added an increasing reputation as a preacher, so that friends who had watched with interest the career of the young priest were not surprised when in due time, and on account of the untimely fate of two of his predecessors, Archbishops Affre and Sibour, and the death of a compatriot, Archbishop Morlot, the Emperor appointed Monseigneur Darboy to the vacant see of Paris. This act did not exactly please the Empress; she would have preferred Napoleon's choice to have fallen upon M. Déguerry, the Rector of the Madeleine Church. The Emperor's selection was wise, however, for, though M. Déguerry was undoubtedly a good man and a brave, he had not the ability or the power of Bishop Darboy.

Possessing a calm, reasonable, and sincere disposition, the prelate was not one who believed in fiery denunciations or trusted to eloquent arguments to promote the cause of the Church so dear to him. The example of a life, well ordered and consistent, and an opportunity never missed to aid, materially or spiritually, any other human being were the assets he principally relied upon to balance the Paris account of bebauchery and crime of the worst description. He was deeply considerate of his priests, and was greatly loved and respected by them. With the Pope he had a short altercation concerning the doctrine of ultramontanism to which his Holiness clung very tenaciously. Throughout the whole of his life Archbishop Darboy had held very strongly to Gallican principles concerning the doctrine of infallibility, yet, when pressure was put upon him by the Holy See, he accepted the new dogma decreed by Pío Nono. Mr. Price very earnestly and elaborately excuses him for this concession, although at the same time acknowledging it as an evil. This is a controversial subject, and one upon which more than one opinion is held, but at all events it is quite certain that the Archbishop's

decision was in no way influenced by the thought of worldly advancement.

The tragic end of this famous man is well known. Falling under the unreasonable and bitter hatred of Raoul Rigault, Prefect of Police under the Commune, he with many other priests was brutally murdered.

The book is well written, the incidents bearing on the life of the cleric well chosen, while the whole gives an interesting and clear picture of France during the Second Empire and under the Commune.

Fiction

IN "The Titan," by Theodore Dreiser (Lane, 6s.), we have a novel far and away above the average in the quality of interest, yet one which leaves an unpleasant savour. Frank Cowperwood, who, we suppose, claims the title of the "hero," is a keen, ambitious financier, with a "past" in Philadelphia, settled with his wife in Chicago with the object of conquering both socially and in finance. By trickery, bribery, corruption, by all sorts of mean actions—such as the deliberate employment of a woman to beguile an opponent into intimacy, that this may afterwards be used as a lever against the man—he gains wealth, his practices appearing to him merely as sharp business operations. His wife was formerly his mistress; he has many more, and the description of his absolutely unscrupulous amours becomes wearying; finally, at the age of fifty, he lays himself out to woo a girl of twenty, who, like all the others, gives way to him at last. Scenes between himself and his wife are painful; he was her idol, and the destruction of her faith in him leads to her own collapse. There are very many characters in this lengthy novel, but apparently not one decent man, not one woman who might form a bright, healthy figure for the reader's thoughts to dwell upon and gain relief. As we have said, the book is extremely interesting; the continuous struggle of giants of finance to obtain control of railways, gas, and other concerns holds the attention; but the presentation of such a man as a quite wonderful, "strong," heroic personage might well have been left, if done at all, to some obscure writer whose work should quickly reach oblivion.

Take a duke and a duchess, a beautiful girl who loses her memory and her identity after an awful experience, a German financier, chief persecutor and quite up to date, who has the decency to commit suicide, and an evening saunter along the Boulevard des Italiens, and you have most of the ingredients necessary for the concoction of a drawing-room melodrama which will delight the area belle of a Bloomsbury mansion. Of such is "The Snare," by G. Vane (Lane, 6s.); and it is all very exciting. But although the author assures us his tale is a true one, could these things ever have happened in fact?

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Shorter Notices

A Poet of Cromwell's Day

There may be little that is particularly attractive in the work of the old-fashioned metaphysical school of poetry to those who have steeped themselves in the literature of the nineteenth century, but to the inquiring, critical mind each poet has his place in the slow, stately progress. In the "Essays and Selected Verse of Abraham Cowley" (Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1s.) we find a remarkably clear and penetrating introduction by Mr. J. M. Attenborough which should please all students of this curiously unequal poet. Cowley has suffered much detraction—sometimes, we suspect, by those who only know his work at second hand; but among the confusion of his artificial versifying there are many gems of purest poetry, well worth the seeking. His lament on the death of his friend William Harvey—of the same family as the great physician—is worthy of his contemporary Milton, yet few are found to mention it when "Lycidas" and other famous elegies are discussed. In this volume the Pindaric Odes, the wonderfully good "Poetical Blossoms" which Cowley issued at the age of thirteen, and many other poems, are reproduced. The essays included may rank with the best work of his period. We are especially inclined, however, to call attention to the introduction as an admirable example of constructive criticism, brief, sympathetic, and to the point.

Swedenborg and Some Men of Genius

A series of very pleasant biographical sketches by H. N. Morris, under the title of "Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge, and Other Men of Genius Influenced by Swedenborg," is published by the New Church Press at 2s. 6d. Many students of the period are familiar with the work of Blake and Coleridge, but know very little of the life and craft of Flaxman, artist and sculptor, and the story of his development from a little crippled boy to fame and the friendship of Blake is here told in a simple and attractive manner. In addition to this, the twenty-four pages of his outline drawings, comprising the "Knight of the Blazing Cross," a booklet which he presented to his wife on her birthday in 1796, fifteen years after their marriage, are reproduced very effectively. This alone renders the volume of exceptional interest and value. Blake, Coleridge, Emerson, the Brownings, and some less-known people who were influenced by the Swedish engineer and philosopher, are also briefly treated, the only fault we have to find being that no short biography of Swedenborg himself is included. The author explains that his chapters were written chiefly for young people, but they may be read with profit by all.

Strange But Congenial Company

Mr. Nicholas Everitt is a lively companion. His "Round the World in Strange Company" (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net) might have been all the better for a little judicious pruning, but where a man has so much that is amusing to tell us we must forgive a solitary lapse from good taste, a rather irritating habit, deliberate though his purpose be, of particularising unimportant things, and an occasional "chestnut." His book shows a real grip of America and its less familiar side, and we are quite prepared to endorse his final words, "Verily, my reader, 'Truth is stranger than fiction, and travel reveals both.'" In his introduction Mr. Everitt half-apologetically tells a quaint

story of a manuscript novel which, after going the round of the publishers, he consigned to the waste-paper basket. It was fished out by the boot-boy, who was discovered devouring it. Second thoughts induced Mr. Everitt to give the despised MS. another chance. "It was one of those quite unforeseen electric successes which jump to immediate popularity, and is still going strong." The fortunes of books are as uncertain and surprising as those of travel, and Mr. Everitt has had his share of surprises in both.

The Theatre

Opera in English and Mr. Courtneidge

EVERYBODY has welcomed the courage which has prompted this adventure at the Shaftesbury Theatre, but we wonder if just the same number of people will go to see "Tales of Hoffmann," of Offenbach, and Puccini's Japanese tragedy, "Madame Butterfly." Both operas are produced with care and sung with skill. Offenbach's delightful barcarolle has seldom been more sympathetically rendered than by the fine orchestra conducted by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, nor could we expect the music for Puccini's heroine and her lover, Pinkerton, to be more convincingly given than it is by Miss Rosina Buckmann and Mr. Webster Millar respectively. And yet, notwithstanding all the advantages with which Mr. Courtneidge endows his productions, there is missing the note of enthusiasm, the touch of quick response, without which no opera can endure, nor any season flourish. Is it the rather dull and laboured fantasy of the twice-told "Tales" and the somewhat obvious and long-drawn-out pathos of the "Butterfly" that set the audiences coughing on the nights when we were at the theatre? Or is it that, charm the management and the cast never so wisely, this is not the time, nor London the place, for English opera just now? We fancy that if all the cost and cleverness expended on these two pieces had been devoted to some less awkward story than "Hoffmann" and some less tragic piece than the well-known "Butterfly" happier results would have been gained. The music of the first is so lively and the singing of the second so good that surely some merry piece backed by the present resources of the Shaftesbury would attract great audiences. If it be Mr. Courtneidge's intention, as we trust it is, to provide a *répertoire*, we beg, in all our interests, that its character may be witty and gay. Good music finely expressed is always welcome, but to be widely popular we must have also liveliness, loveliness, and grace.

"Folly as It Flies"

EACH new revue as it arrives is a little more gorgeous than the last, a little more elaborate. Although the same type of entertainment as the old, "The Passing Show, of 1915," will be found to have outgrown its parent in length and occasionally in breadth. Mr

Alfred Butt's enormous production at the Palace seemed on Tuesday night to have crowded every possible product of a "Revue Factory," the first scene, upon the stage and trusted to the audience to say which were the things they liked and which might be quietly set aside. Many incidents and even whole scenes may go, and still Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Hartley Carrick will have supplied us with a brilliant, witty, and inspiring evening's entertainment. The new edition of "The Passing Show" is a very splendid and amusing affair which will become even more agreeable as it grows shorter. In the meantime our chief pleasure is in the high spirits of Mr. Arthur Playfair, Mr. Nelson Keys, and the welcome Miss Elsie Janis, who returns to the Palace as "Miss Foxtrot from the U.S.A." For us, the best thing in the revue is the good-natured travesty of "David Copperfield." Mr. Playfair's "Peggotty" is the most amusing piece of ironic criticism; Mr. Nelson Keys' "Little Em'ly" is a delight; Mr. Lewis Sydney's "Ham" is the best thing that even he has done for a long while; and Mr. Hallam is seen to greater advantage in his light skit of "David" than in a dozen other more pretentious parts throughout the revue. Miss Janis still sings and dances with her old easy grace and charm and subtle art. EGAN MEW.

MOTORING

FROM the motorist's point of view, one of the interesting results of the war so far has been to bring into special prominence the utility of the unbreakable glass known as "Triplex," as a substitute for ordinary plate-glass in connection with motor vehicles. Ever since the introduction of the automobile, one of the most prolific sources of danger associated with its use has been that arising in accidents from the broken glass of windscreens and windows. It has been estimated from carefully compiled statistics that more than half the injuries sustained by motor drivers and passengers have been caused by splintered glass following a shock or collision. The evil has, of course, long been recognised, and many attempts have been made from time to time to find a remedy. But it was not until about three years ago that the problem of producing a glass which combines the transparency of ordinary glass with complete immunity from breaking, or rather splintering, no matter however violent the shock, was solved. The composite glass known as "Triplex"—a French invention, we believe—caused quite a sensation at one of the motor exhibitions when drastic methods were adopted to demonstrate the validity of the claims made on its behalf. Since then, many private motorists have had their cars fitted with it, and its adoption by the War Office for use on the motor lorries, etc., at the Front has drawn increased attention to its merits.

It is safe to prophesy that sooner or later every motor windscreen and window will be fitted with Triplex. There is no secret about the construction of this safety glass. It consists in placing a sheet of specially selected and clear celluloid between two sheets of plate-

glass, and, after a treatment which constitutes the patent, subjecting the three to hydraulic pressure until they become one homogeneous and transparent sheet. So unbreakable is the Triplex that it will resist bullets, even at comparatively close range. In a series of experiments carried out at Lord Stanhope's private range in Chevening Park some time ago, remarkable proof of this was forthcoming, the weapon used being an Army service rifle with Mark vii. ammunition. At a distance of 300 yards the bullet merely penetrated the first layer of glass, being stopped by the celluloid, which was only cracked. In a second test, with 1¼-inch Triplex, also at 300 yards, the bullet again failed to penetrate the back layer. At a still shorter range (50 yards) the bullets simply made clean holes, leaving the glass as waterproof and weatherproof as before, except in the perforated part. Ordinary plate-glass would have been shattered to atoms.

The City

FEAR is expressed in well-informed quarters that the ease with which War Loans and Treasury Bills have been taken up may induce a certain amount of recklessness in finance on the part of the authorities. There are said to be large amounts of floating debt which ought to have been liquidated; naturally those who have surplus cash available prefer to get a high rate of interest rather than keep it on deposit at the banks for a mere nothing. Within the past few days steps have been taken to curtail the supplies of floating credits, and the effect on the market has been exceedingly healthy. The War Loan, which suffered from the effect of the Treasury Bills last week, and certain Colonial Securities have begun to look up. Lord Kitchener's speech indicating how the Government propose to give workers a share of the profits of armament companies has been noted with lively interest in certain quarters, and its effect adds a further reason to that given in this column last week why holders of armament shares should not look for any further material advance. Armament shares are chiefly of speculative interest; as investments at present prices they are likely to be a luxury in the days to come.

Home Rails are firm on the prospect of a final and satisfactory solution of the wages question. The railways have had a more trying time since the outbreak of war than is generally recognised; they have done their patriotic best, working at the highest pressure with often inadequate staffs, and they have had to sacrifice normal business to meet the Government's demands. Government allowances in few cases make good the losses incurred, and indispensable as the efficient working of the lines has been to the movement of troops and material, the railways have not been among those enterprises which have made war profits. The market welcomes even the possibility of relief.

Oil shares had a further little flutter at the end of last week but are again on the downward trend. Rubbers are firm but dull, though some of the reports now being issued ought to put heart into the market. Batu Caves we naturally expect to make a good showing, but in these times a final dividend of 75 per cent., making 150 per cent. for the year, reads almost like a fairy story. Batu Caves make this fine return on so distracting a year, whilst carrying forward only £500 less than last time.

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Unless conditions get worse, instead as is generally anticipated better, Batu Caves ought to do at least as well in 1915.

The net profit of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, at £20,261, is less than half what it was a year ago, and there is no Ordinary dividend. There is a balance after providing for the payment of the year's dividend on the 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares, due March 25, of £22,869. This the directors recommend should be carried forward to the new profit and loss account: a policy of cautious finance warranted by the general conditions.

The British Dominions General Insurance has had a good year and reports a premium income of £610,142. The balance carried forward is £449,544, against £303,238 brought in. The total assets of the company amount to £872,111. The directors recommend a final dividend on the Ordinary Shares of 3 per cent., making 6 per cent. for the year.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRICE OF NOVELS, Etc.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I fear Mr. George has somewhat weakened his position by the strong language he used in your last issue regarding "A Publisher's" account of his recent lecture on "Bookseller and Author."

As chairman of that meeting I much enjoyed Mr. George's lecture, but I thought there were two points in it which showed a want of knowledge of the trade and also of the value of a book.

In the first place no ordinary bookseller would buy a first novel by an unknown author, at whatever price it was offered, and I am sure no bookseller would stock his shop with books at the prices quoted by Mr. George unless there was some known author or publisher behind the book to give it some sort of recommendation. It is usually the author's reputation and the quality of his work that sells a novel, and nothing that a bookseller could say or do would otherwise sell a copy. The system suggested in Mr. George's letter, "that several publishers make a practice of entrapping novices and paying them nothing on the first 1,500 copies or so, which means nothing at all," is a libel upon the publishing trade of London.

Mr. George's second point is that remainders interfere with the sale of a particular book. The question as to whether a book should be remaindered, and, if so, under what conditions, is a very important one, and I am quite convinced that no definite rule can be laid down which would be applicable to all classes of remainders. There are books remaindered which will sell quickly when brought to the notice of a particular class of readers, and others which are only fit for the hawker's barrow or to be pulped as waste. I have known many books which have been remaindered and have thus had attention drawn to them; occasionally they have been quickly bought up, and often re-sold at their full published price. To instance only one: the first edition of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" was sold from a fourpenny box, and copies afterwards fetched twenty-five pounds. By this means a reputation was established and a position for this book secured. I

should maintain that discretion might be shown in this as well as in other departments of our trade. There are books which are only fit to become fuel for the fire; others, either through over-printing or want of pushful advertising, have only reached a very limited public, and then through being reduced in price, have found an eager public who are only too delighted to get a book of such value at a price suited to their limited means. Although bookselling is a business, and a most interesting one, yet it does not exist only for those who carry it on. If there were no booksellers' shops some means would have to be found for disseminating that which goes to making the intelligence of a nation. "Show me the literature of a nation and I will tell you the character of the people," said a great man, and I am quite convinced that if limits were placed upon the distribution of our books, for the benefit of author or bookseller, the Government or the people would soon find some means by which their intellectual wants were supplied.

My firm conviction is that no book which appeals to the intellect or which goes to the formation of character should be destroyed. When the time comes in the life of a book that has exhausted the sphere for which it was intended, let it be offered as a remainder, and I am sure it will percolate through the various strata of society until it finds its level of usefulness; this may be in the library of the collector, or for a more useful purpose in the homes of the working classes; but never should a book of any literary value be destroyed.

I am glad to see that Mr. George has "a strong liking for certain publishers." I sincerely hope he will go on with the study of our trade. Whatever may be the position of the author, I am sure Mr. George will find that the publisher or the bookseller is more likely to be the "Lamb" in the making and sale of books than the author.

I remain, yours faithfully,

JOSEPH SHAYLOR.

March 12, 1915.

A DUPED PEOPLE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In reading the daily war news one constantly finds repetition of the names of cities and forts in France and Belgium, as well as mention of neutral seas and ports in Holland and Denmark, which were the lively centres of many a battle and siege in the Napoleonic and Revolutionary days of a century ago and later, and one has only to substitute German for French invaders in order to keep track of the course of the present war on the Continent, and to revive old historical connections and memories. In other words, one needs but to substitute the names of "Kaiser" and Germans for those of "Napoleon" and French. Yet how little there is really in common between the arrant vanity and ambition of the Kaiser and the military genius and avowed democracy of Napoleon! They resemble each other alone in a common lust of power and military glory: whereas the German people, subject to present revelations, much more closely resemble the mental attitude and infatuation of the French people in those days, who were so terribly obsessed by the glamour and delusion of "Glory." The French even then, and thus obsessed, were never half so barbaric and ruthless as the Kaiser's military hordes and airmen are now. The French were ever a gallant and generous people—no matter what their obsession or what their delusion. Hence, French culture

counts for something, and is a very different thing from the German "Kultur" in these days. Moreover, the French were never hypocrites—they did not even *profess* to be "Christians" in the days of the Revolution, or even under the Napoleonic regime—even Napoleon himself did not profess to be "God's Vice-Regent"! Indeed, the French believed (or did at the time of the Revolution) that they had a mission, the delivery of mankind from tyrants, and that they were instruments, in some wise, for the purpose of inaugurating a sort of universal Democracy. The German people of the present day believe only in their "mission" to overthrow Democracy and to establish a universal "Roman German Empire," with the Prussian Kaiser as its head. In short, it would not appear to be within the compass of narrow German minds to be generous, or to be actuated by other than purely selfish and vain-glorious motives and interests. They have become indoctrinated with the ridiculous idea that they are God's "Chosen People," the Salt of the Earth, and they only. They are short-sighted, vain and presumptuous, yet not destitute of all virtue. They remain a singularly virile and prolific race, which attests at least to their immunity from the besetting sins and violations of certain laws and principles which have become far too prevalent among more highly civilised and more generous races and peoples during the last century, and especially in France and throughout the Anglo-Saxon world. Moreover, I do not believe that the general masses of Germans, apart from the Prussians (who are the least Teutonic of all German peoples), are depraved; but that they are what they are to-day because of the sinister militarism and bureaucracy which they have unconsciously allowed to dominate German policy, and to subvert and wellnigh destroy their civic rights and freedom.

And, super-added to Kaiser, tyranny and militarism, should be remembered the inculcation and dissemination broadcast of Treitschke's pernicious teachings and "Gospel of Hate," which it has been the policy of Prussian militarists to encourage. Hence, Germans are in great measure the victims and dupes of a malign and deliberate conspiracy. By very virtue of their simple-mindedness and better natures the Germans of to-day are what they are, because of false teachings and insidious influences. They may be "vain" and "short-sighted," and "narrow-minded" accordingly—and I think they are all that—but they could never have become metamorphosed into sheer brutes had they not been shamefully imposed upon. I am,

sir, yours truly,

EDWIN RIDLEY.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MAGAZINES, PERIODICALS, Etc.

Ulula; The Triad, N.Z.; Peru To-day; Publishers' Circular; New York Times Book Review; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Revue Critique; Poetry, Chicago; Windsor; Montreal Weekly Witness; English Review; British Review; The Antiquary; Modern Review, Calcutta; The Crucible, Allahabad; Review of Reviews, Melbourne; The Bookfellow, Sydney; The School World; Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Author; T.P.'s Journal; St. George's Magazine; Poetry Review; Asiatic Review; United Empire; Land Union Journal; Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement; Musical News; Revue Bleue; Dublin Review; Bird Notes and News; Quarterly Review; The Phoenix; Ararat; Church Quarterly Review; Journal of the Imperial Arts League; The Bodleian Quarterly Record.

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Notes of the Week

The War

RUSSIA has scored heavily this week. She has at last reduced the great fortress of Przemyśl, and some idea of the importance of this achievement is afforded by the fact that she has taken 130,000 prisoners. Przemyśl removes an obstacle to Russia's advance in more than one direction and releases an army which the Grand Duke will know how to employ to advantage. The Russians have also re-entered East Prussia. They seized Memel for a time, though in accordance with the anticipation of experts here, they did not attempt to hold it. They are content with the moral effect created. In the Dardanelles the Allied Fleets last week made an attack in force on the Narrows with success, but two British battleships and one French were sunk by floating mines. The toll in British lives was small, but unfortunately the *Bouvet* went down with most of her crew. The attack, if costly, has carried the Allies materially nearer their objective. On the Western front General Joffre continues the nibbling process with increasing vigour, and the Germans rarely succeed in recovering any part of the ground lost. They have made another attempt to drop Zeppelin bombs on Paris, but the damage was negligible.

Munitions or Men?

"Providence lies on the side of 'big batteries' more than on that of 'big battalions,'" says Eye-Witness. "It is a rough war this," Sir John French is reported to have told a French interviewer, "but the problem it sets is a comparatively simple one—munitions; more munitions; always more munitions. That is the essential question, the governing condition of all progress, of every leap forward." "The more you shell the enemy the less infantry you will lose," says a writer in the *Revue Militaire Générale* quoted by the *Observer*. "You will never fire too many shells; you will never fire enough. You must spare the men and not the ammunition." Neuve Chapelle, heavy though its cost was, has proved the truth of these identical views from three very different authorities. Is it necessary to point the moral for either employer or workman whose business it is to provide munitions?

Kultur as Bully

The squeal and threat of the born bully come from Germany. Russia has re-invaded East Prussia, and the Prussian who has perpetrated every conceivable

outrage in Belgium and Northern France is horrified that his sacred soil and innocent villages should be violated by the Russian barbarian. A man-eating tigress mourning the loss of her sweet cubs! In the same precious spirit Germany has given us due warning that, as Great Britain has chosen to break all the laws of war and refuses to treat pirates as heroes, she has no option but to adopt measures of reprisal. What new form of infamy she is cogitating we are at a loss to imagine. The starvation of British prisoners is about the only reprisal now left to her, and she is threatening that. A letter so virulent that its authenticity might well be doubted appeared last week in the *Morning Post*; it holds England responsible for all Germany's troubles, and for the English "swine" no brutality of revenge is too savage. Kultur in a rage at defeat is as little admirable as Kultur ravishing victims borne down by numbers.

Hoodwinked

"We met the representatives of Germany with courtesy, with friendship, with confidence; we never had any suspicion that hostilities were intended." That was the confession made by Lord Gladstone at Mr. Sidney Low's King's College lecture on the war. Lord Gladstone admitted that, whilst Germany was making her plans in South Africa, the authorities were hoodwinked. What those plans were we know now. General Hertzog came very badly out of the debate on the Indemnity Bill in the Union Parliament. It is fairly clear that he was well informed of German intrigues, and knew that certain of his friends, like Beyers, de Wet and Maritz, had been "got at." General Smuts in a rousing speech did not spare General Hertzog. If Hertzog had been true, not merely to the Empire but to South Africa and his colleagues, he would have nipped in the bud the mad scheme for substituting the old Boer flag for the Union Jack. He did not know South Africa any more than he knew General Botha and General Smuts; the passing of the Indemnity Bill by an overwhelming majority is the sharpest of votes of censure on himself.

Australia's Stake in the War

Mr. Alfred Horsfall took a most suggestive subject for his lecture at the Royal Colonial Institute on Wednesday. We, who are so proud of what the Colonies have done and are doing in the war, do not perhaps realise as fully as they, what their stake in the issue is: it is nothing less than freedom, which they might lose even though England retained hers. Mr. Horsfall made it clear that if Germany had succeeded in the ambitious programme with which she plunged in August last, Australia—and what is true of Australia is true of Canada and South Africa—might have made up her mind to become a dependency of Germany instead of being a great self-governing Dominion under the British Crown. Australia would only have continued to exist as a means of profit to Germany. Her services to the Empire in the past few months have been precious, but more precious still has been the safeguarding of her liberties by the Empire.

Freedom: Pretence and Reality

A STRONGER sense of humour might have saved the modern German from the gravest blunder and the most appalling crime in history. The German spirit suffers from a lop-sided logic, which prevents it from seeing anything it does not want to see. Treitschke and Bernhardi are obsessed with an idea, and to promote that idea they have to brush aside facts which, if looked at for a moment, simply show their arguments to be ridiculous. General von Bernhardi has taken up the pen again to prove to the world what a wicked designing creature Britannia is and what an angel of light and righteousness is embodied in modern Germany. His articles in the *New York Sun* are amusing even though they be concerned to explain away Germany's responsibility for a world tragedy. Perhaps Bernhardi hopes that Mr. Ellis Barker's translation of "Our Future" under the title "Britain as Germany's Vassal" has not found its way to America; no one who reads that book in company with the *Sun* articles will fail to understand that Bernhardi has got himself into as hopeless a plight logically as his countrymen have got themselves into in a military sense. What is the sole moral to be derived from "Britain as Germany's Vassal"?—or "Our Future"? if the less sensational title be preferred. Here was a book written for the German people, and popularising the insane militaristic ideas of Treitschke, which tells us that war is a biological necessity, that Germany is getting into the condition of "an over-heated boiler," that it is immoral not to extend power, that France and England cannot be allowed with their smaller populations to regard themselves as Germany's equal, that an understanding with England would be harmful to Germany, that England must agree to a modification of her world-position in partnership with Germany or take the consequences, and that the alternative before Germany is world power or decline! Bernhardi now discovers that there is a tremendous difference between world dominion and world power. Menaced States may not be so meticulous. For them power as conceived in the writings of Treitschke, Bernhardi and the rest of the militarist school, can only be synonymous with dominion.

Bernhardi's latest view point is delightfully illustrated by his reference to Great Britain's treatment of the Transvaal and Orange Free State: "We all very well remember the heroic struggle of the weak Boer States and their subjugation by the English world empire which led to the fray hordes of oppressors from all parts of the world, in order to force the free farmers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State beneath her might, and to utilise for her own benefit the treasures of their soil. It does not change the facts in the least that the English in their procedure against the South African Republics brought forth an apparently legal justification, for no human being of judgment will permit himself to be misled by such justification as to the true conditions of things. Now if this State, which everywhere suppresses the liberty of the weak

herself, this State which for centuries has kept Ireland in bondage, which supported France in the punifying of free Morocco, which enslaved India and Egypt, and which, in conjunction with Russia, seeks to subjugate weak Persia, which for reasons of her own has driven neutral Belgium into the war; which throughout the world calls the nation to arms to throw down Germany because she believes herself to be the stronger; if this State claims that a victory of Germany would mean the subjugation of the world, then every discerning person and every unprejudiced being must recognise the hypocritical mask behind which hides the regardless policy of power and interest." The passage is an excellent sample of blind logic. Great Britain as the oppressor of the very people who are voluntarily laying down their lives for the sake of her flag can only be matched by a conception of Belgium overflowing with gratitude to Berlin for all the blessings of the past six months. Germany will be recognised as Liberator when the tiger becomes a lap dog.

The rhodomontade of the Bernhardis, the Bernstorffs and Dernsburgs, is thrown into sharp relief by the simple unrhetoical statement made this week by Sir Edward Grey—curiously enough at Bechstein Hall. He showed how everyone except Germany was ready to refer Austro-Serbian differences to a Conference. For the fourth time within living memory Prussia has made war; she was determined to give effect to the teachings of her junkers and her professors, and a thousand disclaimers will not shift responsibility from her shoulders. For what are we fighting? asked Sir Edward Grey. His answer rings true as Bernhardi's rings false:—"We wish the nations of Europe to be free to live their independent lives, working out their own forms of government for themselves and their own national developments, whether they be great States or small States, in full liberty. That is our ideal. The German ideal is that of the German as a superior people to whom all things are lawful in the securing of their own power and against whom resistance of every kind is unlawful and to be savagely put down; a people establishing a domination over the nations of the Continent, imposing a peace that is not to be liberty for other nations, but subservience to Germany. Well, I would rather perish or leave this Continent altogether than live in it under such conditions. After this war we and the other nations of Europe must be free to live, not menaced continually by talk of supreme War Lords and shining armour, and the sword continually rattling in the scabbard, and Heaven continually invoked as an accomplice in German aims, and not having our policy dictated and our national destinies and activities controlled by the military caste of Prussia. We claim for ourselves, and our Allies claim for themselves, and together we will secure for Europe, the right of independent Sovereignty for the different nations, the right to pursue national existence, not in the shadow of Prussian hegemony or supremacy, but in the light of equal liberty." Bernhardi is right on one point and one only: Germany is fighting for her

existence; the fight was of her own making. What Peace may bring no man can say, but an essential condition, Sir Edward Grey promises, must be the restoration of Belgium to her independent national life, and reparation so far as reparation is possible.

Patriots

BY BART KENNEDY.

THERE are a good many of them about just now. They may hardly know the butt from the business end of a gun, but they are Britons with a capital "B," for all that. And whenever the occasion offers they are valorous singers of the national anthem.

I am a strong believer in the national anthem. It is the song-symbol of our Empire, but it is to be feared that by itself it would hardly be sufficient to make invading Germans quake. They are a people who have become hardened to vocal music. The song of the bullet would be more to the point.

Besides being vocalists, these "pub and club" patriots are also strategists. And they are strategists of a very impatient order. In the club and in the pub they do the swift Von Moltke act with matches on tables. You will see them doing this on the rude table in the four-ale bar. And, again, you will see them strategising with matches on the beautifully appointed tables in the club dining-room.

Only yesterday I was talking to a match strategist in a certain club. He had dined well, and he was indulging in Von Moltke-isms with the inoffensive matches. Though he had dined well, he was in a somewhat critical mood. He was dissatisfied with the British Navy. He wanted to know why it didn't do something. Why didn't it smash up the German Fleet? Why didn't it do so-and-so? At first I thought he was not serious, for he is a person of alleged intelligence. But I found that he really meant what he said, and I then explained to him, in a gentle and polite way, that he had the British Navy to thank for his dinner. I was not rude. I only explained it to him in a way that was to the point.

He was a patriot, but he was a short-sighted, unimaginative patriot who could see no farther than his nose. He could not see that it was the British Navy that was causing the German navy to live in modest retirement within its shell. He could not see that the British Navy was at present doing more arduous and trying work than the actual engaging of the enemy's ships; that it had to be on the alert through all the hours of the day and night; that but for it England would be starved and beaten to extinction.

We, the English, are a great race. But we have our little weaknesses, and one of them is that we are apt to take things too easily. We refuse to heed serious matters till our attention is called to them, so to speak,

by the agency of a flung half-brick. The impact of the half-brick makes us sit up and take notice.

This is no time to be afraid to speak, or to mince words. If the Germans win this war we are done for. Our nationality would be trampled into the dust. We should be enslaved. The Prussian Huns would deal with us far more terribly than they have dealt with the people of France. Let us be done with polite and ambiguous phrases. This is a fight to the death. The Huns are approaching the gates. Their military methods are as the methods of the hordes of Attila of old. Iron facts prove this. If we are beaten there will be no mercy for us. England will be dishonoured and broken. All of us, old and young, must jump into the breach. This thirty-year age-limit is nonsense. Some of the best fighters in the Boer War were between sixty and seventy.

There is another thing. We must not run away with the idea that the German navy will not fight. It is only biding its time and opportunity. It is well for us to grip the fact that these German Huns are as brave as they are ruthless. And we must not run away with the idea that an invasion of our shores is inconceivable. In fact, certain contingencies may arise that will make this invasion probable.

There is this also. The German enemies of humanity and civilisation are fighting with ropes round their necks. No one knows better than they that if this war that they prepared for and started goes against them the Allies will make it impossible for them to commit another such world-outrage. For more than a generation they have been preparing for this stupendous piratical raid. If they fail in it their power to commit another such crime will be dissolved. Their fangs will be drawn. The wrist above the mailed fist will be snapped. Such being the case, they will fight for all they are worth. They will stop at nothing. They will take the most desperate chance. Raiding England? Why of course they will raid England—if they get the shadow of a chance!

No one denies, or can deny, the power and the mental qualities and the genius of the Germans. But their great faculties only make their crime against mankind the more monstrous. The criminal of genius is the worst criminal of all. Do not forget this. This war that Germany has made is not exclusively the war of Wilhelm and his officers. It is a war made by the whole of the German people. All of them are in it—from top to bottom. As a people they were obsessed by the idea of the conquest of the world. The ferocious Bismarck planted it in the national mind, and Wilhelm fostered it.

It is said that we are like the Germans. But if there be a likeness at all it is very superficial. Our national psychology is utterly distinct from the German national psychology. In England the individual is allowed as much liberty as is compatible with the safety of the State. Indeed, one is tempted to think that there are times in England when the individual is allowed too much liberty. Be this as it may, however, the fact

remains that in England the individual has more freedom than in any other State in the world. In Germany it is altogether different. The liberty of the individual there is made subservient to what the State conceives to be the interests of the whole. The Germans are, so to speak, bound much more closely together than we are. This makes them more easily penetrable to an idea coming from their rulers. If I may so put it, the German crowd-mind is close-knit and evenly connected together. It is this national mental state that has made them so susceptible to the Hun idea—that has made them so formidable.

My reason for labouring this point is to bring out the fact that England is fighting for human liberty, whilst Germany is fighting for its suppression. The German ideal is a slave-world where human beings would be drilled machines. If she conquers the Allies she will begin the enslavement of the world by turning Europe into a vast slave State.

Life without liberty loses its sweetness. It becomes as ashes in the mouth. Death is infinitely better than slavery. We must fight these Hun millions. We, the men of England, must awake from our apathy and offer ourselves on the glorious altar of liberty. It is far better that we were all dead than that these Germans should overrun us. No Englishman, be he old or young, who can carry a rifle must be such a coward as to let another man carry it for him. Let us roll up. This thing of not coming eagerly up to the scratch is not playing the game!

The Professional Man's Problem

THE City man, the clerk, or the professional man, who has been "called up" as a Territorial by the great Exchange—No. 1, England—and who is now a hardened soldier, tried by fire and winning the praise of experienced generals, has one certain advantage over his friends who are left behind by reason of their age or other disabilities. He knows just what he has to do; his time is fully occupied. The word went forth; business, journalism, painting, all were dropped at an hour's notice, and he stood at attention awaiting orders.

That, to the men who stay at home and watch, is the advantage of his position. Many of them would be very glad to have some orders, in two senses of the word. The journalist—more especially the free-lance—finds himself for once at a loss. His neat articles are not required; his sketches of London life and humour are "turned down," and since he is not an expert on military or naval matters, and may not go to the front even as a correspondent or writer of "specials," he turns to chance offers of work in an office as clerk, fortunate if he is able to keep going at a slower rate. In the evenings, perhaps, he suffers the sarcasm of a drill-sergeant and longs for the time when he will be promoted to "No. 1 Squad," whose members—lucky dogs!—are drilling with rifles, marching out on Saturdays, and beginning to understand the meaning of "extended order" and field-mancœuvres. His secret, harassing

care for the day's needs and the happiness of those near and dear to him—a happiness which depends so pathetically on the regular receipt of a certain amount of money—is concealed; but he finds himself quite unable to "take no thought for the morrow." That calm state he has not yet reached; the morrow is a spectre, haunting him even in his dreams. And because he cannot make the public plaint of shabby clothes and a haggard face, the huge sums in store for the assistance of more obvious "cases" are closed to his appeal.

In many instances, as we learn from the correspondence columns of the papers, he has made this appeal as a last resort. Unlucky to have no "trade," no especially trained ability with his hands for mechanical work, it comes to this at last; and he is told, it seems, that he must be an impostor to look so smart, and is asked impudently why he has not sold his watch. He is "referred" from the Prince of Wales's Fund to the "local council," "referred" again to a Rural Relief Committee, and even then obtains nothing but suggestions that as a pauper he should "come on the rates."

It was a pleasure to hear, therefore, from Sir John McClure, in a long letter to the *Morning Post*, that something has been done to mitigate the suffering of those in well-dressed poverty through no fault of their own. A musician's home is being kept together by means of subsidised boarders—British refugees from the Continent who are penniless until work can be found. For artists an exhibition was organised; one artist reports that his home has been saved from disaster by the sales of his work at this exhibition, and the school fees of two of his children have been defrayed from the funds of this worthy, necessary, and tactful Professional Classes War Relief Council. One teacher who applied for help had actually come down to his last shilling, and, though the problem of finding employment for English governesses who have been compelled to return to this country, deprived of their living, is a difficult one, in many cases timely relief has been given, and more than one has been saved from the danger of literal starvation. "I have never known," says Sir John McClure, "greater zeal, more untiring energy, sounder discretion, or 'sweeter reasonableness' displayed by any body of men and women labouring for the good of their fellows." We believe that at the end of this conflict, when the good offices of those who have placed time and money at the disposal of less fortunate folk come to be fully realised, the house at 13, Prince's Gate, S.W., the headquarters of the Council, will not be among the least useful centres. Many a man who would suffer acute distress of mind at being compelled to ask for help as a pauper has reason to thank those who, with pleasant and tactful enquiries, have kept him going or found him something to do. It may in the last analysis be a false sense of shame which leads men thus to shrink from the ordinary sources of assistance, but among the professional classes it is universal; and in recognising this the work is being carried on in the best possible manner.

Treasure Houses

THE value of everything in life is relative. The artist will tell you that in a picture each value is dependent on factors outside of itself; it is either enhanced or lowered by the things which surround it. As in art, so in life. Most people are inclined to take their London for granted. It is so familiar to them that they scarcely see its beauties, or, seeing them, fail to recognise their quality. As the old saying has it, no man realises his blessings until he is in danger of losing them.

Among the many different points of view that the war has brought about, one of the most marked is people's attitude towards the national treasures we possess in the shape of magnificent buildings and their contents, some old, some new. Little as we believe in the likelihood of an air raid in sufficient force to do great damage to our city, it is unpleasant to contemplate its bare possibility. Men walk about with new eyes among the old grey buildings or in the gardens of the Temple and the Law Courts. They cross the bridges that afford such fine prospects of the stateliness of London with a new sense of pride. Westminster takes on fresh significance, and they find out, perhaps for the first time, how much they love the stones that build up the most wonderful city in the world. The searchlights of the hour reveal things that did not exist for them before, devoid as they were of any meaning from sheer familiarity. The dignity and decorum of the business part of London; its warehouse piles that fringe the old river where once Romans and Phœnicians traded, its streets of offices and chambers whence issue impulses that affect the tide of life to the very ends of the earth, the shops in whose windows are displayed the treasures of all the continents. It is not only the buildings in whose jeopardy we are concerned, but their contents.

The pictures in our galleries, in which the majority took but a lukewarm interest, arouse much more enthusiasm now that they are in safe harbourage from possible danger, and those which remain on view acquire a new significance to the people visiting them. Even shopping has taken on an added interest. We contrast in imagination our well-filled and beautifully arranged windows with the dearth and desolation that reign in the cities on which battle has set her terrible seal, or where our mastery of the sea is preventing the ordinary acts of commerce, and each beautiful fabric displayed, or product of the lands across the ocean, has a new value of its own. It is the visible sign of empire and of supremacy, this evidence of the untouched vitality of trade. To those coming fresh from the stricken lands, the contrast is poignant, that beauty and luxury and the demand for artistic treasure can still exist; to the Englishman it means that looms are working, and factory chimneys smoking; the women and children of his country warmed and fed and housed amid the tribulations of the war. Perhaps nothing is quite so significant of the spirit of the day as the conduct

of the shopping centres of our City,—the determination of business-men to give of their best, in life and in commercial value. The roll of honour of the great shops and the excellence of their present régime, the response of the public in upholding business by living in their usual manner, as well as by lending their sons, their fathers and brothers to their country—all this is very fine to those who fathom its real meaning and the self-sacrifice of those concerned.

It may seem curious that these thoughts should arise from a lunch in the Palm Court of Selfridge's, but such is in very truth their origin. It is quite possible that any other of the great marts of our busy city might awaken like feelings, but in this particular treasure-house of the produce of the Empire, where all is so complete, so efficient, so frankly open and friendly to every comer, they are accentuated. Passing through it on a morning when the clear, cold sun of early spring flooded counters and customers alike, it was impossible that a comparatively rare visitor to town like the writer should be other than impressed. It was a day on which all values were emphasised. Without, the streets swarmed with placards shouting war sensationalism; stress and the hint of danger were in the air. Within, were beauty and order and steady business, nothing feverish in its atmosphere, but a pervading sense of well-being and efficiency. It was a picture that lingers in the memory as an impression of piles of dainty fabrics, of glowing scarves and ribbons, of colours that thronged and melted and changed with every fresh perspective, but always delightful in its freshness and variety—a tribute to the spring day without: of kindly attendants ready to assist in choice perplexing from its multitudinous allure: of munitions for the home or for the trenches that to some of us seem so very near: of the capable young women who have replaced our soldiers at the counter or in the lift: and, finally, of the grateful rest and excellent food in the restaurant where war only seems possible from the reminder of the roll of honour occupying its proud position.

Somehow, such houses as Selfridge's have risen to the level of national treasure-houses, and we may mention them to-day without necessarily being suspected of drawing up an ingenious advertisement. Is it profane to bracket the splendid building in Oxford Street with our national monuments? Those of us who are most alive to the beauties of architecture in the great grey city are also aware that husbands and children must be fed and clothed, and that one practical application of the artistic instinct is to shop where it may be done most beautifully and efficiently. We cannot afford to lose our great masters, our Guild-halls or cathedrals: their destruction would be irremediable; but among the lesser essentials of life many of us place the great marts which were unknown to our grandmothers; their absence would cause a void in no way to be repaired. May the south-west winds always guard this little island when a Zeppelin leaves its harbour!

The Imperial Longshoreman

(With all necessary apologies.)

I'M Longshoreman Billy of Potsdam Town
And a wonderful creature I be.
I promised my people that great renown
They'd be sure to achieve on the sea.
With a spark in my eye all the world I'd defy—
A quite invincible nailer—
I'd prattle away of "Salt" and "The Day,"
Till they all thought Wilhelm a sailor.
A sailor! A sailor!

But I ain't no sailor bold and I've seldom been upon
the sea;

It is very cold therein and I'm anxious for my skin,
While the land holds quite enough for me.
So give three hearty *hochs* for the submarines a-roving
free

And each bold codger who beneath the Jolly Roger
Mans the few of my ships at sea.

I'm leaving the talk to von Tirpitz now,
For I'm making mercurial trips,
And Tirp. is an admiral who somehow
Will secure me my wonderful ships.
Though he points to my fleet as "in being" complete
And refers to my mercantile mailers,
He knows very well, this old nautical swell,
That there's precious few of them are sailors.
Are sailors! Are sailors!

No; they ain't no sailors bold and they darsen't venture
on the sea.

If they chanced to cruise about, there's no shadow
of a doubt

That quickly at the bottom they would be.

So give three hearty *hochs* for the submarines a-roving
free,

With a heave-o, hilly! Here's to Big and Little
Willy,

And my ships that are *not* at sea.

W. H. GADSDON.

REVIEWS

Saint-Simon's Memoirs

The Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon. An
abridged Translation by FRANCIS ARKWRIGHT.
Vols. I and II. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. per vol.)

A PERENNIAL interest attaches to the lives
of great men, an interest which is in-
tensified when these men lived in a time cele-
brated for its magnificence, its great deeds
and the number of brilliant names that stud the pages
of its history. For the last 200 years the memoirs of the
Duke de Saint-Simon have been reckoned among the
immortal biographies of the world. This new transla-
tion from the pen of Mr. Francis Arkwright, of which

the first two volumes are now issued, will do much to
bring them into more general knowledge and favour.
The length of the original work, the inevitable diffi-
culty of an old language and bygone style have limited
the number of their readers, while in the abridged
English editions that have heretofore appeared they
have suffered somewhat severely from undue curtailment
and the loss of their original savour. In Mr. Ark-
wright's hands the memoirs retain much of the style of
the great Frenchman, and most of the matter he con-
sidered of chief importance.

The interest of memoirs is many sided. There is their
historic value, the light thrown on society and manners
in the time of their writing, but the underlying element
of their eternal fascination is the fact that they are a
human document. In them it is not the philosophy nor
the policy of history which interests us, it is life itself,
and it lies in the power of the translator to maintain or
to destroy that atmosphere of life. In this Mr. Ark-
wright has been successful. The book has been pub-
lished at a happy moment. Fiction has paled recently
in our estimation before the thrill and excitement of
real existence, history is so rapidly in the making that
we have little time for critical or problematic study.
All past history, the struggles, the triumphs, the in-
trigues and death throes of other nations, becomes of
redoubled interest. Once more, in these memoirs, we
see the shifting of the map of Europe, we realise the
working of the loom of Fate in the threads so curiously
interwoven around the adjoining countries of France
and England. Through a long, a wise and extraordi-
narily clear-sighted life, Saint-Simon saw the future of
his country and the little island so near to him develop-
ing. It is not realised all at once on reading it: the
view of the time presented is kaleidoscopic—shifting,
changing, brilliant scenes, swift dramas, unforeseen
developments pass rapidly before the reader, leaving
him sometimes almost breathless from the haste in which
they succeed each other, from the shower of brilliant
names that cascade across the pages. This is Saint
Simon's greatest gift, his faculty for making a person
live again in a few brief touches, a few words that are
extraordinarily pungent and descriptive. The memoirs
are full of pen portraits of Louis's Court and entou-
rage that combine the character study of a Vandyck
with the fidelity of a Holbein. As is inevitable with a
courtier, his pages are crammed with anecdote and gos-
sip, some of it scandalous, flavoured with seventeenth-
century outspokenness, all of it amusing and in no case
malicious. Saint Simon appears to have been singu-
larly cautious in his life with regard to his enemies and
he is reticent with his hatred in his memoirs. Except
indirectly there is little of self revelation, they are not
to be compared with Cellini's life, nor with the some-
what disreputable Casanova, in his frank self-avowals;
we are for ever partaking in the author's impressions of
some other person of note or notoriety, but the picture
that is formed of Saint Simon himself is of a per-
sonality singularly wise, large minded, and astute.
Living as he did in the latter part of Louis XIV's

reign, he came after the period of its greatest magnificence; the licence of the Court was checked by the influence of Mme. Maintenon, then supreme, and the brilliance of the foreign policy of France was becoming dimmed. These first volumes do not extend to the death of the King and to the most interesting period of the Duke's life that came, and their readers will look forward with interest to the forthcoming additions. The volumes before us form a wonderful picture of the Court life of Louis, and of the innumerable intrigues of which the then history of France was composed. Saint-Simon looked at life through the eyes of a courtier; he sees very little of France outside the walls of her palaces or the staff of her army; his obsession as to matters of etiquette and preference is so great as barely to escape being ridiculous; nevertheless, in his hands such things appear important and even necessary, while the names with which we are so familiar become clothed once more with flesh and blood and all the trappings of humanity. Mme. Maintenon, repulsive in her cold piety, her calculated virtue and self-interest, the King in her power and the centre of a web of intrigue, the religious differences and squabbles, the Quietists and Jansenists, the host of satellites revolving around the Court, and the story of their passions, their loves and hates and ambitions, sometimes coarse in detail to our modern notions, but wonderfully human; the account of the last days of the beautiful Montespan, of the curious marriage and subsequent life of the Duchess of Burgundy, all make reading of an enthralling nature, as far removed from dullness as the Court life of which it treats. The impression left is of a gallery of brilliant portraits, many of them ugly to repulsion, but set among others whose beauty and intelligence shine out undimmed after the passage of two long centuries.

King Albert

The Life of H.M. Albert King of the Belgians. By JOHN DE COURCY MACDONNELL. (London: Long. 1s. net.)

LITTLE more than a year ago, when Mr. MacDonnell's "Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom, and People" was welcomed by the reading public, no one imagined that within a few months Belgium would be fighting for her life and her King numbered among the true heroes of history. To the tragedy and glory of Belgian history must now be added the greatest tragedy and the greatest glory which even she has known. That her King was no ordinary man was obvious to anyone who read those pages of Mr. MacDonnell's "Belgium" in which he figured; his courage in the council chamber and his large-minded conception of his duty as a constitutional sovereign have in the last eight months had their counterpart on more than one stricken field. The King who trusted his people and abided by their decision where domestic measures were concerned has shown himself equally ready to place himself at their head in war and to take his chances with the common

soldier in the trenches. It is an inspiring story which Mr. MacDonnell has to tell, and we get in this small book a charming picture of the King and his family. It is not too much to say that there would be few republicans in the world if every prince and princess brought the same conscientious, catholic, and large-hearted spirit to bear in the discharge of the responsibilities of their high station that has been unfailing with King Albert and Queen Elizabeth. Nothing, perhaps, could illustrate the simplicity of the royal household better than a little story told Mr. MacDonnell; we hope it is *ben trovato*. When Leopold died, the younger children wanted to know who would be King, and their mother assured them that he would be the best and kindest man in Belgium. "Then," said Prince Charles, "it will be M. Peeters," who happened to be the benevolent steward of King Albert's mother, the Countess of Flanders.

Leopold II made Belgium a great country, politically and economically; King Albert, with a lively sense of the nation's possibilities and an eager desire to promote them in both directions, immediately set himself to foster interests of a more liberal order. Belgian art and letters had in him and his Queen patrons whose support springs from real love. If the Queen is the Lady Bountiful and Ministering Angel of her people, she is the Fairy Godmother of the *littérateurs*, the artists, and the musicians of Belgium, and, if the Germans had not ruthlessly broken in upon the national life, the poets and painters of Belgium would not have failed to repeat the glories of the past for lack of encouragement in high quarters. 1914 should provide an incentive to greater achievement than any ever dreamed of by artist whose soul has been stirred by study, not by actual contact with grim and heroic reality. The King will then be the hero-patron of the Muses purified and intensified by fire. His love of literature he derives from his father, whose days were spent in his library, reading and discussing literature in all its branches and of all ages. The Count's library must have been a delight not merely to the mind but the eye. Mr. MacDonnell tells us its light was so tempered "as to preserve the freshness of the 30,000 volumes which stood on its oak and mahogany shelves covering in all one mile."

There was nothing in the King's somewhat shy and unassertive character to suggest the great part of which he has proved himself capable. He has easily won the title of Albert the Brave, and under Providence he will yet, as Mr. MacDonnell says, be known as Albert the Victorious. "The House of Coburg, to which Albert King of the Belgians belongs, springs from a warlike race which first won fame fighting in the great Thuringian forest against Attila and his Huns." Against the modern Attila and his Huns this son of Coburg has already won an imperishable fame, and, with Heaven's help and the devotion of stout-hearted Allies, will prevail until Belgium again comes into its own. May the greatness of King Albert, his Queen, and his people be measured by the completeness of Germany's humiliation.

"The New Standard English— Dictionary"

Essentials of English Speech and Literature. By FRANK H. VIZETELLY, Litt.D., LL.D. (Funk and Wagnalls Co. \$1.50 net.)

THE task of tracing the English language of the present day to its source in far-distant centuries, and of instructing us in the use of grammar, poetry, composition, and dictionaries in their bearing upon our speech, is undertaken by the author of this book with a kind of unemotional energy that leaves us dazed. We feel, after reading it, that we have been forcibly plunged into a sea of information, and emerge with facts—not fancies, alas!—dripping from us at every point. With a note on each famous name of the olden time, from a paragraph to a page in length, and a specimen of each style, we are taken from Beowulf down to Dr. Johnson, absorbing on the way the number of books, chapters, words, verses, and letters in the Bible according to the various computations, neatly tabulated and totalled. Chapters follow on "Literature: Its Elements"; "The Dictionary as a Text-Book"; "The Function of Grammar"—full of definitions and abstractions. A paragraph from the one on "Literature" will give an idea of the author's style:—

Romanticism is the quality or characteristic of being romantic. In literature, romanticism involves the use of a romantic style as opposed to the classical, as well as the embodiment of matter that is non-realistic in that it is either idealistic or extravagant. In actual fact, romanticism in art and literature is largely a revival of mediæval forms. . . .

Poetry, comedy, tragedy, idealism, minstrels, and a score of other things are defined and set out in the same uninspired, instructive manner, and we gather that "for the purpose of explaining what the term *Literature* comprehends, the treatment accorded to the word by the 'New Standard Dictionary' has been selected." We cannot refrain from a sly chuckle of amusement at the way in which Mr. Vizetelly gently booms the "New Standard Dictionary" published by the firm of which he is such a distinguished ornament; it bobs up every now and then, like King Charles's head, and all possible points are referred to it for settlement; but in time we grow used to it.

There are some exceedingly interesting chapters in this treatise; the remarks upon and examples of various changes in the use and form of words are excellent. "Ourn" and "yourn" were once correct speech; "these news" and "those news" our great-grandparents thought fitting; and to "learn" anybody, though now a vulgarism that stamps its user at once, exists in the Prayer-book and was once approved. The dissertation on "Phonetics, Pronunciation, and Reading" is full of good things, and we gather that the author believes in the new "Scientific Alphabet" (as adopted, of course, by the "New Standard Dictionary"); we refuse absolutely, however, to spell "edge" as "ej," "civic" as "sivik," or "was" as "woz," whether or not we are allowed to play about with pretty

little dots, lines, curves, and circumflexes over the various vowels. A timely protest is the chapter devoted to "Corruption in Speech," where the reader is warned against the misuse of such words as "vast," "infinite," and the dangers of too ready an acceptance of slang terms are indicated, with some amusing quotations and anecdotes. "Much slang," says the author, "American or English, is slovenly, incorrect, vicious, and worthless; but this lives its little day, and is soon crowded out of use by the lesser part which is virile, expressive, and picturesque." This is well put, and there is a short note on "Individuality in Writing" which contains some pertinent observations for young writers.

Several errors have crept into the list of British and American authors, with their "chief works," which forms the appendix. W. D. Howells' well-known novel was not "The Rise of Silas Lapman," but "The Rise of Silas Lapham"; Marvell wrote "The Rehearsal Transposed," not "transposed"; "William H. Pater" for "Walter Pater" is a gross mistake, as is "Henry Seaton Merriam" for "Henry Seton Merriman"; "Tristram Shandy," "Richard Fernal," and "Atlanta in Calydon" may be mere printers' slips. The choice of "chief works" might often be questioned—"The Passionate Pilgrim" under the name of Mr. Henry James, for instance, "Emmanuel Burden" under that of Hilaire Belloc, and "Demos" under George Gissing; but that is often a matter for personal taste. The book covers, as will be seen, an immense extent of ground, as a rule accurately, and on the whole is a handy text-book for students on the American side. We are sure, whatever may be thought by more advanced readers with critical minds, that they, at any rate, will realise from it that there are very many "essentials" of English speech and literature to grasp during their period of learning, comprising an acquaintance with—among other things—the "New Standard English Dictionary," so thoroughly appreciated by their indefatigable literary adviser.

Paris Calm and Undismayed

Paris Waits: 1914. By M. E. Clarke. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

FROM the first days of the war until Christmas, Mrs. Clarke gives an interesting and vivid picture of the life led by the citizens of the city still often spoken of as "the Gay"—their hopes, fears, unfailing energy, and determination to make the best of hardships and privation. To the British nation, secure in the belief in the invincibility of the Navy, it is difficult to bring home what must be the feelings of those who daily, almost hourly, anticipated that the enemy might be within their gates. The veterans of 1870 related stories of the horrors of the previous siege, while the exodus of many of the richer classes and a large proportion of the foreign residents did little to allay the fears of the timid, or set to rest the

doubts of the pessimistically inclined. But, in spite of all, the greater part of the population of Paris remained unmoved; daily tasks were performed without undue excitement, and the restrictions imposed on cafés and restaurants met with very little opposition from the habitués of such places. Men who in normal times preferred their business duties and domestic affairs to troubling about Government intrigues were now unanimous with politicians of all and every shade of opinion in helping their country to victory. The dropping of a bomb from a German taube in their midst did not create panic or even excitement in a people regarded by many as so easily thrown off their balance; curiosity to see the hole made in the ground by the missile of destruction was all that drew them to the spot where it fell.

Mrs. Clarke attributes the reason of the calm and steadfastness displayed to two principal causes: the devotion to and admiration of General Joffre and the return of the Frenchman to his Church. Probably the increased intercourse with the English nation during the last few years, and particularly the reassurance of its support in the field has also done something to bring about this happy result. A gentle note of warning is struck towards the end of the book, when the author points out that, if the two countries are to remain on the excellent terms into which their common danger has united them, it will be necessary for each to try and understand and appreciate the other's point of view; for they start with temperaments in many ways widely asunder and with traditions and aspirations of an entirely different calibre.

Newspapers have made us familiar with the popularity of the English soldier in France, and it is amusing to read the things by which Mrs. Clarke thinks he will be most remembered—not "his bravery or his fine soldierly attributes," but the fact "that he likes tea and drinks it all day long, and that he almost lives on jam and biscuits, and that his chief recreation is not sport but shaving." There seems to have been some delay in organising and equipping the French hospitals at the beginning of the war, thus causing a certain amount of unnecessary suffering. The Press, however, although very restricted, rendered remarkably good service in this direction, principally through the agency of M. Maurice Barrès and M. de Mun.

One small and touching incident in connection with the death of the English soldier who passed away amid the troops he had come to visit is worthy of record. When Lord Roberts's coffin was being carried from General French's headquarters:—

An English airman hovered for a moment over the procession, swept down as a salute in front of the bier, then rose again into the air and flew away to the front.

The book is one with which anyone may spend an enjoyable hour. Amid so many happenings and events following one another in quick succession, the author has chosen well in those she has selected for record, while her long residence in Paris qualifies her to write of the people with whom she comes daily into contact.

Fiction

TWO broken hearts and spoilt lives form the theme of "Forlorn Adventures," by Agnes and Eger-ton Castle (Methuen, 6s.), with the moral that adventurers on life's highway are bound to become forlorn if they lack some ennobling faith to support them in their day of trial. It is a story written in a more serious vein than usual with these popular authors, and is rather depressing, in spite of occasional touches of delicate comedy. Ian and Morna have loved one another from childhood, and through fourteen years of happy married life, when suddenly a misunderstanding parts them in a storm of jealousy and anger. An unfortunate incident in Ian's earlier life is the cause of the trouble. Had Morna asked for an explanation, and her husband given it, all might have been well; but then there would have been no story; so the authors make her run away, and Ian in his rage goes big game shooting. Another man—one in whom she thought she could put her trust—comes into her life; divorce follows, and Ian marries again. But now that they are irrevocably parted, love reasserts itself—hence their forlornness. The story ends on a tragic note, and the reader lays it down wishing it had all been otherwise, as it very well might have been.

"The Ideal Sinner," by S. Beach Chester (Herbert Jenkins, 6s.), is a broken, gambling country squire, John Scarlett, M.P., who has gained a seat in Parliament through local influence in the Conservative interest. In order to win a rapid notoriety, he adopts the ingenious but by no means novel plan of attacking himself, and for the purpose personates an imaginary mob-leader, and so sets everyone talking. His philanderings also contribute to his success, for the charming Mrs. Jerningham, whom he meets at Trouville, is very much smitten, and becomes his good fairy. But the ingrate has another string to his bow, and marries Marigold Scott instead. It is not a story likely to make any particular hit, but it will no doubt please many readers.

Those who revelled in "Galahad Jones" will not fail to enjoy, though perhaps to a less extent, "Grocer Greatheart" (John Lane, 6s.), by the same author, Mr. Arthur H. Adams, who has made himself equally popular on opposite sides of the globe. The grocer, Mr. John Greatheart, is reminiscent of Galahad, and romantic adventure is more in his line than the weighing of groceries in his back shop in a Sydney suburb. So he shakes the dust of Woolloomooloo off his feet, and leaving behind, not too regretfully, a couple of shrewish daughters, goes forth in search of what fortune may be pleased to bestow upon him. First comes a shipwreck, followed naturally by a desert island, though not quite after the pattern of Robinson Crusoe's, for this one contains a circus elephant instead of a parrot, and a maiden in place of man Friday. Though there is nothing very new in all this, yet the incidents are so amusingly related that one is carried along to the end of a delightful story in double quick time; those in search of light reading will enjoy it fully.

Shorter Notices

The Shahnama

A great work now approaching completion has been accomplished by A. G. and E. Warner, who have done into English "The Sháhnáma of Firdausi" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 10s. 6d. net per volume). The seventh volume is now out, and the whole will be comprised in nine volumes. The Sháhnáma is one of the great epics of the world, and one of the glories of Persia. In its composition Firdausi was engaged for a third of a century, and to students, whether of Eastern mythology and romance in general or of Persia's past in particular, it is a treasure-house of unique value. The Messrs. Warner have laid all under a great debt, not merely by rendering the epic into excellent English, at once picturesque and simple, but by their scholarly notes. The work should have the effect of bringing Firdausi to the knowledge of many who have never hitherto had the opportunity of studying the master effort, and, as Cæsar's envoy said to the priest, "Knowledge giveth increment to fame." No Oriental shelf in any English library will be complete without Warner's Firdausi.

Pro Patria et Rege

The poetry of the present war has not been, as yet, of very great distinction; but in Professor Knight's admirable anthology, "Pro Patria et Rege" (Century Press, 2s. 6d. net), published in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund, readers will find the very best of it. The work here included of Sir Owen Seaman, Mr. W. L. Courtney, and several other living writers has a notable "thrill" of sudden and sincere emotion, and, though we should have liked to see Mr. Belloc's fine "Bivouac" and "The Leader," that is our only complaint. A long list of authors, from Shakespeare to Wordsworth and Swinburne, appears, and the selection is made with excellent judgment. We are especially pleased, however, with Professor Knight's introduction. It is an essay in brief on what may be the effects of the war on the English character, and, without being in the least degree "preachy," it touches just the right, reasonable note of warning and aspiration. Many readers may neglect this dozen or so of pages in small type; but those who take them as part of the book (as all good introductions and prefaces should surely be taken) will thank the distinguished author for his thoughtful words.

The Pioneer Players

THE occasional evenings of short plays which this society gives to an interested audience often produce something of lasting importance. But we fear one of their latest endeavours, although carried out with uncommon skill, will not influence the future of the stage. There was a chance of such an event, for the play by N. Evreinoff, "The Theatre of the Soul," suggested an experiment in psychology on the stage which, if successful, might have been a pioneer play indeed. As it happened, the psychic adventures were not well conceived and the attempt proved unfruitful. Later, Miss Wish Wynne played splendidly in "The Dilemma," by Mrs. Campbell, and, if nothing epoch-making was brought about on this occasion, "The Pioneers" once more justified their name, and leave us waiting for their next production with great expectations.

EGAN MEW.

From the Front

WE are glad to publish the following letter from Private Geoffrey Richardson to his brother. Private Richardson is in the London Rifle Brigade; he is an Old Chigwellian, and one of the many public school boys who have gone into the ranks to fight side by side with Tommy Atkins. The letter contains some vivid touches which will bring home the reality and the urgency of the situation at the front in November and December last:—

BELGIUM, March 10, 1915.

Having a few minutes' respite, I thought perhaps you would like to hear of a few of our doings in mud-sodden Flanders. We left England at the beginning of November, and after a few days' stay in a deserted convent near St. Omer we arrived here.

We did not think on coming out here that we should actually be in the firing line for some months; therefore it was with some surprise that we were ordered up there one cold day towards the end of November. We went up there, half companies at a time, and mingled with the Regulars so that we should get used to it better.

I shall never forget my first experience on getting into the trench at about 8 o'clock on a very dark night. We were walking up a road when we came to a trench into which we got, and when we were told that it was the front line we were amazed, and I am sure if we had known earlier we should not have gone along that road as happy as we did. We were then "told off," each of us with a Regular, to go on sentry, and as my mate was away getting water I had to go on for the first spell. The Sergeant-Major showed me my post and told me to get up on a ledge, which I did, keeping well down. He then asked me why I was keeping so low and said, "Oh! it's all right," and promptly got up beside me and stood straight upright with his head and shoulders above the top of the parapet. I was astonished, but on doing the same found it perfectly safe as the "Allemands" could not possibly see me.

I must now skip over the next few weeks, during which time we periodically took over the "Regulars'" trenches to relieve them, and also Christmas and the unique truce about which, I expect, you have already heard. We now come to the middle of January, when we took over a trench to ourselves. We had to work a good bit on first going into it, but as we knew it was for our benefit we worked with a will. We are still holding that trench, doing a three days' stretch at a time, and are, as far as we know, likely to do so for some time to come.

All the old members of the School are quite well, and, with one exception, have so far come through unscathed. The exception is Hinman, who was unfortunately hit under the knee by a shrapnel bullet a few days ago. Happily it was not very serious and he has gone back to the base to rest, and, we hope, to return to us again in a few weeks. I saw Gadsdon the other day and had a few minutes' chat with him; he seems very well.

Three Nullos

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

I HAVE been asked to give an illustrative declaration of Nullos, with the play of the hands. With every wish in the world to oblige, I have preferred to wait until a typical example came under my notice in actual play. The majority of illustrated hands given by expert writers are so finely strained that a less capable player might find the application to his own experience of little practical use. It is one thing for a great expert, sometimes only a theoretical expert, to sit down and devise a Bridge puzzle that only the leisure and solitude of the armchair would enable one to work out. It is quite another thing to apply the nicely balanced calculations to the spontaneous decisions of ordinary play. So I prefer to give, as being more instructive, an instance which recently came under my notice, and which interested me so much that I took the trouble to unravel it to a satisfactory conclusion. A was the dealer, and the four hands were as follows:—

A.

Hearts—Ace, 10, 6, 4, 3, 2.

Spades—Queen, 7, 4, 3.

Diamonds—3.

Clubs—9, 3.

Y (on Dealer's Left).

Hearts—King, Queen, 7.

Spades—King, Knave, 8.

Diamonds—7, 4.

Clubs—Queen, Knave, 7, 6, 2.

B (Dealer's Partner).

Hearts—5.

Spades—10, 6, 5.

Diamonds—Ace, King, 6, 5, 2.

Clubs—Ace, King, 10, 4.

Z.

Hearts—Knave, 9, 8.

Spades—Ace, 9, 2.

Diamonds—Queen, Knave, 10, 9, 8.

Clubs—8, 5.

The bidding was as follows:—

A, one Nullo; Y, one No Trump; B, two Diamonds; Z passed; A, two Nullos; Y passed; B, three Diamonds; Z doubled; A, three Nullos. The rest passed. This was how the game was played:—

1st Round.

Y, 2 Cl.; B, 4 Cl.; Z, 5 Cl.; A, 3 Cl.

2nd Round.

Z, 8 D.; A, 3 D.; Y, 7 D.; B, 6 D.

3rd Round.

Z, 9 D.; A, Qu. S.; Y, 4 D.; B, 5 D.

4th Round.

Z, 10 D.; A, Ace H.; Y, K. S.; B, 2 D.

5th Round.

Z, Kn. D.; A, 7 S.; Y, Kn. S.; B, Ace D.

6th Round.

B, 5 H.; Z, 8 H.; A, 6 H.; Y, K. H.

7th Round.

Y, 6 Cl.; B, Ace Cl.; Y, 8 Cl.; A, 9 Cl.

8th Round.

B, 5 S.; Z, Ace S.; A, 4 S.; Y, 8 S.

9th Round.

Z, Qu. D.; A, 10 H.; Y, Qu. Cl.; B, K. D.

B had to take the four remaining tricks, and was three over his contract.

A somewhat heated inquest followed. A contended that his partner, with such a hand, should have taken him out of his Nullos bid. B argued that A would have had a better chance with a three-Heart declaration, or a counter No Trumper. The opinions of all four players were so divided that they appealed to me. I asked to have the four hands set out on the table, and this is what I made of the three-Nullos bid:—

1st Round.

Y, 2 Cl.; B, Ace Cl.; Z, 8 Cl.; A, 9 Cl.

2nd Round.

B, Ace D.; Z, Qu. D.; A, 3 D.; Y, 4 D.

3rd Round.

B, K. D.; Z, Kn. D.; A, Qu. S.; Y, 4 D.

4th Round.

B, 2 D.; Z, 8 D.; A, Ace H.; Y, K. S.

5th Round.

Z, 2 S.; A, 3 S.; Y, 8 S.; B, 5 S.

6th Round.

Y, 6 Cl.; B, 4 Cl.; Z, 5 Cl.; A, 3 Cl.

7th Round.

Y, 7 Cl.; B, K. Cl.; Z, Ace S.; A, 10 H.

8th Round.

B leads 5 D. and loses rest of tricks, no matter what Y discards.

[This declaration has been submitted to four different players. The first went down two tricks, the second went down one trick, the third got four Nullos—one above his contract—and the fourth secured three—which we think shows the infinite variety of which the game is capable according as it may be played.—ED. ACADEMY.]

Two articles by MR. TAUNTON WILLIAMS on "Nullos: the Poor Man's Chance," appeared in THE ACADEMY of January 9 and 16.

CORRESPONDENCE

SERBIA'S NEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I congratulate THE ACADEMY on the publication of the fine sustained plea from Mr. and Mrs. Askew which appears in your current issue. The article is something more than an appeal: it gives an excellent impression of the characteristics of the gallant and sore-tried Serbian people. It is matter for the utmost regret that this ghastly war began with a crime for which Serbia had to take responsibility, though to-day, as was pointed out in your columns some three months ago, it is by no means certain that the murder of the Archduke and Archduchess was not directly instigated outside Serbia. That Serbia as a nation was guilty it were monstrous to suggest: her record of chivalry, courage and suffering in this war has

been one which will be handed down to posterity as conclusive proof of the greatness of this small people. The horrors they have had to face call aloud to our common humanity—and our gratitude—and let us remember that relief given quickly is twice given. To that end the article in the current ACADEMY should materially contribute.

Yours truly,
A. H. BROWN.

Canonbury, March 22, 1915.

The City

BUSINESS is at a minimum, though there is some demand for the War Loan, and much better conditions are not looked for while the important people are chiefly eager to sell rather than on the look-out for bargains. The important people will doubtless have many opportunities of relieving themselves of stocks and shares whenever the public can be induced to believe that things are moving satisfactorily at the front. Everybody is waiting on events, and anything in the nature of a victory which might carry with it momentous consequences would probably bring a host of buyers into the market. Then by the perversity which governs these matters the important people would probably decide that they did not want to sell and prices would show rapid appreciation. Markets must remain dull till something happens. The uncertainty is brought home by tin. A few days ago tin prices were going up and the holder of shares was heartened. Then tin exports were subject to the embargo, and bang went the price. Copper shares are strong on the improved price of the raw material. Will the rise continue? Oils were active a fortnight ago: to-day they are listless. Rubbers are reported firm, and Pata-lings have improved on the report, but excellent reports do not affect quotations as might be expected. The markets are just waiting on events. Home Rails are dull, first because the talk is of a small Easter holiday traffic, and second because of the certainty that ordinary traffic will be held up by military requirements in the next week or two.

To the thousands involved, the result of the Birkbeck Bank Liquidation must have been eminently satisfactory, and the final dividend of 9½d. will in many cases be an acceptable Easter egg. The winding up has given depositors, creditors, and shareholders 16s. 9½d. in the £, roughly 83 per cent., and though it has taken nearly four years to realise, that is vastly more than the majority expected at the time the Birkbeck put up the shutters.

In view of the strike troubles in the first half of the year and of the effects of the war in the second half, the shareholders of Rio Tinto may shake hands with themselves on the results of the year's working. Dividends represent 21 per cent. on the whole share capital of the company: holders of Ordinary shares get 35s. per share.

Whatever may be the decision arrived at by the meeting which is being held in Manchester as we write, the amount of support given to British Dyes, Ltd., is matter for regret. If we eliminate those conditionally applied for, the applications were for less than half a million shares, and on that the directors have not felt justified in going to allotment. The matter is not one of ordinary finance: the success or failure of British Dyes, Ltd., will be taken as indicative of British readiness to support a scheme whose sole design is the recapture of an industry lost to Germany. If the attempt to promote British Dyes, Ltd., fails it will tend to dishearten the Government, who have made a belated effort in a time of national crisis to do something

for British industry, and it will leave the way open for the Germans to resume their industrial invasion when peace comes. It is to be feared that for the small response to the prospectus certain newspaper criticisms, prompted by the narrowest of considerations, are responsible. Its collapse, which we trust will be averted at Manchester, would be little short of a national calamity.

The London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves has had a good year. After writing off depreciation and carrying £33,750, together with £4,192 received from premiums on fully paid shares, to reserve, the directors recommend a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, less tax, the balance of £17,402 being carried forward. During 1914 the profits were considerably increased by special circumstances which are not likely to recur, and in view of the uncertainty of the general outlook and important developments anticipated in the company's business the directors have no doubt wisely deemed it advisable to strengthen the reserve, which now amounts to £100,000.

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English-Flemish and Flemish-English Vest-Pocket Dictionary. (Leopold Hill. 1s. net.)

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Notes of the Week

The Progress of the War

THE sweeping on of Russia into Hungary, the further bombardment of the Dardanelles with the Russian fleet assisting from the Black Sea, and the capture of the Hartmannsweilerkopf by the French are, apart from the operations of the pirates, the chief features of the war during the past few days. Austria and Germany are realising to the full the significance of the fall of Przemyśl. The fighting in the Carpathians has been severe. Hardly less severe, though less titanic, has been the struggle in the Argonne. General French has nothing of importance to report; but he has sent a note to the Duke of Connaught paying a high tribute to the Canadian troops which will be greatly appreciated in Canada. The Canadians have already done good service in trying conditions, and of the Princess Patricia's General French says he does not remember ever to have seen a more magnificent looking battalion. The reinforcement of the Army which has held the trenches throughout the winter by such contingents and the new battalions raised in England is of excellent augury. The Allies grow stronger as the enemy weakens.

Unintelligent Anticipation

Germany is still talking of ultimate victory, though confidence is now proclaimed in a minor key. The French Official Review of the war has thrown light on the situation which will not, of course, be allowed to find its way into the homes of Germany. A careful analysis of the wastage of eight months of war makes it pretty clear that Germany cannot have more than 2,000,000 effectives available; moral has been affected equally with material. Prisoners alone understand how the country has been fooled by false report. On those captured in the West have been found German postcards entitled "Souvenir of the Capture of Warsaw," and on those captured in the East postcards which purported to be "Souvenirs of the Capture of Calais." The German army has sustained many reverses: its biggest will surely come when the lies come home to roost.

Germany's Loaded Dice

Mr. Balfour's at once powerful and restrained statement on Germany's alleged "blockade" and the reprisals instituted by the British Government can only induce regret that his fine brain and clear vision are not actively engaged in the service of the country. Per-

haps, however, Mr. Balfour's support of a policy for which he was in no way responsible may be the best service he could render after all. Neutrals will find it hard to challenge his views of the "conclusive moral justification" of Great Britain's Order in Council. International law can impose no penalties and can therefore only be effective when it is observed by both sides. Germany has chosen to violate every rule of the game, and Great Britain replies without menace to the life or property of a single neutral. "If," says Mr. Balfour, "the rules of warfare are to bind one belligerent and leave the other free they cease to mitigate suffering; they only load the dice in favour of the unscrupulous." Britain's policy is a reply to an attack "not only illegal, but immoral."

The Pirates at their Worst

The force of Mr. Balfour's reasoning will have been carried right home by the operations of the German submarines during the week. The pirates have enjoyed—we use the word advisedly—a larger measure of success in the last few days. They have sent more ships to the bottom—one or two after exciting encounters—have attacked a Dutch ship apparently with intent to show that neutrals run the same risk as the British, and have achieved their master-stroke in criminality by sinking the Elder Dempster liner *Falaba*. More than a hundred of the passengers and crew were drowned, and according to the statements of survivors the men on the submarine jeered at their victims struggling for life in the water. An outrage of so abominable a character must bring recruits to the ranks of those who contend that every submarine crew caught should be hanged. It is not war, but murder.

Queer Patriotic Fish

British viceroys, politicians, and working-men must appear to the non-British observer to be the queerest of queer patriotic fish. Here is the Empire putting forth the biggest effort it has made in all history, spending its blood and its treasure in the greatest of world wars; at such a time the Government of India and the Government at home attempt to force through a controversial measure, and British working-men insist on a Saturday to Monday strike. Lord Kitchener may yet have to give effect to his thinly veiled threat to take steps to compel the man in the factory to do his duty: a better, certainly in some cases a more uncongenial, method would be to cut off the drink, which is Mr. Lloyd George's way. Temperance in other directions is an Imperial desideratum. Lord Hardinge might cultivate it in his Viceregal rhetoric. His disappointment that the House of Lords did not pass the United Provinces Executive Council scheme—a drastic change as to which opinion here and in India is sharply divided—is easy to understand. What is not easy to understand is that he should make the postponement the occasion of a mere party attack on the peers from the Viceregal throne. The measure ought never to have been brought forward at this juncture. On every ground the affair is most regrettable.

Dr. Lyttelton's Conscience

DR. LYTTELTON meant what he said at St. Margaret's, Westminster; his explanation in response to criticisms from all sorts and conditions of men makes that quite clear. The Kaiser should at once forward him an Iron Cross. Germany hates England with a hatred which Dr. Lyttelton even admits is diabolical, and he seems to think he will do something to minimise that hatred by tenderness in the hour of reckoning. Germany who, as the Bishop of Birmingham points out, has never loved England, hates her now for a good reason. England has prevented Might from proving itself Right. Dr. Lyttelton, so far as we are aware, has never shown any particular tenderness to those on whom it is his province to sit in judgment. International politics are outside his province, and his tenderness, with ulterior motives no doubt, is the most obvious thing about him. What line would Dr. Lyttelton take if he caught a murderer or a burglar red-handed? In order to secure the malefactor's future regard, would he let him go? We trow not. Germany is both murderer and burglar, and must be punished though she never again has a kindly thought for us. She must be made to realise that a world cannot with impunity be plunged in tragedy and sorrow at the bidding of vainglory. All talk of internationalising the Kiel Canal shocks Dr. Lyttelton, unless Great Britain is prepared to internationalise Gibraltar. If Dr. Lyttelton were not so earnest and correct a man we should suspect him of a very grim and not altogether desirable joke. Before he committed himself to any sentiment so palpably absurd he might have taken a moment's thought of the history and purpose of Gibraltar and the Kiel Canal. They are not identical. One might almost ask Dr. Lyttelton to carry his argument to its logical conclusion and advocate the restoration of Constantinople to the Turks if it is taken from them. Or does his Christian charity stop at Christian Germany, which has been responsible for as many horrors in a few weeks as Turkey was ever responsible for in a generation? What has Great Britain done that she should part with a single inch of her overseas territory? Germany forces Armageddon, and to win back her trust when we have helped to beat her we are to give up something equal to whatever Germany may be compelled to surrender. Dr. Lyttelton himself recognises the stupidity of the idea. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of justice, of logic, and of Christianity. Advocacy of any such course would certainly make us the laughing-stock of the world if it were seriously proposed by a responsible statesman. "England"—by which, of course, Dr. Lyttelton means Great Britain, a detail which a schoolmaster might respect—"must stand forward and play the part of a trustful nation and be prepared for self-sacrifice."

What other part than that of self-sacrifice has Great Britain taken in this war? What other part than that of self-sacrifice did he himself advocate at Windsor, at Cromer, and other places when he made recruit-

ing speeches containing no hint that men were to give their lives for the mere sake of imposing a temporary check on Germany's outrageous designs? Would Dr. Lyttelton, with the example of Belgium before his eyes, trust Germany with a single interest he holds dear? No nation in history presents a worse case of broken pledges, of insidious intrigue, of grasping greed, of inordinate ambition, and the one sure thing of the future, unless Europe becomes hypnotised, is that such terms will be imposed upon Germany as will make it for ever impossible for her again to become a menace to the countries whose sole desire is to work and live in peace and security. Germany has made up her mind that Belgium is to be hers, and why? Because Belgium objected to her territory, the neutrality of which Germany had solemnly undertaken to respect, being made a highway for German armies intended to overrun another country also a guarantor of Belgian neutrality. No punishment that can be imposed on Germany can make amends for the criminal conceit which promised her victory if she struck swiftly and in vast numbers. Germany's hymn of hate will become more raucous as she becomes more impotent. She would, as the Bishop of Birmingham says, mistake generosity for weakness: nor is this the time to suggest generosity. The "partnership of nations," for which Dr. Lyttelton enters a plea, will not be advanced by leaving Germany in a position to strike again the moment she is ready. He thinks that the humiliation of Germany will mean that "this awful war will have been fought in vain." It certainly will have been fought in vain if Germany is to be treated as a misguided innocent. Germany will not be subject to the barbarism which marks her own methods, but she will assuredly have to pay heavily for her manifold crimes. The playing-fields of Eton are an historic protest against the access of a cosmopolitan rather than a Christian Conscience on the part of Eton's headmaster. If his latest views were to prevail within his own jurisdiction, then Eton as the great seminary of patriotism would be in danger. The ideals of Prussian Kultur are an inversion of the ideals of Eton. Dr. Lyttelton would apparently give them another chance. Eton, the Empire, and its Allies can only register an emphatic disclaimer.

War and Women

OPPORTUNITY AT LAST

SIX months ago a series of articles appeared in THE ACADEMY, foretelling the crisis in the labour organisation of the country which has now arisen, and urging on the one hand the women of England to make adequate preparation, and on the other urging the Government to afford them facilities, opportunity, and, if necessary, patronage—above all, to organise the forces at their disposal.

Since then more things have happened in the lives of individuals and in the administration of the war than were at that time dreamed of; each succeeding week has

shown more clearly the strength of the enemy in men, in munitions, in supplies—above all, in patriotism and in a set determination to win at all costs, visible in all ranks and in both sexes, which is nothing short of heroic, however much we disagree with the ideals inspiring it. The corresponding weeks in England have seen a gradual awakening to the intensity and seriousness of the struggle among all classes, a splendid response by the majority to the claims made upon them, and among the women of England an ever-increasing desire to express their loyalty and devotion to their country in deeds as well as words. All over the land women have volunteered for hospital and relief work, have worked quickly, consistently, and in most instances admirably. They have not been without criticism. During these months there have many times been made comparisons between our wives and mothers and those of the Fatherland, often to their disparagement, because they have not shown the enthusiasm, the so-called devotion, the hysterical abandon of feeling with which the German women send forth their men to danger and to death. The reason is not far to seek, and is all to the credit of England. Our women do not welcome war; they are under no illusions as to its monstrous nature; they hate it desperately, even while they minister with kindness to the men who have forced it on them.

The women of Germany have been taught to love the spirit of militarism; it is an obsession; they delight in that which is the sport of that devil in man that no amount of education can exorcise, and they hate with vindictive fervour the men they have forced into this evil thing. We in this country loathe the act and the principle of war, its insensate waste, its outrage upon the very soul of civilisation, its dragging of the banner of love through hideous streams of blood and hatred; it is with no sense of exaltation that we can enrol our services in such a conflict, only with the knowledge that it is inevitable if we are to avert the eclipse of truth and justice in a reign of perverted power.

Were it not for the heroism of our soldiers, for the strange power of good to spring from evil that appears unmitigated, there are countless women to-day who would find death preferable to the agony of imagination that follows the fate of those stricken countries where war is raging, of the thin lines of khaki-clad men who represent what is dearest in life to them, who know not which pain is greater to bear—that which the papers reveal to them day by day, or all that is left unsaid and that they agonise to know. Surely it is harder far than fighting to stand aside and wait.

The only solace of such women is to serve. The only happiness left is in ministry. The way to forgetfulness lies in work. There is but one thing left to those of us who hate war with an unholy hatred—it is so to prosecute this world-war that such a struggle may be for ever in the future impossible. This we owe to our consciences; we owe to those who have fallen, to future heroes, to our children, and to unborn generations.

And week by week the tide of events makes it more clear that such an ending will only be possible by virtue of the thorough, unselfish, and practical co-operation of the women of England.

Their duty is to release every man of age for military service, to fill his place when practicable, or to enable older men to do so, and, beyond this, to carry on the work inevitable to the administration of the war. The immediate necessity is for the individual woman to find out by expert advice what is the particular service she should render to her country, then to set about and perform it as efficiently as lies in her power.

So far women have specialised in their service. Nursing, knitting, caring for refugees, have filled the bill. All admirable, each necessary, but quite inadequate to the needs of the present crisis. Six months ago it was pointed out in these pages that women would be forced to fill the gaps left by our volunteers, that they must come forward to liberate men, and further that a great part of the manufacture of the munitions of war would inevitably fall to their share.

The recent action of the Government confirms all these predictions; but even now the nation is by no means awake to the tax that is being levied so heavily on its strength. We need more plain speaking, more looking of facts squarely in the face, and of stating them in such a way that there shall be no possibility of mistaking their importance.

We must have an adequate army. This army must be fed, clothed, supplied generously with the elaborate and expensive equipment essential to the carrying on of modern warfare. The amount of ignorance still existing among our girls, our young women and mothers on these vital questions is inconceivable. Our suffrage societies and other organisations have an immense field in which to work, possessing as they do undoubted powers for good, for raising women to higher levels of thought, better ideals of life than are theirs at present.

It is not want of patriotism that will hinder the women from rallying to their country's need; it is want of knowledge, want of organisation, want of training. The grim hand of war has not touched our cities,

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blackened our homes, defiled our hearths—it is to us in its awful reality a dream. From that dream we must awaken, lest it become in truth a fact.

For years the educated women of England have implored the heavens to give them equal powers of citizenship with men, of privilege, of usefulness, have besought them for their less favoured sisters. Now these privileges are put into their hands. There is no limit to the opportunity open to women at the moment. Nor can there be any excuse which hinders them from rising to their destiny. Only once do the gods beckon to men; if they are not recognised, they show themselves no more. In particular is this the time of opportunity.

Boniface and the War

BY F. G. AFLALO

THE first six months of war have brought the realisation that, whereas in normal times it is for men to work and for women to weep, there are many men, particularly of the so-called artistic professions, writers, painters, and musicians, who are temporarily debarred from working and who may well refrain from weeping, since tears mend no troubles. Yet, of all the sufferers from the tyranny of war, few are more to be pitied than the innkeepers in the track of the swaying armies. To a less extent, indeed, it is probable that hotel life generally, even in neutral countries ordinarily favoured by tourists, has felt the effects of the crisis.

Almost the whole of the holiday exodus to Switzerland and Italy would have been accomplished if the war had broken out a month later, and the delays and difficulties of returning home would have mitigated the losses of innkeepers faced by an abnormally short season. As it was, comparatively few people had won free from the claims of the London season, and those who had left home made all haste to return. One hotel more than all the rest in Europe has looked out on the fringe of hostilities, and that is the old Three Kings at Basle, from the low balcony of which, overhanging the swirling waters of the Rhone, the cannon of the opposing hosts has more than once been plainly heard. Yet Basle itself is as immune as New York, the combatants rivalling each other in avoiding all possibility of offending Swiss susceptibilities.

The German hotels have yet to feel the pinch, and one of the last of them to suffer will be the Adlon, which stands at the top of Unter den Linden, close to the Brandenburger Thor. It is a showy hostelry, with admirable food and expensively furnished rooms, and its prices are prohibitive to German economy. I recollect spending a week there during the Gordon Bennett balloon race, and meeting poor Charlie Rolls, who was one of the competing aeronauts, and I have sometimes wondered during the past few months how the great hall would look filled with Cossacks and other

uninvited guests. Long before the windows of the Adlon have been broken by the shock of cannon, the Dom Hotel, which stands within the shadow of Cologne Cathedral, will have opened its gates to the invader, and shells will have burst in the pretty garden of the Grand Hotel at Bonn. These are futurities, but the hand of war has already lain heavy on many a "home from home" that has given some of us shelter. Notably there is the Hotel des Postes at Dinant, which stands at one end of the now battered bridge and looks across at the crumbled citadel and desecrated church. The view from its balcony, up and down the lazy Meuse, was better than its cuisine, but it is mournful to think of its rooms deserted through a whole season.

With the slow but sure pushing in of the war area on east and west, the great hotels of Russian cities are in even less danger than our own. With the memory of 1812 to warn him, even a madman would hardly plan a winter invasion of the dominions of the Tsar, and it is beyond our wildest imaginings that the tide of battle should ever roll to the portico of the Hotel d'Europe at Petrograd. There is, however, another hotel on Russian territory, where, also, I have sojourned, which, until Turkey's weakness was revealed, seemed not unlikely to suffer damage, and that is the Hotel d'Angleterre (kept, when I knew it, by a German) at Tiflis, capital of the Caucasus. Tiflis is a turbulent centre at the best of times, and the Cossacks entrusted with keeping order among the disaffected Tartars, Armenians, and Georgians enjoy no sinecure. It looks, however, as though Prussian militarism has, here as elsewhere, achieved the impossible, and welded every warring faction in one united front against the common foe, so that all apprehension of an even temporary and partial Turkish success in the region made famous by the memory of Schamyl is gone.

The death-blow to hotel life during anxious times in which economy is the order of the day suggests reflections on its significance under normal conditions. The inn has become a necessity with the wane of old-time hospitality, and, indeed, the number and vogue of a country's inns are in inverse proportion to the hospitality of the residents. The vast majority of their patrons are birds of passage in holiday mood. It is not to be denied that a generation which has forsworn all that a home meant to its grandparents for the microcosmic comforts of flats also finds it possible to take up permanent residence in hotels, but their homeless atmosphere in perpetuity would outrage anyone of quiet tastes. For a little while the tired wayfarer may find restful welcome in the perfect inn, the hallmark of which is absolute simplicity. It is a very ancient institution, and there were inns much older than that overcrowded one at Bethlehem. Its low-roofed bedrooms are dimly lit by candles, and know not the garish flicker of electric light. Its one waiter knows no German. Its food is plain, but good. It savours rather of the old coaching-house, and has no truck with the gingerbread palaces of American cities.

The best of these old inns lie in backwaters out of

the ebb and flow of the fashionable world. There is one at the little hamlet of Skenfrith, close to the Welsh border, that listens day and night to the merry babble of the hurrying Monnow. A second is that at Pont Aven, kept by "Julia," and adjoining the alluring Bois d'Amour that marches with one of the prettiest little streams in Western Brittany. I could name others in Spain, but they are unquestionably not free from the drawback which made one traveller of other days hire three lusty Moors to hold him still all through the night, rather than trust his tingling body to such bed-fellows as are commonly provided in the land of Cervantes.

Here and there in the countries at war, famous hotels are adapting themselves to the altered circumstances and giving asylum to the wounded. One in the fashionable quarter of Paris, and a second familiar to two generations of tourists on the Riviera, have already become famous in this novel sphere of utility. But these are the exceptions. The majority are silent and deserted. It is part of the fortunes of war.

Two more hotels recur to memory that may tremble at our naval guns before the war is many weeks older. One of these overlooks a little bay in the Island of Prinkipo, one of the archipelago in the Sea of Marmora, which, having outlived the historic associations of the Byzantine era, now welcomes a crowd of summer tourists, mainly well-to-do Greeks and Armenians from the Turkish capital. The other is in that unhappy city itself. In the lounge of the Pera Palace I have seen most of that rabble of renegades and conspirators called Young Turks sipping their coffee and hatching their plots, and its top windows, from which we watched the first cannon fire on the city that April morning in 1909, may yet look down on a scene of retribution certain to overtake these false ones who have dared in the mockery of their hearts to proclaim a holy war that only those may promulgate who honour the teachings of the Prophet.

England's Leader

"It is the spirit that quickens."

I.

HIGH o'er the lion-guarded square, at his lone lofty post,
Unmoved and calm his semblance stands
How fares it with his ghost?
How dreams he of the Land whose peace, dear-bought,
was his reward?—
"Again unharboured are her ships, unscabbarded her sword!

II.

"The Land to which I gave my life, whose laurels crown my head
I knew her in the days of old—I knew the men she bred!

Within her grim and simple strife no complex soul appeared,—
She spared and loved the thing she tamed, and hated all she feared.

III.

"Unweakened, when the dial worked the hours in sunlit bloom,
Undazzled, when the lightning showed the splendid path to doom,
Unbroken, when the evening bell tolled forth the bitter score—
'A thousand for the ocean bed, a dozen for the shore!'

IV.

"So was she in the days I knew. But is she now the same?
By new and subtler ways of war her sons attain their fame.
Strange skill, strange wiles, undreamed by me, they need, who would prevail,
Whose troops must storm the heights of heaven, whose ships the depths must sail."

V.

Yet comes the answer: "Lead us still, whate'er the way we wend.
Like cloud and fire thy pillar make, and lead us to the end.
Still in the thousand shifting forms the changeless mind must dwell,
Still grimly simple is the soul that thwarts the powers of hell.

VI.

"Unweakened, when the dial tells the hours in sunlit bloom,
Undazzled, when the lightning shows the splendid path to doom,
Unbroken, at the evening bell, howe'er may stand the score—
For God, Who made the men of old, remakes them evermore!"

G. M. HORT.

The death of Professor T. del Marmol on March 15 will remind our readers that for some time he contributed to THE ACADEMY a series of interesting articles on scientific subjects. He had original ideas, though when we find him credited in the *English Mechanic* with being "the author of the theory of connection between planetary conjunctions and disasters" we are forced to remember that this idea is probably a thousand or two years old. Professor Marmol was well known in the world of astronomy, and his contributions to scientific literature, in three or four languages, will be greatly missed.

REVIEWS

Prussia's Blood-Guiltiness

When Blood Is Their Argument. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER occupies in relation to the philosophical and literary side of Germany pretty much the same position that Mr. Ellis Barker holds to the economic and political side. Both know Germany as thoroughly as—shall we say?—Lord Haldane knew it, and neither has been concerned to prove to a world anxious to believe the best that Germany's motives, ambitions, and education were innocent and admirable attributes embodying menace to none save her enemies. Mr. Hueffer, in his own often delightful and always discursively logical way, has built up an indictment against the Hohenzollerns and Prussia which is something more than an echo of the many counterblasts already issued to the Treitschke-Bernhardi school. The book reduced to a phrase might perhaps be said to show how German culture—the real thing—has been prostituted and materialised by the relentless military spirit of Prussia. Germany has been dragooned since 1871 till the humanities have disappeared in a cast-iron *régime* making the correctness of a comma in a classic of more moment than the classic itself. If Prussia had destroyed the best that was in Germany in order to complete her own hegemony—the fate of the German States is the world's most eloquent warning against any truckling to Prussian pretensions over a larger area—she has also turned learning into merest pedagogy. The German university—whose cheapness and thoroughness have been taken advantage of by so many thousands of Britons and Americans—has come to stand in Germany itself for a temple of class distinction. Democracy has no chance under the Prussian system. The man who has not been to a university is without hope of preferment in Germany; the man who by his commercial or industrial genius, be he banker or manufacturer or distributor, possibly with social and mental gifts of an infinitely higher order than those of any mere official who managed to secure a pass with the aid of a crammer, is an outsider according to the standard fixed by Junkerdom. Does this account to some extent for the eagerness with which so many successful German traders and manufacturers have sought opportunities in England, where, to our own undoing in various ways, they have been honoured as they would never have been at home?

With all his material for a crushing *exposé* of the culture of modern Germany, Mr. Hueffer does not make the mistake of suggesting that none of the constructive ability which distinguished the great men of the German universities between 1810 and 1848 remains in Germany to-day. What he does point out, and point out with an ease which is almost over-convincing, is that Prussia and the Emperor William II, through Ministers of Education who were mere creatures themselves of the *régime*, "have done everything that they

could to crush out the constructive spirit and to limit the academic activities purely to what are known as 'Forschungen.' And 'Forschungen' Prussia conceives primarily as exercises having no necessary relation to learning, to philosophy, or to the arts, but simply as exercises in discipline. As far as Prussia is concerned, a young man might as well receive his doctorate for tabulating the number of times the letter "t" was defectively printed in British Blue Books between the year 1892 and the year 1897 as for a collection of theories since Sir Thomas Browne's days as to what songs the Sirens sang." The present system of university training in Germany, says Mr. Hueffer, at best affords slender hopes of new Mommsens, and at worst crushes out such intellects. Essentially Prussian education has created a nation of monomaniacs—"hardly a proud record for a great civilisation. Yet it is nearly all that Prussia has to show in the realms of the humaner occupations." In that view Mr. Hueffer has support from German professors who have escaped the blighting influence. "The Prussian professor of philosophy is to be a monomaniac, knowing nothing of the world; the Prussian official is to be a monomaniac, thinking of nothing but officialism; the Prussian schoolboy is to be a monomaniac, instructed in and thinking of nothing but the glories of the House of Hohenzollern and the spread of Prussianism. And the thing that is important for the whole world to consider is that, if Prussia wins the present struggle, not merely every inhabitant of the European combatant and conquered States, but every inhabitant of the whole world, will have of necessity to become a monomaniac instead of a reasonable human being." Even the Headmaster of Eton might have to become the humble, obedient exponent of ideas dictated from Potsdam!

The "don't crush Germany" advocates will be the better for a good strong dose of Huefferism, and, so far as Germany has been leavened by the Prussian spirit, they may find occasion to modify the flabby sentimentality which would pardon a Nero for the sake of his fiddle. Keep the fiddle, but hang Nero, if possible to its strains called forth by worthier fingers. In 1871 the German States welcomed with some enthusiasm, but also some misgiving, the unity to which Prussia had paved the way by outrages on Denmark, Austria, and France; to-day the greater part of them have felt the iron heel, and Mr. Hueffer's personal experiences induce a certain wonder that some of them have not already seized the occasion to break away from the monstrous tyranny. We have heard much of the wealth Germany has accumulated as the result of her industrial research and her economic methods. Her material wealth has not been shared with German culture, the history of which Mr. Hueffer sums up in one word: Poverty. "The whole history of Germany," he says, "is one long chronicle of strivings on the part of civilians to attain to material prosperity and of strivings even more efficient on the part of emperors, kings, sovereign princes, and foreign generals to destroy in campaign after campaign whatever material prosperity

the peaceful citizens of Germany could attain to." German victories in 1870 were regarded not only by Treitschke but by Carlyle as the resultant of German culture; Nietzsche protested that, if such an idea were allowed to grow, it would sound the death-knell of the true German spirit. Mr. Hueffer's book surely proves Nietzsche a true prophet. And perhaps the secret may be found in the motto which Mr. Hueffer takes from Michael Williams in his talk with Henry V at Agincourt: "How can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is in their argument?" We need not accept as unchallengeable all that Mr. Hueffer says; he must be forgiven an occasional lapse into a semi-Shavian order of paradox; he is himself conscious that some allowance must be made for the personal equation; we may, however, discount much, and still Prussia cannot hope to escape a verdict of Guilty. The Court of Culture cannot with propriety give heed to any plea for mercy to either the Hohenzollerns or the Prussian bureaucrats; the rest of the States in the Empire of Germany might be let off with less rigorous penalties on their undertaking to sever all connection with the proven arch-criminal against civilisation.

A Brother's Tribute

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By A. C. BENSON.
(Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THAT within a comparatively short time after the death of a relative, dearly loved, a brother can place on record and present to the world intimate and personal reminiscences of his kinsman shows that either he is willing to sacrifice any shrinking he may have with regard to making public close associations and tender memoirs, for the benefit and interest of many readers, or that he is not of a particularly sensitive disposition and sees no reason why all should not share in what he has to reveal. From the account contained in the present book, and from other writings of this gifted family, it would appear that as a whole they are not particularly troubled with over-sensitiveness. With a keen appreciation of the beautiful, literary talents, and artistic taste none of them seems to have possessed the irritable, highly-strung nature, so often allied to these qualities. Mother, brothers and sisters could all calmly reason with and criticise one another; the Archbishop, although devoted to his family, was a little more remote, and took life very seriously, reading into small actions a tendency which must be either checked or encouraged.

Hugh, the youngest child, showed no indication during his early years of the talents and abilities which were afterwards to bring him a large public for his books and enthusiastic queues waiting to hear his sermons. After a rather uneventful career at school and college he was ordained and took up mission work in the East End amid surroundings not very much to his taste. The particular church to which he was attached was Evangelical in tone, and there was no outlet for the artistic impulse now beginning to dawn in the

young curate's soul. Mirfield seemed to hold out greater possibilities, and here he spent some pleasant years until he renounced the Church of his fathers and his country for that of Rome. Mr. Benson honestly confesses that he does not understand why the Church of England did not satisfy his brother—in fact, why on account of its greater liberty of thought and extension of freedom it did not appeal to a nature always ready to decide for itself and follow a distinctive line of action.

However, there was no unpleasantness with the family on account of the youngest member joining a foreign Church. Hugh always found in his mother a deep and earnest sympathiser with all his numerous troubles and conflicts. In this instance, as always, she was tactful and reasonable, simply asking him to deliberate longer and not to take rash or hasty steps. His final decision is well known; also his career as a faithful and devoted member of the Roman Church until his death last year.

As an appreciation of a man united by one of the strongest of family ties to the author, it would be difficult to find a juster estimate, or one less likely to ignore the faults and deficiencies of him who inspired the memoirs. An ardent and energetic spirit, throwing himself heartily and fearlessly into any venture, any undertaking upon which he had set his heart, Father Hugh feared neither criticism nor abuse. He lived his life to the full, enjoying every moment, every hour of his strenuous existence, and although attached to a Church which brooks no questioning of her authority, he yet managed to shape his own destiny greatly in the manner he himself desired. No enormous sacrifice of personal inclination, affection or ambition did this cleric place on the altar of renunciation; he fixed his mind upon what he wished to achieve, guided his steps in the direction most likely to lead to the goal and usually obtained his object. This was not done in a spirit of self-assertion, nor were necessary duties shirked, but the personal force was so great, the energy so tremendous that it was hardly possible for anything to stand against the combination.

Of course, in a book in which parsons figure there must always be anecdotes, and Father Hugh did not hesitate to relate any amusing incident, even if it were against himself or the Church he served. In the days when he preached from written notes he once forgot his manuscript. He—

was allowed to remain in the vestry during the service, writing out notes on the insides of envelopes torn open, with the stump of a pencil which would only make marks at a certain angle. The service proceeded with a shocking rapidity, and when he got to the pulpit, spread out his envelopes, and addressed himself to the consideration on the blessings of the Harvest, he found on drawing to an end that he had only consumed about four minutes. He went through the whole again, slightly varying the phraseology, and yet again repeated the performance.

An unsatisfactory novice was once expelled from a religious house for serious faults. Father Hugh's

notion was that he was expelled because "he used to fall asleep at meditation, and snore so loud that he awoke the elder brethren."

The illustrations to the book are very good, and in the preface Mr. Benson states that an official biography of his brother will be written by Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., in whose hands he has placed all papers necessary for the task. Father Martindale's volume can hardly be of more interest or a more faithful and unbiased record of an eventful life than that compiled by the present author.

Two Wondrous Beings

Man and Woman. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. New Edition. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s. net.)

MOST students of the subjects which Mr. Havelock Ellis has made his life-work will be inclined to think that, if, by some turn of the cosmic wheel, humanity was blotted off the earth, leaving him as its solitary survivor, he would be perfectly able to describe and reconstruct its peculiarities for the benefit of whatever race of beings might take its place. He corresponds, in his chosen province of the investigation of mankind, to the late Professor Lecky in his searching inquiry into the history and development of European morals; both were tireless, keenly analytic, severely just; each read practically every document of value bearing upon his work; and both have achieved the fame of authorities in their different, yet not unconnected, spheres.

In this revised and enlarged edition—the fifth—of a remarkably able treatise on the secondary human sexual characters, the reader will find himself at a loss if he expects any conclusions to be reached on such a matter as the alleged "inferiority of women." "We may regard all such discussion as absolutely futile and foolish," says the author. "Now and again we come across facts which group themselves with a certain degree of uniformity, but, as we continue, we find other equally important facts which group themselves with equal uniformity in another sense. The result produces compensation." In other words, all this exhaustive inquiry leads to nothing definite; but it by no means follows that the work is not worth doing. During its course we follow any number of most fascinating by-ways of research and experience. With the expert physiological chapters, crowded with detail and reference, the medical and professional journals are more concerned; they are of extreme interest, but these columns are hardly suitable for comment upon them; the sections devoted to intellectual and emotional contrasts and variations between man and woman, however, give themes upon which many an illuminating and provocative article might be based. "Women are trained to accept conventional standards," says the author, and quotes Burdach—"Women take truth as they find it, while men want to create truth." And it seems of no use to worry about it, though it complicates life; men and women are made so, and there's an end of it. Occasionally, touching upon literary matters, Mr. Ellis

fixes a point of thought. "It is difficult to recall examples of women who have patiently and slowly fought their way at once to perfection and to fame in the face of complete indifference, like, for instance, Balzac." He mentions Herbert Spencer's remarks on George Eliot: "In her case, as in others, the mental powers so highly developed in a woman are in some measure abnormal, and involve a physiological cost which her feminine organisation will not bear without injury more or less profound." In many an acute paragraph we find the results of previous observations crystallised; here is an example:—

Women dislike the essentially intellectual process of analysis; they have the instinctive feeling that analysis may possibly destroy the emotional complexes by which they are largely moved and which appeal to them. Women dislike rigid rules, and principles, and abstract propositions. They feel that they can do the right thing by impulse, without needing to know the rule, and they are restive under the rigid order which a man is inclined to obey upon principle; a woman is inclined to introduce a little variation. Heymans remarks, even in the cooking recipe which is given to her. Similarly, women automatically tend to convert an abstract proposition into a practical concrete case.

"Poets have racked their brains to express and account for this mixture of heaven and hell," says the author. "We see that the key is really a very simple one; both the heaven and hell of women are but aspects of the same physiological affectability. Seeing this, we may see, too, that those worthy persons who are anxious to cut off the devil's tail might find, if they succeeded, that they had also shorn the angel of her wings." He points out the spheres in which women have proved themselves clearly the superiors of men: philanthropy and social work—such a figure as Florence Nightingale has not been equalled by any man; and the spheres of love and the family. It is quite possible to show genius in love, and it is not a kind of genius in which men have often equalled women.

We have noted but two or three points in a book which is of immense value to students in widely differing fields of labour. If it were only for his bringing together of an enormous number of references and quotations from ancient and modern sources, Mr. Ellis would have made reading men his debtors; but there is far more than mere assembling of statistics, experiments, and data of pulse-rates or dimensions of the body in his work. We feel behind it all the spirit of the sincere inquirer, the restless searcher after truth, reverent in the face of mysteries, unafraid to express unconventional opinions when he believes them to be right, and, above all, intensely eager to gain "a more vivid and tolerant insight into what for us must always be the two most interesting beings in the world."

Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., are publishing, under the title of "Sir Edward Grey, K.G.: The Man and His Work," at 2s. 6d. net, the first biography of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Shorter Notices

A Family of Poets

The poetic work of the Brontë family is overshadowed by their reputation in the sphere of prose, but in a little collection edited by Mr. A. C. Benson, "Brontë Poems" (Smith, Elder and Co., 3s. 6d.), there is much to muse upon. In these lyrics by the three sisters, and by Branwell, the brother, the prevailing mood seems to be that of introspection and melancholy. "They had no knowledge of social forces, no touch with intellectual movements; their interests were homely, their circle was commonplace and demure," says Mr. Benson in his brief critical preface. This explains, to some extent, the outlook, but it also sets us wondering what surprising work in prose and poetry might have come from this gifted group had they moved among larger affairs. The poems of Emily, "silent, impetuous, ardent," are full of beauty, and at times fix in memorable words a scene or an impression:—

The damp stands in the long, green grass
As thick as morning's tears;
And dreamy scents of fragrance pass
That breathe of other years.

She might, one thinks, have been great had she opened to the world and studied the technical aspect of her talent. The other two often merely versify, and the brother is melodiously morbid. His famous portrait of the three sisters is reproduced as a frontispiece, and his picture of Emily; there are also two facsimiles of Emily's manuscript—her writing was minute, and in one of these examples is well-nigh undecipherable. The book is a valuable addition to the literature which has sprung up round the theme, especially as several hitherto unpublished poems are included; it follows that for the first time the best poetical work of the Brontës is now accessible in one volume.

War Problems

All that can seriously affect the ordinary citizen during war-time seems to have been covered by the authors of "War: Its Conduct and Legal Results" (Murray, 10s. 6d. net). Mr. T. Baty and Professor J. H. Morgan need no introduction as authorities. They take their stand largely on that "debatable land which marches between war and peace, the power of 'the Crown' when England is 'at war' without the English realm being in a state of war"—a tract of territory which has never yet been explored, "still less has it been secured by the title of effective occupation." Great Britain's long immunity from a European war has, as they say, created a close season for such problems as occasional contraband. Contracts and trading with an alien enemy are subjects to which even lawyers for a very long time past have given little heed; they are subjects which have been brought to the office desks in grim reality during the past few months. From espionage to the special constable, from billeting to the conduct of hostilities, from Prize Courts to the Press Censorship—such is the comprehensive range taken by the authors. To understand where we are on any one of these questions is the more difficult perhaps because, though Great Britain is at war, the war has not invaded Great Britain. Does this fact "invest the Executive with any power over the persons and property of British subjects which it would not possess in time of peace? The answer we think must be in the negative." Yet the book shows the extent

to which the Executive has, quite justifiably we should say, taken to itself powers which would belong to it if operations were actually being carried on in England.

Fiction

The Making and Breaking of Almansur. By GEORGE BIRMINGHAM (Canon Hannay). (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THE title of George Birmingham's new book inevitably suggests a pun, but we refrain: humour, not wit, makes these pages such entertaining reading. Probably many of the stories will come as old friends to their readers: it is always an open question how much short stories complete in themselves gain or lose by being printed in close company, and, as in the present instance, to form continuous reading; but these considerations will probably affect little the enjoyment of most people. Such a book is very welcome. We do not now turn to the novel for problems, for mental gymnastics, or hair-splitting controversies, but for genuine relaxation, for relief from the anxieties that hang over what is usually the brightest season of the year as a pall. Humour that is wholesome is by contrast unusually agreeable. Of this Dr. Whitty's experiences are full, and if some of it is bought at the expense of English officialdom and of mere commercial candour, we can afford to be benevolent towards the simple guile and true humanity of the genial Irishman. If at moments we seem to see deeper questions lurking behind the apparent ingenuousness of the book, we leave them, content with the knowledge that Ireland is in the hands of her friends. Some of the stories appeal to us as masterpieces of delineation of the Irish temperament, notably the *Pier*, the *Interpreters*, and the inimitable account of Mr. Challoner's *Suffrage Meeting*.

The Making and Breaking of Almansur. By C. M. CRESSWELL. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

A more romantic period for the historical novelist than that of the Moorish rule in Spain would be difficult to find. Yet it has hitherto figured so little in modern fiction that "The Making and Breaking of Almansur" claims a position of its own among the novels of the season. The author displays considerable knowledge of the turbulent days when the petty Christian kings were under the sway of the Moslem, whose conquest was followed by an era of prosperity the indolent natives had never before enjoyed, and has produced a picture of mediæval Spain full of colour and life. Although for the sake of artistic effect Miss Cresswell has taken some liberties with history, as now generally accepted, her story is in the main based on the often conflicting Moorish and Christian annals of the time. The commanding figure of the passionate Almansur, the "Assisted of Allah" and scourge of the Christians, who from a lowly scribe rose to be statesman and warrior and regent of a boy Caliph, is most vividly portrayed, and lives again in these pages. In spite of some excess of detail and a redundancy of Arabic words, the story is a welcome change from the everyday novel of modern life.

Royal Auction

MORE ABOUT DECLARATIONS

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

SO many games at Royal Auction are won from "love all" that the importance of declaring to the score has lost its old significance; but winning the game and the rubber remains the first consideration, and therefore a safe bid that will take one out is always preferable to a more expensive declaration that may fail, and can at best only add a few more points below the line. On the other hand, the beginner should bear in mind that the penalty for failure is the same in every declaration, whether it be clubs or No Trumps. Hence the score should be ignored to the extent of declaring from strength when there is any. But if the strength happens to be clubs or diamonds and the odd trick will make game, there is no object in going for higher points. The same rule applies, of course, to the declarer's partner. It is highly improbable that so humble a bid will be passed at such a stage of the rubber, but, in any case, information has been given to one's partner. And here I would join issue with the many excellent manuals which deprecate the giving of information by an original declaration.

Of course, the elimination of the compulsory bid and the levelling up of the value of the suits have changed the character of the game to this extent. Nevertheless, information of any kind is just as useful as ever, but it should not be misleading. There is no longer any excuse for a feeble declaration; certainly none for a weak No Trumper. No justification can be found for the latter. I would repeat again that a No Trump bid has only a one-trick superiority over spades or hearts. With strength in either of these suits, it is more often than not an easier task to get ten tricks than the nine tricks required for No Trumps. Moreover, if the suit declaration is over-bid or doubled, there remains the higher declaration to fall back upon. In every case, however, the original bid should be a sound one, and the declarant should be prepared to play the hand on its merits if called upon to do so.

Now, it may be asked, what constitutes a sound bid in a suit or No Trump hand? A minimum strength should not be less than the probability of winning four tricks. A player is entitled to credit his partner with holding an even proportion of the remaining nine tricks—the two hands combined thus representing the odd trick. It may transpire, of course, that the partner may hold a Yarborough, but this is no more to be reckoned upon than that he holds the four aces. The four tricks in the dealer's hand may consist of only the trump suit—i.e., the three top honours and two other of the suit, or two in the trump suit and two in other suits. Top honours in trumps, however, are a *sine qua non*; at least the ace or the king, queen. There may be only four trumps as long as they are ace, king, queen, and another. This is a sounder original bid than the queen to six or seven. Aces and kings are the backbone of a sound hand at Royal Auction. Make that an axiom in your study of the game.

I have noticed, even amongst competent players, uncertainty as to what to declare when holding equal strength in two suits. The uncertainty is understandable when there is no recognised principle for guidance. In this case there are two principles: first, to make the highest bid consonant with safety, so as to force the adversaries up; second, to give as much information as possible to one's partner. Let us suppose that the dealer holds five good hearts and five good diamonds. His first call is a heart. He is overcalled by eldest hand with a spade. His partner does not support him in hearts. His next bid can be two diamonds. His partner by this time knows that his hand consists mainly of the two red suits and practically nothing else, and can act accordingly. The same principle of forcing up the opponents applies in the case of a hand containing exceptional strength in one suit and nothing else. I have seen perplexity on the face of the uninitiated when a dealer starts off with a bid of two or three of a suit. Let us take an instance of an original two-spade declaration. To cover this entails a bid of two No Trumps or three in any of the other suits. Moreover, the dealer's partner learns that the spade suit is absolutely assured, and therefore he can put up the bidding to the full strength of his winning cards in other suits. These are points which make all the difference in the combination of the two hands which should never be regarded as separate entities.

I have dealt here mainly with the original declaration from dealer. In a further article I shall cover the considerations which should guide subsequent bidding and the subject of the double and re-double.

The Theatre

An Essay in Revue

MOST people will think that Sir James Barrie is clever enough to do anything well which he undertakes, and his "Rosy Rapture," at the Duke of York's Theatre, is as good as any other *revue*. It certainly possesses many lively touches which we believe Sir James alone among our writers would be able to give; it also lacks much that we hoped for. But for one or two unhappy chances this author has never failed us. We turn to him with simple trust when our hopes are lowest and our artistic spirit most abased. This time he obviously makes a great effort to cheer his audience, but the attempt is rather forced upon our senses throughout the whole of the seven scenes. However, he is admirably supported by the clever lyrics of Mr. Mark, the gay music of Mr. Darewski and Mr. Crook and the accomplished people who invent dances and costumes, scenery, cinematograph and mechanical business. And then there is one of the finest companies possible for the purposes of burlesque led by Miss Gaby Deslys. This lady plays the part of one who has been the pride of a famous beauty chorus and has married Lord Lil Languor, Mr. Jack Norworth, produced a

wonderful baby, and grown to be very bored about eight o'clock every evening—when the theatres open. The rest of the story leads up to how to be happy though at home, and it gives plenty of chances of seeing Miss Deslys dance in beautiful frocks, and in general present the charm of her personality to the public. There is a good deal of fun for Mr. Norworth, and a little for Mr. Eric Lewis as some sort of butler, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine makes the most of a character we at first hoped well of—Dudley, who has to force his way into the play wherever possible and who wishes to be very wicked, but is always thought to be good. The best scene in the rather long revue is "somewhere in France," where an English Tommy and a French girl try to make love, while one of them bears in mind the excellent advice of "K. of K." Of course, Miss Deslys and Mr. Norworth make it go splendidly, but even less clever or attractive people would be a success in this part of the play. The staging is excellent; we wish the wit were not so sought for and the effort to shine not quite so obvious.

"The New Word"

PERHAPS we have rather too often asked audiences to be in time for first pieces, but we risk it again in the case of Sir James' "fireside scene." The little play sets forth with delightful delicacy the awkward and deep feelings of an elderly father, Mr. O. B. Clarence, and his young son, Mr. Geoffrey Wilmer. The boy has just put his uniform on, and is about to join his corps. The mother, made very real by Miss Helen Haye, wants to see some sign of the affection which the two feel for each other but never express. She has her reward eventually; in the meanwhile we get some sound sentiment and real comedy. Our own idea is that Sir James is showing us a father and son of several generations ago; we have known so many of these relations who were the best of pals, and had no difficulty in expressing the honest love they bore each other. That may be a personal point of view; at any rate Sir James is himself in "The New Word," and that is enough. His actors do him every justice. We know what the new word is, but we hope future audiences at the Duke of York's will be in time to find out for themselves.

EGAN MEW.

A mass of material relating to book sales is about to be made accessible to the public in a work to be issued by the British Museum, dealing with the auctions which took place between the years 1676 and 1900, arranged chronologically. This will be invaluable for reference; nothing has before been attempted on the same scale, and the task of tracing the vicissitudes of a rare book will be rendered much easier by the index of owners, prices, and names of various purchasers. The labour of preparing this "List of Catalogues of English Book Sales" must have been enormous, and the demand should be great.

MOTORING

THE A.A. and M.U. has for some time past been in communication with the Home Office and the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis on the subject of the establishment of a standard lighting power for the guidance of motorists, as to the maximum intensity of light allowable under the provisions of the Defence of the Realm regulations. Up to the present, the motorist has had the choice of adopting, or trying to adopt, an unofficial military standard of a maximum thirty yards' beam, or an unofficial police standard prohibiting any light more powerful than that of the ordinary taxi oil lamps, and the satisfaction of knowing that, to whichever of these he tried to conform, he constantly ran the risk of prosecution for a breach of orders. To put a definite end to the existing uncertainty, the A.A. has carefully considered the results of certain tests and forwarded its report to the Home Office, and it is gratifying to note that the Secretary of State has accepted the Association's offer of assistance. Motorists may now look forward to an authoritative definition of their duties in this lighting matter at an early date.

The Association is in need of a few more closed cars for taking wounded soldiers out for drives, open cars being unsuitable for many of the serious cases which require to be dealt with. Members able to assist in this direction are earnestly requested to communicate with the A.A. and M.U. War Department, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.

For obvious reasons motorists will have to confine their Easter tours to the British Isles this year. The Touring department of the Association is therefore making special arrangements for supplying members with suitable routes, and applications for such assistance should be sent in as early as possible.

Motorists should note that "powerful" lights are now being prohibited in Datchet, Eton, Slough, Maidenhead, Cookham, Windsor, and Reading, and they are advised to be careful to reduce their lights before entering the Metropolitan Police area. A.A. patrols are stationed on many of the principal main roads leading into London, up to 10 p.m., to stop and warn members not complying with the regulations.

A whist drive, under the auspices of the National Book Trade Provident Society, will be held on Friday, April 16, at Caxton Hall Cabin's Restaurant, Tophill Street, Westminster (one minute from St. James's Park Station). The committee desire that an early publication should be made for tickets, in order that all arrangements may be made for tables, etc. A number of prizes will be given by members of the trade—three for highest scores (ladies), three gentlemen, and one consolation prize. The prizes will be presented by Frank Hanson, Esq., president of the London branch. Doors open at 7.30 for 8 p.m. prompt. Morning dress. Tickets, 2s. 6d. each, including supper, may be obtained from all booksellers, any member of the committee, or direct from Mr. A. W. Gibbs, 22, Ashbourne Avenue, Golder's Green, N.W., or the hon. lecture secretary, Cecil Palmer, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

The City

THE tone of the City has become much more cheerful, and there has been quite an access of business on the Stock Exchange. The new Canadian 4½ per cent. loan has been a pronounced success, the War Loan developed activity which carried the price beyond 94½, and other first-class securities have shown a decided inclination to improve. The Money Market was heartened by the news that two millions' worth of bullion from South Africa had escaped the attentions of the German submarines, and the announcement that the Bahia 5 per cent. coupon due in November last is to be paid has helped to relieve apprehensions as to South Americans generally. Canadian Pacifics have been supported on the return showing that economies in working have more than made good loss in traffic earnings. Rubbers and Oils have both been in request. What may be the effect of peace, whenever it comes, on raw rubber no one can say: it may mean the flooding of the market with stocks now held up, or it may mean such a demand for repair purposes that supplies will be depleted. The general belief is that the future will be very bright for the rubber-producing companies, and at quoted prices there are unquestionably some bargains to be picked up.

Great Britain cannot hope after the war to resume her trade relations with Germany on the pre-war scale, but she should find more than compensation in the Russian markets. Russia will certainly be only too ready to keep out the Germans who had battered on to her business and to let in the British who help her enterprises without attempting to secure monopolies and run the whole country. In an excellent note the *Times* has drawn attention to the immense new opportunities which Russia presents for British trade. Are we preparing to take advantage of them? The *Times* says plans are already being thought out to this end. It adds: "If British traders, however, are to obtain proper support for their enterprise, they will require well-organised financial backing, and in this respect there is also a need for timely preparation. We have noticed lately signs of extensions of our joint-stock banking to France. It is still more important that extensions to Russia should be under contemplation, for the British banking facilities available in Petrograd or Moscow will make all the difference to the success of new commercial ventures. It can hardly be premature to suggest to our great joint-stock banks that the question of starting branches there—a course which, we believe, the Russian Government would welcome—is well worth serious consideration. If anything is to be done in this way, however, it must be preceded by proper organisation. The country and its conditions must be studied, and the language learnt, by those likely to be put in charge, and a beginning cannot be made too soon in laying these foundations. No brilliant impromptu will compensate in such an enterprise for neglect of preliminary spade-work."

The Straits Rubber Company is, of course, one of the best, and it may be trusted to do well in almost any state of the markets. Results for 1914 yield rather less total profits, but the directors propose dividends amounting to 40 per cent. as against the 37½ per cent. distributed for 1913. Such results are the result of past foresight combined with economy and efficiency in working in the present.

The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution is one of the big societies which derive large profits from the support of small people. It issued 3,223 policies in 1914 for £1,110,557, of which only £30,000 was reassured. Its premium income was just short of three quarters of a million, and its funds now

amount to £10,337,121. Mortality claims amounted to well under 75 per cent. of anticipation—a handsome margin.

The decline in the profits of the Standard Bank of South Africa is surprisingly small in view of the troubles South Africa has had to face in the last few months. After making allowances on account of depreciated securities, etc., the profit for 1914 amounts to £285,000, against £338,600 for 1913. The dividend for the year is 14 per cent., and £100,440 is carried forward, against £52,092 brought in—a cautious policy which is eminently wise.

The Government are looking more and more to the financial litterateur for business guidance. Sir George Paish has been called in on more than one occasion, and now Mr. Hartley Withers has been appointed Director of Financial Inquiries in the Treasury. Mr. Withers has had 20 years' experience of financial journalism; he has written books on financial subjects, and has been City Editor of both the *Times* and the *Morning Post*.

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PATRIOTS AND MR. BART KENNEDY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It may be a misconception on my part, but I always thought that the title of an article had some relation to the whole of the article and not merely to a few opening paragraphs. Mr. Bart Kennedy, however, appears to think otherwise, for after using the word in a satirical sense to describe the people he meets in "pub and club," he seems altogether to have forgotten the heading of his article, or, in other words, what he intended to write about, and meanders on with the usual abuse of the Huns and the German nation in general.

As far as I can gather there is no connection or consistence in Mr. Kennedy's statements. He begins by blaming his friends of the "pub and club" for being dissatisfied with the work of the British Navy; yet if Mr. Churchill and Admiral Jellicoe can be trusted to take care of our naval defence why should not equal trust be placed in Lord Kitchener and Sir John French? No! Mr. Kennedy could manage that department better. "This thirty-year age limit is nonsense. Some of the best fighters in the Boer War were between sixty and seventy," prates this gentleman, who cannot even be accurate with regard to so trivial a matter as the age limit, to say nothing of the fact that most likely "the best fighters in the Boer War" who "were between sixty and seventy years" of age had seen active service before, and were not taken straight from Mr. Kennedy's favourite "pub and club" and placed in the fighting line.

If the conclusion of the article be intended for a rousing battle-cry it again misses the mark. If Mr. Kennedy will take the trouble once more to verify his facts before rushing into print he will learn that one of the chief complaints of the Volunteers is that there are no rifles for them to carry; they would willingly carry their own and someone else's as well if these desirable weapons could be spared. Yours truly,

Tankerton.

M. F. H.

"THE PRICE OF NOVELS, Etc."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I have read Mr. Shaylor's letter in your issue of March 20, commenting on a statement by Mr. W. L. George: "That several publishers make a practice of entrapping novices and paying them nothing on the first 1,500 copies or so, which means nothing at all." I would not go quite as far as Mr. George, but I can and do assert from experience at this office that publishers not infrequently make contracts on the lines set out by Mr. George, and I may add that on several occasions I have known them break up the type after printing the requisite number free of royalty, making it impossible for them to reproduce further editions at a profit to the author. I regret to say that some of the publishers who have been guilty of this practice are publishers whose names stand prominently before the public. Yours truly,

G. HERBERT THRING, Secretary.

The Incorporated Society of Authors,

Playwrights and Composers,

1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, S.W.

March 25, 1915.

BOOKS RECEIVED

WAR BOOKS.

- Fighting with King Albert.* By Capitaine G. de L. de Flemalle. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
- My Experiences as a German Prisoner.* By L. J. Austin, F.R.C.S. (Andrew Melrose. 2s. net.)
- The Red Glutton: Impressions of War Written at and near the Front.* By Irvin S. Cobb. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
- The Healing of Nations and the Hidden Sources of their Strife.* By Edward Carpenter. (G. Allen and Unwin. 2s. net.)
- German Philosophy in Relation to the War.* By J. H. Muirhead, LL.D. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The War and Our Financial Fabric.* By W. W. Wall. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

The Germans in Belgium. By L. H. Grondys, Ph.D. (Wm. Heinemann. 1s. net.)

Life of General Joffre. By Alexander Kahn. (Wm. Heinemann. 1s. net.)

In Hoc Vince: the Story of a Red Cross Flag. By F. L. Barclay. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

France in Danger. By Paul Vergnet. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

When Blood is their Argument. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Isle of Gramarye: Tales of Old Britain. By E. P. Roberts. (Macmillan and Co. 1s.)

Junior Regional Geography: The Three Southern Continents. By J. B. Reynolds, B.A. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.)

Shakespeare: King John. Edited by A. J. F. Collins, M.A. (University Tutorial Press. 2s.)

Man and Woman. By Havelock Ellis. New Edition. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6s. net.)

The Indian Army A B C. By Captain Alves. (Thacker and Co. 1s.)

Whirlpool Heights. By Julia Cruickshank. (G. Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

Recollections. By F. T. Bullen. (Seeley, Service and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Essays in Criticism. Second Series. By Matthew Arnold. (Macmillan and Co. 1s.)

Enone and Other Poems. Selections from Tennyson. Introductions and Notes by F. J. Rowe, M.A., and W. T. Webb, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 9d.)

The Correspondence of William I and Bismarck. Translated by J. A. Ford. With Portraits. (Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

Every Woman's Flower Garden. By Mary Hampden. (Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net.)

Essays Towards a Theory of Knowledge. By A. Philip. (G. Routledge and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Dawn of Day. Vol. for 1914. (S.P.C.K. 1s.)

FICTION.

The Rat-Pit. By Patrick MacGill. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

The Jester. By Leslie Moore. (Putnam's. 6s.)

Happy-go-lucky. By Ian Hay. New Edition. (Blackwood. 1s.)

The Fires of Love. By Marie Connor Leighton. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

The Sixth Sense. By Stephen McKenna. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

On the Fighting Line. By Constance Smedley. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

The Good Soldier. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (John Lane. 6s.)

Where there are Women. By M. and A. Barclay. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Powers of Darkness. By Fred M. White. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

PERIODICALS.

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THE ACADEMY last week contained an article entitled: "**DR. LYTTTELTON'S CONSCIENCE.**"

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Notes of the Week

The War

RUSSIA is making immense headway on the Austrian side of the Carpathians. The struggle for the ice-bound ridges was titanic, but in every case went in favour of the Russians. The Austrians have suffered heavy losses and have been completely nonplussed by the daring strategy of the Grand Duke. Von Hindenburg, kept busy to the west of the Niemen, is unable to lend material assistance, and the complete collapse of Austria at any moment would not be surprising. On the West the British, though not inactive, have had a comparatively quiet time, but the French have scored important points in the neighbourhood of Verdun and St. Mihiel. As the Germans themselves admit the serious nature of the French offensive and seek to make it appear that the progress of the French is only a set off to their failure in the Champagne—a failure of which the French are happily unconscious—we may take it that the progress has been considerable. One of the most disturbing events of the week was the attack by the Bulgarians on a Serbian outpost. If Bulgaria were responsible it would mean that she was prepared to lend a hand in favour of Austria, but it now appears that the attack was instigated by Turks—an explanation which throws a suggestive and wholly intelligible light on the incident.

Men, Moral and Material

The confidence with which France faces the future of the war is reflected in every line of the Official Review, published in instalments during the last week or two. Six months of war have made serious inroads on German strength in men, in moral and in material, and there can be little doubt that if the Allies choose they can break the German line. The time for that perhaps is hardly yet. France has perfected her

organisation, British reinforcements have arrived in great numbers, and even the unhappy Belgians are quite a considerable fighting unit. Germany has suffered serious wastage until the French maintain that where they were inferior in numbers and material at the beginning of the war they are now in a position of superiority, and the course of events must be to increase that superiority. A long array of considerations is brought to bear in support of this view; the French soldier has come to believe himself more than a match for the German, and "our final victory," says the Official Review, "must follow by the imperious necessity of the concordant force of facts and figures"—a phrase of which we think we see the meaning.

Submarine Prisoners

At the very moment when America was denouncing the sinking of unarmed liners with non-combatant passengers and crew on board as "murder, not warfare," and characterising the cold-blooded attack on the *Falaba* as a worse outrage than the worst reported of German action in Belgium, the American Ambassador was called upon to make Germany's protest against the refusal of the British Government to treat submarine crews as honourable opponents. Germany says that for every one of her submarine officers or crew who is not accorded the proper treatment of a prisoner of war she will institute reprisals against a British prisoner. Sir Edward Grey's answer is crushing in its simplicity. Submarine prisoners are kept apart from other prisoners of war, but are in no sense ill-treated, and whatever the limitations imposed are treated better than ordinary British prisoners in Germany. The fact that such men are carrying out the piratical instructions issued by their Government does not make them any more honourable: it only emphasises the crime of their Government against civilisation.

The American View

America's reply to the British Order in Council establishing a sort of blockade of German coasts and of certain neutral ports which are undoubtedly German feeders, is a direct challenge of our right to do anything of the sort. The Order in Council is described as a distinct invasion of neutral rights, and as instituting a course of action without precedent in modern warfare. As though all precedent had not been cast to the four cardinal winds by the enemy! However, the Note is quite friendly and recognises British difficulties in view of the methods of German frightfulness. America is quite confident that Great Britain will do all that is possible to minimise the inconvenience to which neutral commerce is subject and be prepared to "make full reparation for every act which under the rules of international law constitutes a violation of neutral rights." Apparently the British Government has interpreted its own Order in a spirit which minimises difficulties not only for neutrals, but for the enemy. Judging by correspondence just published, it adheres to the view that cotton should not be stopped. Yet cotton is essential to the manufacture of ammunition. If Germany is in free receipt of

cotton, as would appear, we may well ask what was the real object of the Order in Council?

Socialists and Militarism

Much pernicious nonsense was talked by the Socialists in conference at Norwich; there is less sanity as there is less patriotism about the British than about the German Socialist. Most of the German Socialists hate the war, as all decent people hate it, but they at least do not attempt to undermine the position of their own Government, wrong-headed as it has proved itself to be in every direction. The chief glimmer of sense which pierces the dark and stark absurdities of the Independent Labour Party propaganda is the admission that, but for the supremacy of the British Navy, no Socialist conference would have been possible at Norwich. Mr. Jowett's presidential address supported the Union of Democratic Control ideal and promised that after the war "never again would the witch's cauldron of secret diplomacy brew the war broth of Hell for mankind." Germany is to be brought into line. Militarism cannot be crushed by militarism, we are assured. The great German people are to be educated to understand that militarism and secret diplomacy are twin curses. In a word, the Socialist sets himself the task of undoing all that Treitschke and his disciples have achieved. It will be a big step forward, but it will only succeed if the Allies first convince the German people that Prussian militarism is a mistake.

The Prime Minister and a "Man of Letters"

WHILE Germany has been busy heaping honours and gifts upon the author of the "Hymn of Hate," England, headed by the Prime Minister (and not to be outdone) has been paying what we take for granted is a well-deserved tribute to a "Man of Letters." We are in the middle of a distinctly unpleasant war and we had fondly imagined that the thoughts and energies of all sections of society were centred on higher things than mere letters. Indeed, we had been led to believe that the writing-man was at a distinct discount just now excepting in so far as he could school himself to emulate Mr. Harold Begbie and turn out war verses which were calculated to swell Lord Kitchener's armies. But we discover to our immense relief that we have been entirely mistaken, and that the priest-like tasks of the children of Apollo are not only still being faithfully performed, but suitably rewarded. In the midst of the strains and stresses of Armageddon England has found opportunity to do honour to a Man of Letters by handing him an address signed by the flower of her culture, and accompanied by a pretty gift of no less than seven hundred pounds, raised by subscription among the said signatories. We venture to reproduce the address—which has already been printed in the London morning papers:

We whose names are set down below claim to be

counted among your friends, or at least your admirers. We desire in the first place to state publicly our recognition of your services to Art and Literature. You have long been distinguished for the justice and courage of your writings, and you have illuminated the expression of your views with humour and resource.

Your work as a Man of Letters, however, is but a small part of the useful energy which you have shown in many directions. You have been conspicuous for the generosity with which you have put yourself at the disposal of all who claimed your sympathy or your help. You have been one of the earliest amongst us to observe new talent, and one of the most zealous to encourage it.

By these qualities you have earned what we here desire to record, our esteem and regard for one who has proved a brave, loyal, and devoted friend.

The signatories number three hundred, and only considerations of space prevent us from printing the whole list. In addition to the Prime Minister they include Sir James Barrie, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Lawrence Binyon, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Lord Dunsany, the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Henry James, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. John Masefield, Sir Henry Newbolt, and the Earl of Plymouth as well as Mr. More Adey, Mr. Frank Hird, Mr. Sidney Dark, Mr. Harold Child, Sir George Lewis, Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard, Mr. Reginald Turner, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. Taxeira de Mattos, and many more besides. It will be seen that even as the address is couched in terms of esteem, respect and affection, the signatories as a body are distinguished, influential and powerful.

And now we take it the reader will be on tiptoe to know the name of the Man of Letters whose work has drawn from his fellow countrymen such a useful tribute and such a cheerful seven hundred pounds. All sorts of names will fly to the lips of those who are good at riddles and we could venture to give them twenty guesses with the certainty of all twenty being wrong. Let us look round on our men of letters and try. Is it Mr. Kipling? No. Is it Mr. Clement Shorter? Certainly not. Is it Dr. Bridges? No, my child. Is it A, B, C, D, E, F, or G, right down to Mr. Zangwill? The "noes" have it again. Then who in the name of all the patriotic funds may it be? Not to tantalise you further we will say right out that the Man of Letters who has received this encouraging address and for whose use and benefit seven hundred pounds has been subscribed at a moment when we are said to be short of shrapnel, is none other than Mr. Robert Ross. It will be noted that Mr. Ross has "long been distinguished for the justice and courage of his writings," and he has "illuminated (illuminated is the word) the expression of his views with humour and resource." We have been at pains to hunt up a list of Mr. Ross's literary performances, and we find that they consist of a "Life of Charles Robert Maturin" in collaboration with More Adey (one of the signatories),

published in 1892, a short monograph on Aubrey Beardsley published 1908, and a collection of fugitive papers published under the title of "Masks and Phases," in 1909. We have looked through these three works and we are free to state that they might have been written by a "Man of Letters" whose courage was a doubtful quantity, while the only "humour and resource" we have been able to discover lies in the title of the third tome, namely "Masks and Phases." We shall not pursue Mr. Ross's work as a "Man of Letters" further excepting to point out that if it entitles him to an address signed by the Prime Minister of England and all the talent of the time, stiffened, as it were, with seven hundred golden sovereigns, there are men of letters walking about London who are clearly entitled to votes of approval from both Houses of Parliament and immediate cash to almost any amount.

And that our readers may not miss the real effulgence of this marvel, it is our duty to mention that so far as the seven hundred pounds is concerned Mr. Ross has waved it from before him and prefers that it should be devoted to a public object, namely, the foundation of a "Robert Ross" scholarship in the Slade School of Fine Art at University College, London, which, on the face of it, shows that Mr. Ross is not in need of the money, and that the signatories have been a little superfluous in subscribing it. We do not have the pleasure of the acquaintance of Mr. Robert Ross, and we have no desire to take the bloom from his plums. But in the interests of letters we venture to ask the Prime Minister, or Sir James Barrie, or Mr. Archer, or Mr. Lawrence Binyon, or Mr. Thomas Hardy, or Mr. Edmund Gosse to explain to the literary public in these columns upon what grounds it is asserted that Mr. Ross has "long been distinguished for the justice and courage of his writings," and "has illuminated the expression of his views with humour and resource," and what works or writings the signatories precisely mean when they refer to Mr. Ross's "work as a Man of Letters"?

Lastly, we will ask the signatories in the lump to tell us whether they consider that the "useful energy" Mr. Ross has shown "in many directions" other than those of literature, embraces his recent unsuccessful prosecution of two other Men of Letters at a place called the Old Bailey.

On Ceremonial

NOTHING is more deeply engrained in human nature than the love of ceremony. The whole of childhood is a stage on which the small occupants are incessantly and consciously playing parts; the games of the alley and the nursery alike partake far more of the nature of ritual than of mere amusement. This love of ceremonial, of elaborate processions, of festal days, of simple actions turned into symbolic

ceremony by the wand of romance is as characteristic of the youth of nations as of childhood; it was an everyday inspiration to the Greek and Roman, as it is to the colour-worshipping Oriental of to-day; it is only when persons and countries grow middle-aged, when the enthusiasm of youth is overlaid by the satiety of experience that they seek to be amused, that they can no longer play the delightful games of make-believe, or revel in the quaint fancies and half-revealed truths that are enshrined in ceremonial. Nothing affords a completer argument against materialism than the attitude of the child; to him the toy is rarely what it appears to be; it is the outward semblance of a hundred interests, one of which particularly attracts him at the moment—a block of wood may stand for a soldier, a house, a lion, a railway train, or even for an abstract idea; it may be the centre of a train of thought that embraces the whole store of his infant knowledge. And the joy of nursery and alley alike is centred in acts of ceremonial, in the keeping of birthdays, of Christmas, of Sunday-school treats, of all the special ordinances that differentiate a red-letter day from an ordinary one; it is not the cost of the gifts or the stateliness of the celebrations which makes their value; it is the charm of the ritual attaching to them, around which imagination plays.

In this the child is father to the man. The person really to be envied is he to whom the whole of existence is a sacrament, who maintains the power of living the ideal life alongside of its prosaic routine, who sees symbolic meanings in all the apparent commonplaces of life. It was to foster this attitude of mind that man invented ceremonial. Those nations who have lived most fully, and have most fully appreciated the poetry of life, have coloured life with frequent rites and ceremonies. Always they recognised man's craving for joy, for music and beauty, for a share in the rhythm and pageant of Nature.

The Feast of Easter that we have been keeping this week is a survival of the ancient creed of beauty. It is a ceremony whose origin is lost in the mists of a past to which we have no means of access, put as far back as literature and tradition will take us; in the ancient religious ceremonies, and in the legends enshrined in them of a much earlier date, there existed the festival of the springtide with its attendant rites, through which run the same sentiments and ideals as in the great Christian Feast of to-day.

In the land of Greece, many centuries before the opening of our era, rites were celebrated at this season whose origin was legendary, so remote were they and veiled in the obscurity of the past. They sprang from that curious form of worship which identified the visible things of Nature with those invisible forces that sway and mould mankind, so that rivers and seas became gods, beneficent or vindictive in their power to wreck ships and blast human lives, or to water peacefully the valleys and flocks of a pastoral race; in the same way the winds, the Spring with its powers of resurrection, the vintage of autumn, the lightnings that devastated the forests, the very springs that rose

on the hillsides and gathered strength as they rushed towards the populated valleys, became deities of local or international importance. Such a host of gods, of powers that were recognised as seriously affecting the welfare of man, brought in their train a wealth of ceremonial, of feast days and sacrifices, of ritual appropriate to the deity desirable of propitiation. Vestiges of this still linger in our festivals, in harvest homes, in saints' days, in marriage and funeral ceremonies, in many civic and pastoral customs.

In particular in this present Feast of Easter, changed as it is in character by the transitions through which it has passed in the sensuous Jewish ritual and the more ascetic spiritualism of Christianity.

Originally it was one of the festivals of the great god Dionysus, a mysterious chameleon-like deity, who was the spirit of Nature and its incarnation, but who appeared in many guises and was the hero of many festivals, one of his personifications and the most popular being that of Bacchus, god of the vintage, the very essence and centre of festive ceremonial. About him there clung something terrible, for all his grace. In his character of Spring God he was associated with suffering, vaguely defined but agonising, from which, however, he always emerged triumphant. The sufferings of Dionysus lay at the root of the old Greek conception of tragedy, as something inevitable, full of pain and horror, yet the will of the gods and pangs which presaged the birth of beauty. To-day we see in them the parable of the winter and the coming of spring that we associate with Eastertide, and which in the Christian legend have crystallised into a more personal sorrow with its after-fruits of joy—more idealised in character, but containing the same eternal truth, wrapped as it yet is in a veil of mystery, impenetrable and not to be understood by the limited human intellect. It is the resurrection of Life from Death, of beauty from decay and desolation, the eternal hope that links man to a belief in his immortal destiny.

The first ceremonies of the Spring were always relative to death. In the Dionysian festivals they were propitiatory, a memory of the sufferings of the god; in the Jewish Passover they were a supplication for deliverance from the avenging power of death; in the Good Friday rites the great sacrifice which should abolish death is celebrated. But whether kept with solemn dance and outpoured libation, by the Paschal supper eaten ceremonially as pilgrims, or with the trappings of black and ritual cakes marked with the emblem of the Cross, the meaning is the same.

It is the invocation of humanity to the high powers against the blight of mortality, against suffering and gloom; it is a remembrance of death at the season when hope mounts highest in the veins. The Feast of Easter has always been associated with splendour. It is the festival of Life, of joy and sunshine and springing flowers, when Dionysus came into his own, and the spirit of Nature became identified with the spirit of life. To this day we dress our churches in garlands, and in our gardens wave great clusters of

the fragrant narcissus, reminiscent of the slim Greek youth who lost his life for very love of his own beauty, but who sprang up again in a myriad lovely blooms, proving the truth of the Easter tradition that beauty cannot perish. Most of the ancient rites pertaining to the season have lapsed, but two remain, the hot cross bun of the city, and the Good Friday custom, immemorial to country gardens, of planting seeds on that particular day. Its significance is dimmed, faded with the fragrance of the burial spices. Those who practise it see only the fortuitous combination of a holiday and the season for seed-growing, but behind it still lies the Easter symbolism, of the precious seed, committed to the ground in faith, in due season to blossom, to bear fruit, for bread and for gladness of heart.

Happy is the country which preserves its love of ceremonial, which can enrich the lives of its people by picture and procession, by glowing symbolism and Nature worship, by an imagery that translates the common acts of life into deeds full of precious commemoration and sacramental beauty.

The Scientific Knowledge of Dante

THIS subject, touched upon intermittently by Dante students, has never been exhaustively treated. Dr. Lloyd-Roberts, in a recent lecture (delivered before the members of the Manchester Dante Society at the University and now printed in Bodonian types by Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes), gives in almost every instance proofs so convincing that it is worth our while to examine them. In his introductory remarks the learned doctor informs us that "before a Florentine could be admitted to citizenship, so as to qualify him for civic and other public duties, it was necessary that he should be enrolled as a member of one of the great guilds of the city." Thus "Dante's choice fell upon the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, the craftsmanship of which he knew the most." It is interesting at this juncture to observe that in a recent number of the *Giornale Dantesco* (Vol. XXI, Quad I) Professor Frati describes a document discovered by him in the State archives at Bologna (of this Dr. Roberts could not, of course, have had cognisance), from which it appears that Brunetto Latini—Dante's reputed master—had qualified himself as a *speciale* (apothecary). The professor surmises that Dante may have been induced by his tutor's example to do likewise. Subsequently the lecturer—and this is an important point—tries to prove that the great poet attended the University of Bologna, "the greatest seat of learning in the age and time of Dante."

The authorities quoted by the lecturer are Boccaccio, "somewhat unjustly regarded as a Romancer," Villani, and, in our own times, Dr. Corrado Ricci, who in his essay "Dante allo Studio di Bologna" proves conclusively (Dr. Roberts thinks) that Dante was at Bologna in 1287 when a young man of 22, and again

after his exile. He therefore purposes, as he says, to discuss a few of the scientific subjects that Dante must have studied, and with such marvellous results: "His intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of mind and matter is repeatedly shown in his works, by allusions to the hidden workings of the processes of Nature, which he elucidates with all the prophetic vision of genius endowed with an intelligence well-nigh omniscient and capable of interpreting the fundamental principles which underlie Nature's manifestations. To this end does he place under contribution the collective knowledge of his epoch, comprising medicine (which, of course, includes pathology, embryology, and physiology), psychology, zoology, botany, astronomy, and physical geography, as well as incidentally the arts of music and painting." Dr. Roberts contends that Dante must have made a special study of medicine, and in particular of pathology, and says that a careful study of Dante's works has given him the impression that, "if the poet had devoted himself wholly to medical science, his name would have come down to us as one of its greatest exponents." As it is, in his delineation of some of the fundamental principles of science, continues Dr. Roberts, he astonishes us with his penetration, perspicacity, and breadth of knowledge. "In many instances, in propounding scientific truths, as in discoursing on the various diseases that afflict the condemned spirits in hell, he is so accurate in his description that, as Professor Segri, of Rome University, affirmed, 'the poet may indeed be said to put to shame the most learned nosological treatises of the present time.'"

Here the lecturer dilates on the extreme simplicity of the remedies employed by physicians in the time of Dante "as contrasted with the poli-pharmacy that was rampant in a later century, when the prescriptions were not only remarkable for the multiplicity of the ingredients, but perhaps even more for their fantastic and even disgusting character." Respecting the simple nature of the remedies used in the age of Dante, Dr. Roberts gives a most convincing example from Chapter IX (III treatise) of the "Convivio," lines 154-155 (Oxford edition). Afterwards he quotes many passages from the "Commedia," and comments at length upon Dante's wonderful scientific doctrine enunciated in Canto XXV of the "Purgatorio," lines 37-108 inclusive, which is nothing less than a dissertation on "the generation of the vegetative and sensitive soul, both of which are evolved out of the potentiality of the substance." The poet ends his arguments by demonstrating how the embryo, from being a mere animal, becomes endowed with a rational soul:—

"... si move e sente
Come *fungo marino*; ed indi imprende
Ad organar le posse ond' è semente."

Dr. Roberts corroborates his statements by quoting Dr. Barlow, the famous Dantist, who says: "To appreciate the physiological science shown by Dante in his masterly *résumé* of the formation and development of a human being, from the first mysterious movings of embryonic life to the completion of the foetal economy

and the birth of an immortal soul, we must go back to that period when little or nothing more was known of the function of generation than what had been said by Aristotle, and repeated by his commentator Averrhoës." We should have liked Dr. Roberts to dwell at length on psychology, a science of comparative modern growth, and the part that Dante assigned, perhaps unconsciously, to this important branch of mental philosophy, as evidenced by the "Vita Nuova," but, of course, in a necessarily brief paper it is impossible to deal exhaustively with every subject.

The view that Dr. Roberts takes of Dante's knowledge of aeronautics might appear untenable to the uninitiated, but Cantos XXI and XXV of the "Inferno" must be read very carefully before attempting any criticism. For versatility and breadth of genius Dante can only be compared to Leonardo, who, as Walter Pater tells us in his essay on that wondrous man "anticipated long before—by rapid intuition—the later ideas of science." We know, in fact, that Leonardo had devised a flying machine, as seen in one of his albums of sketches. As to Dante's knowledge of astronomy, Dr. Roberts says that it can be inferred from the cosmography of the divine comedy "one of the grandest conceptions that the human mind ever imagined." He refers students to Dr. Moore's essay in "Studies, 3rd Series," from which the following significant passage should also have been quoted: "In whatever direction we sound the depth of Dante's wonderful knowledge and culture, we gain the same impression that it is as profound as it is varied and extensive." * Finally, Dr. Roberts examines briefly "Quæstio de Aqua et Terra," a most learned treatise on physical geography, attributed, and rightly so, to Dante, which the majority of Italians and English scholars no longer consider spurious.

Dr. Gardner, the eminent Dantist, whom I had the privilege of meeting a few days ago, confessed that at one time he considered the essay a forgery, yet latterly his opinion has somewhat changed, although, owing to pressure of work, he has not had the time to devote his attention to the internal evidence afforded by the "Quæstio." Dr. Lloyd-Roberts, who has shown "grande amore" for the works of the divine poet, will, I am sure, be pleased to know that Shakespearean studies are pursued with great eagerness in Italy, as witnessed by the labours of Garlanda, Chiarini, Segri, Diego Angeli, and others, and that the immortal masterpieces of the British Bard are far more frequently performed in Italy than here in England, thanks to the famous interpreters we have had from Vestri, Módena, to Rossi, Ristori, Salvini, down to Zaccone and Novelli of our own day.

ETRUSCO.

* W. Warren Vernon, commenting in his famous "Readings" upon Canto IX of the "Paradiso," line 84 "La maggior valle," etc., quotes the following from a discussion by Antonelli, the astronomer: "Dante opens this passage with a conception which seems almost like a discovery in our times, namely, that the so-called basins of the seas are nothing more than valleys a little more depressed than on the mainland."

REVIEWS

From Sea-Waif to Author

Recollections. By FRANK T. BULLEN. With Portrait. (Seeley, Service and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

FEW men, probably, as their life lengthens, can say that they have carried out the career they planned in youth; most of us, "though doubly seconded with will and power," suffer the buffets of circumstance and find ourselves making the best of things. So it was with the writer of this book of odd memories. Until he was eight years old, he lived in a sheltered home, an unnoticed child among the thousands of Paddington, watching the trains for recreation; then he was thrown upon the streets for three years; at the age of eleven he became a "sea-waif," and fifteen years after left the sea, having reached the rank of first mate, to take up a clerkship on shore. At forty-two, scarcely ever having known any real happiness or prosperity, he resigned his two-pound-a-week situation and became journalist, lecturer, and author, and at fifty-seven—last February—he died.

There are sad little phrases in this last volume of his which show that Mr. Bullen felt premonitions that the end was not far away. He had retired from active life; he suffered much; but his spirit held cheery revels even then, and he was consoled by the recurring knowledge that almost wherever he had gone, all over the world, he had made friends who remembered him gratefully. His "Recollections" are the lightest of fare, with little value to those who desire moralising or philosophising; but to all who would have a glimpse of an indomitable energy, a humorous outlook, persevering in spite of all difficulties, the book will prove a treasure. During his last three or four years of lecturing he seemed so ill as he "crawled gaspingly up the steps" of the hall that he often heard the exclamation: "Why, Mr. Bullen, you'll never be able to lecture to-night!" But he always managed to fulfil his contract, though at times he could hardly speak for coughing. His experiences are probably those of almost any popular lecturer, but few men could tell them so racily, or store such a fund of amusing anecdotes. One of the most laughable incidents occurred in a railway carriage on the way to Manchester, when the train was late; there was one other passenger, with whom since the start he had not exchanged a word. Bullen grew fidgety, and at last said: "Excuse me, sir, but do you mind if I change my clothes? I am due to lecture at the Athenæum at eight, and I fear I have made a mistake in the train." Consent was given instantly, but the comedy that followed, as the train gathered speed and threw the lecturer, entangled in various articles of clothing, about the compartment, reduced his fellow-traveller to exhaustion. "Well, sir," he gasped, "I've never laughed so much in all my life, and I'll come to hear you, for I feel anxious to know how such a preparation will affect you." The climax came when he was met after the lecture by his

new acquaintance, who carried him off to his favourite hotel and insisted upon paying the bill as some recognition of "the jolliest half-day's entertainment" he had ever known. Once, in Wales, a packed audience of miners received him in chilling silence, and he was afraid he had not pleased them; his host reassured him pleasantly by the information that "very few of the chaps understand English"! Perhaps his most thrilling hour was on the quarter-deck of a battleship on a perfect evening in the Bay of Biscay, when he lectured to the ship's company:

Amidst a deep thunder of applause, I mounted the platform. But for at least a minute I was unable to speak. The magnificence of the whole scene overwhelmed me. I looked down upon nearly 800 young men, the line flower of our race, whose shrewd, strong faces looked keenly expectant, but all kindly towards me. I looked around at the mighty ship in all her beauty of strength and cleanliness, upon her seven gigantic sisters lying motionless in their exact stations near, at the soft splendours of the evening sky and silken, many-coloured sea, and I felt truly that, although such a moment comes to a man but once in his lifetime, he cannot then appreciate all its wonders. I did not attempt to lecture. I just fell back upon the well-known vernacular and talked pure sailor, giving them all the yarns in my budget that were appropriate. . . .

Great was his reward in the enthusiastic reception he had, for the sailors welcomed him as one of themselves, and the cheers rang out across the silent ocean.

We have said enough to show that the book is entertaining in the best sense. There are chapters on "Chairmen," "Secretaries," "Hospitality," and other matters pertaining to the platform career, all full of breezy stories; those who have heard Mr. Bullen lecture will be reminded vividly of his personality, and those who never heard him will gain some idea of his power, his tact, and the difficulties which he overcame.

Pride—and a Fall

Life and Writings of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By ARTHUR TURNBULL. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s. net.)

SINCERITY is a valid excuse for many failures in various spheres, but we have long ago arrived at the conclusion that it does not excuse poor literary criticism, and that decision is emphasised by the reading of this little book on the work of Lord Tennyson. The only possible justification for another volume on this theme is the possession either of new and interesting information concerning the poet himself, or of a fresh and brilliant critical outlook combined with an arresting skill in expression; the author before us owns neither of these qualifications, though he patronises those who in the past have interpreted Tennyson—Mr. Arthur Waugh, for instance—successfully. The profound self-confidence with which persons with no critical aptitude, no penetration, and style of the poorest description will rush into print upon matters either well worn or completely beyond their grasp is astonishing. Grammar,

composition, and niceties of language do not appeal to Mr. Turnbull at all, it seems. Of Tennyson's tour to Switzerland in 1846 he writes, after stating that the poet "went along with" Moxon, the publisher: "The travellers next visited Mainz, Worms, Mannheim, Kehl, Basle, and thence to Lucerne, where he met an agreeable young lady to whom he quoted Goethe, and she spouted *William Tell* in return." He speaks of "the eternal order of things in which man, woman, and child are irrevocably fixed up by divine decree." "On his voyage he got the imagery of his finest wave simile. . . ." "Arthur is coronated amid great festivities." "Richard Monckton Milnes wrote Tennyson requesting a contribution for a charity book of poetry being got up by Lord Northampton." "Alice, the miller's daughter, is done to the life"—after the preceding examples of English we almost expected "done to a turn." "*The Talking Oak* is one of those pieces of Tennyson in which his observation of Nature comes in very prominently." "The *Morte d'Arthur* is one of those pieces of poetry of the utmost importance in literature." "After this Tennyson visited London and other parts of England, at which he occasionally wrote a poem." "Tennyson was broached on the acceptance of a peerage, and after some reluctance he accepted it." "It is evident that Tennyson's views of the social world in his late years is interconnected with his brooding over immensity as revealed by modern astronomy." These are a few of the many extraordinary phrases of one who poses as a critic of literature. The meaning of the sentences quoted is, of course, fairly clear; but there are others from which we have managed to extract little but confusion. If we give one or two of these they may serve as specimens of the criticism of the book as a whole. Referring to a poem—which one the author does not make clear—we are told:

Throughout the poem many phrases and expressions indicating that the hero is far removed from the Christian conception of human life, and that in the hero feeling himself the victim of those conventions of society which men have tacitly agreed to respect among themselves, we have the opposite of that character which triumphs through self-suffering and a certain acquiescence in the ways of the world, and does not proclaim its petty griefs from the housetop. . . .

Many a young lad with a gift for rhyming has written as good, if not better, verses than Tennyson did in his teens, and has had the indulgent veto of his little circle as the coming poet, and who afterwards, abandoning verse, would be ashamed of the flatteries of his coterie, which, had they been realised, would have been recalled and printed, but, not realised, they were forgotten.

Other flaws, such as Alfred Austen (for Austin), P. B. Aldrich (T. B. Aldrich), Prosper Merinée (Merimée), etc., may be only misprints; but internal evidence makes us suspicious. The wildest statements are set forth seriously: "few Englishmen understand Ariosto, and without a sympathetic understanding of that gay and bland master Tennyson's *Princess* must remain a sealed book." This is sheer nonsense; and other statements,

some of them true enough, are quite useless. Of what use is it to say that "Tennyson's style is not that of Shelley"? Of course it is not! Or why state dogmatically that "Browning, with his intricate metaphysics, his craggy style, his frequent lapses from melody, and his obscurity, cannot be preferred to the symmetrically expressed thought, the smooth verse, and the Virgilian music of Tennyson"? He is so preferred by many good critics and students, and any assertion to the contrary is superfluous.

One point we must place on the credit side of this sad account; the author has a good chapter on the history and variations of the "Morte d'Arthur" legend, quite interesting, and moderately well written. This is a pleasant oasis in the desert—but alas! the desert is very wide and weary to the traveller in search of refreshment and stimulation, and he is like to give up in despair long before he reaches this lonely resting-place.

Pioneers of Empire

History of Upper Assam, Upper Burmah, and North-Eastern Frontier. By COLONEL L. W. SHAKESPEAR, 2nd Goorkhas. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

COLONEL SHAKESPEAR'S observation that there is hardly any part of India less known to the general public than Assam can hardly be accepted as correct, for many people must know of it as "the place where the tea comes from," as Brazil is famous—in "Charley's Aunt"—for its nuts. But, with the exception of those who have lived there, or had relations or friends engaged there in the Services or on the tea-plantations, few persons have any real acquaintance with the province, or with Upper Burmah, or, indeed, care to acquire it. This book contains much information for those who want to know, especially the students of ethnology and archæology. But it is also a valuable record of the steps by which the frontiers of British India are enlarged, and the dangers to which the pioneers of Empire are exposed. The general reader may well peruse with interest and pride the accounts of the doings of his countrymen in these frontier districts.

There are many indications in the numerous ancient forts, temples, inscriptions and old roads that Assam possessed "a stirring history and an old civilisation," but the causes of its decadence, whether climate, pestilence, or war, cannot be stated. Much has been discovered about its history, the Hindu dynasties, the Mogul invasions, and the tribes which dominated the country. Of the latter, the Ahoms, who gave their name to Assam, are among the principal, and they kept historical records from their arrival about 1220 A.D. There are also notable remains, monoliths, idols, and "stonehenges" which have their tale to tell. Besides the history of internal Assam, Colonel Shakespear describes successively the independent tribes, marked on his maps, of the northern frontier, up to Rima in the north-east, where contact is felt with Tibet and China; and to the south-east between Burmah and China. Many of these tribes dwell in a "no-man's land." They

vary in their characteristics and attitude to the British frontier officers. Some are friendly enough, others give much trouble. Raids to secure human heads have not ceased. Predatory incursions occur and cannot be neglected with impunity. Between 1848 and 1893 five expeditions against the Abors crossed the border, and the sixth expedition of 1911-12 may not be the last. The establishment of military posts has been found the best way of controlling savage tribes, and Military Police Battalions have been organised, capable of quicker mobilisation and action than Regular troops, to deal promptly with them as occasion arises. These tribes, operating in their own country, are not contemptible foes: they have their native methods of fighting, use poisoned arrows, are skilful in ambushes, treachery, and placing booby-traps and bamboo spikes; some of them possess fire-arms, and, having changed their tactics, have learnt to fight in trenches; their clothing is often scanty, sometimes discarded altogether by both sexes. At one time the official policy was to leave a certain tribe alone, with the result that twenty-two serious raids into British territory were committed within a year: non-interference was shown to be impracticable. Colonel Shakespear has studied the subject of frontier warfare carefully, and with the advantage of personal experience. He is evidently dissatisfied with the policy sometimes adopted, and attributes the various disasters and regrettable incidents of the past to neglect of proper precautions, half-hearted measures and unpreparedness. When the nature of the country, mostly jungly, mountainous, and inaccessible, is remembered, the success generally attained has been remarkable: wild tribes can only be controlled gradually, by patience and the skilful application of superior force.

International and Municipal Law

The Relation of International Law to the Law of England and of the United States of America.

By CYRIL M. PICCIOTTO. (McBride, Nast and Co. 6s.)

MR. PICCIOTTO'S study of international law as it affects Great Britain and America appears opportunely; it is a book for all who are in any way concerned with the interpretation of the law of nations in its bearing on municipal law, and its value is enhanced by the introduction written by Professor L. Oppenheim.

The disputes of two States often turn upon the way in which they regard international law and the treatment their courts give to its rules. In some States international law is considered to be part of the law of the land and its rules are applied in the courts. In particular, it has often been said that this is the case with England, and that the rules of international law must be applied in our courts, even though English municipal law is directly in conflict with them. To illustrate the practical importance of the question we may take the example of the Orders in Council of 1806 by which Great Britain sought to prevent all neutral

trading with France, and the Order in Council of a few days ago declaring what is virtually though not technically a blockade of Germany. In the former case the question arose, and in the latter it certainly will arise, of a possible conflict between the Orders and international law. This question cannot be answered unless and until we understand the whole relation of international law to the law of England. The problem for the first time has been exhaustively investigated by Mr. Picciotto, and the conclusions at which he arrives are that, on the whole, it is not true to say that international law is part of the law of England or of the United States.

Mr. Picciotto has examined the question from every standpoint, with equal patience and skill. He finds that an act of Parliament is always binding on English courts, although it be in conflict with international law; that in many cases a treaty is not enforceable in our courts unless its provisions are embodied in an Act of Parliament; and that in those cases where there is no conflict between international and English law, before a rule of international law is applied in our courts solid evidence is required that it has been accepted in practice by the great majority of civilised nations, and is not a mere theory of the jurists. In prize courts, however—and in this consists the great topical interest of the book—the author comes to the conclusion that a much wider scope is given to international law, and that it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether by the law of this country an Order in Council would be binding on a prize court if it were clearly in contradiction of international law. In the case of the United States Mr. Picciotto shows that no general statement that international law is part of the law of the land is at all tenable. The broad rule, however, is that a treaty made and ratified by the President, with the consent of the Senate, will be enforced in American courts as though it were an Act of Congress. In general, international law is regarded as the law of the land, unless and until it is contradicted by subsequent municipal law. Mr. Picciotto's study throws light on many obscure points, and should save the international jurist much time which he would otherwise have to spend in investigation. The volume will certainly find its way readily to every legal bookshelf.

A Clarion Call

The Sword of Youth. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

FROM far-away Kentucky, scarcely ruffled by the noise of the Old World at war, comes a calm, sweet story of battles long fought and loves long dead, inspired by thoughts of the old struggle and the new. "The author desires to dedicate the English edition of this story—a remembrance of the soldier-youth of the American Civil War—to the soldier-youth of England in this war of theirs." So runs the excellent prefatory inscription, and the story itself is worthy of the high expectations thus raised. It is simple enough. A boy,

brought up on his home-farm, left by father and brothers in charge of affairs, declares to his mother that he must go to "do his bit" in the conflict which has taken their lives. He leaves her, and his sweetheart, and starts on his long journey to the front. For two years no letters pass between them; then comes one from his mother, whose opposition has broken down as she feels the approach of death, pleading with him to come and see her. He deserts, with the assistance of a comrade with whom love was stronger than duty; he arrives too late, and in a restrained interview with the girl is told the news. In a note he tells her of his unfailing love, and of his failure in his duty to the army; he tramps back; is wounded, challenged, and pardoned; and the end is happy.

This is the barest outline; it is filled in with Mr. Allen's grave, quiet touches until it becomes a picture in low, pure tones, an *aquarelle* of April, softly glowing, without a smudge or a false stroke in the whole fine scene. The familiar methods are here—the queer, solemn effect produced by conversations in which the answers repeat the words of the questions, the interludes of description in which every phrase illuminates; but in the theme itself Mr. Allen found an opportunity for more thrilling work, and the reply of the young man to his mother, when she resents his determination to join the forces, is magnificent. "Remember," she says, "your father's last words to you."

He raised his arm, shook his finger back at her:

"I do remember my father's last words to me! He told me to stay here and be at the head of everything. Long have I heard those words of my father, and long, mother, have I heeded them. But I do not hear them any longer. What I now hear him say to me and have long heard him say is: 'Not there at home, but here where I and your brothers fell. Come and fill one of these places, come and fill all of them, if you can. Whatever you can do for your mother, you can do better here. No longer try to take our places on the farm. Every man, every boy, is needed on the battlefield.' That is what I hear my father say to me, and long have heard him, but have not heeded."

There may have been for her a breath of music in this that struck chords of music in herself, that smote the harp of her griefs. Again she answered and again she forgot him; again her mind passed from the little scene there at her feet to the great scene of the nation far away. She spoke to that:

"The war is nearly closed. It cannot last much longer, not much longer, not much. When it is over, those who survive will go upon the roll of eternal honour: they will be the soldiers of all time. But before it closes there may be some who, knowing that the danger is past and hardship at an end, will steal into the ranks at the last hour to get their names on that immortal list." Now again she remembered him; and she bent over and pointed a finger straight down at him:

"Would you like to be one of those? Are you going to try to claim a soldier's glory without having fought a soldier's battles? Do you wish to go down in history honoured for having done—nothing?"

He was beside himself with rage. He hurled his words back in her face:

"Is it my fault that I am not older, or is it yours that you did not bear me sooner? Did I decide when I was to be begotten or when I was to be born? Is it my fault that the war began when it did instead of beginning when it did not? If it is soon to end, then the sooner I am in it the better. Mother, would you see the South whipped and me not facing those who beat her? If this war ends without my going into it, what will my life be? How will I look my children in the eyes when they ask me years from now to tell them stories about it and when I say to them that I stayed at home; that I kindled fires, fed the turkeys, cooked slop for the pigs when there were any pigs? Are you willing to send me through my life along that road?" His nature broke in two, and part of it flowed back to her with the old faltering tenderness: "But I want your consent. Send me away as you sent away each of my brothers!"

There is no need to explain why we have given this long quotation; it sounds as a clarion-call to the young men of England who halt between two opinions to-day. That is the prime note of this book; it reaches the heart by many doors, but by none more truly and straightly than this—the pride of the young man in sharing the heat and burden of the fight. In writing it Mr. Allen has responded splendidly to a splendid impulse, and has again found one of his highest, clearest levels.

Two Novels

"ALL hope abandon ye who enter here" forms the keynote of Mr. Patrick MacGill's new novel, "The Rat-Pit" (Herbert Jenkins, 6s.), which describes a lodging for vagrant women in the under-world of Glasgow, "where human beings . . . are hemmed up like the plague-stricken in a pest-house." The author, who made his entrance into the literary world as a navvy poet, created no little sensation last year with "Children of the Dead End." "The Rat-Pit" is a companion story, an arraignment of the horrors of civilisation that is sure to come as a shock to those unacquainted with the tragic life of many an unfortunate social outcast. There is no hope in their world; they congregate in the foetid atmosphere of such low haunts as the Rat-Pit to try to forget in strong drink and sleep the troubles of a sordid existence. Mr. MacGill paints a terrible picture, but over-detail robs it of much of its force, and there is a lack of individuality about his characters. Nevertheless the book is a strong indictment of a shocking state of affairs which will prove a revelation to many readers.

Eirene Wigram selects a title, "Alan! Alan!" (John Murray, 6s.), which is sufficient to give anyone the shivers; and the story deals with murder and sudden death in holiday-making Switzerland, and an African past, which, to say the least, seems rather nebulous, though perhaps that is all one can expect out of a dark continent. The same may be said of the trial of Madeleine Leigh and of the solution of the mystery, which are lacking in clearness, but which, if the author had chosen to be more painstaking, would have made her story a good one. As it is, it fails to grip the reader, though in parts it promises to do so.

Shorter Notices

The British Empire

Sir Charles Lucas has written so much and so often on the British Empire, his opportunities for the study of his subject both from the inside and the outside have been so unique, that it is a foregone conclusion any summary of Imperial history in his hands would be of special value. There are many short histories of the Empire, but none better than, perhaps none quite so good as, "The British Empire" (Macmillan and Co., 2s. net), which Sir Charles Lucas describes as six lectures—a description which hardly encourages expectation of so complete and consistent a work. The little volume is published in a frankly propagandist spirit, and to those who sometimes talk glibly of the Empire without taking the trouble to read its history or understand its constitution and character a few hours spent with Sir Charles Lucas will be a revelation. It is indeed about as neat an answer as could be desired to the German argument that the British Empire is a selfish and an evil thing and should be resolved into its elements (for the benefit of altruistic and Kulturist Germany, of course). If recent events have not put all Little Englanders to shame, Sir Charles Lucas is capable of covering them with confusion by a mere recital of facts. We sometimes are told that what Germany is prepared to do to-day we have done in the past, and whatever the merits of the British Empire, with its freedom and its unity, the whole thing was largely based on "force and fraud." Sir Charles Lucas shows how we came by each portion of it, and if every page in our history has not been in strict accord with morality, the whole undoubtedly reflects credit on the integrity and the largeness of spirit, equalled only by the courage of pioneer and of soldier and sailor, which have gone to the upbuilding of the British Empire. Indeed, in at least one instance we behaved more generously than even Sir Charles Lucas shows, but that only goes to prove that he does not over-state his case in this admirable short history.

A Polish Review

The first number of *La Revue de Pologne*, which is to appear at the beginning and middle of each month, has just been issued in Paris. It contains a valuable collection of official documents relating to the Polish side of the war, an account of the Polish forces who form a unit of the Russian army, a review of international opinion affecting Poland, and much matter not easily available elsewhere, both as to the country and its international position. The magazine, which is edited by M. Antoni Potocki, will have the double effect of diffusing information as to Poland itself and of making clear beyond question on which side her interests and her sympathies lie. Poland, with its tragic past, is one of the small nations whose chances in the future depend entirely on the success of the Allies. *La Revue de Pologne* will be welcomed by all who would be informed. Copies may be obtained from the office, 12, Rue de l'Université, Paris, price 1 franc.

Solitude, Lunch, and Books

Being presented with a piece of land on the Canadian side of Niagara, the author, Mrs. Julia Cruikshank, and her husband—E., as she rather irritatingly calls him throughout "Whirlpool Heights" (G. Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d. net)—spend as much time camping out in the beautiful neighbourhood as they possibly can. The book is in the form of a diary, and records the

happenings of each day, Mrs. Cruikshank's views on solitude, books, and magazines—and the details of every meal. By far the best part of the daily record are the author's views and opinions of bookmen and books; for, although she is evidently greatly impressed by the charming scenery on all sides of their temporary dwelling-place, she does not convey to the reader any particularly thrilling revelation of its glory. But when she is dealing with the makers of books she is on much surer ground; her deductions give pause for thought, and in the main seem to be those of a woman who has an intellectual and healthy outlook on life. Her reading is wide and various, and it is naturally pleasing to note that THE ACADEMY is never absent from her table. She often enjoys a pleasant hour with one of her many favourite writers, and the reader can do no better than pay a similar compliment to the author of "Whirlpool Heights."

The Theatre

Revival and Survival

IT has been agreed long ago that Messenger's composition, "Veronique," is a fascinating affair. We may not be quite sure that the British public like it quite as well as less delicate work, but, in any case, the Easter holiday crowds appeared delighted to welcome the revival at the Adelphi Theatre. Everything that the management could do to assure success has been carried out. Added to many such general favourites as Miss Amy Augarde or Miss Elise Craven are new-comers, welcome as spring. Comparisons between the present and past casts seem both tedious and, in the present state of the theatre world, a little unfair. It is enough to say that all the old lovers of "Veronique" will be reminded of past unforgotten happy days, and all new lovers of light music will learn that at least as much cleverness is required to write in the vein of the "Swing" and "Letter" songs and, indeed, in the manner of the whole piece, as that needed for many a weighty work. In no case is a victory in the direction of refinement and gaiety more victoriously shown than in Messenger's "Veronique."

"Sealed Orders"

This is, perhaps, the happiest of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's and Mr. Henry Hamilton's clever attempts to fit the audiences of Drury Lane Theatre. It survives with ease just now because it can be adapted to the circumstances of the moment with excellent effect. Everyone knows the exciting story which begins with an admirably arranged robbery and goes on to give us pictures of the sea and battleships and more than a hint of international struggle. We consider "Sealed Orders" by far the most convincing of Mr. Arthur Collins' many productions, and as it is now played by that fine actor Mr. Sass, those capital students of character, Mr. E. H. Kelly and Mr. Ronald Squire, and with Miss Marie Illington in the part which the late Miss Fanny Brough made so telling, and the rest of the excellent company, it well deserves a long run.

EGAN MEW.

Maxims of the Kulturists

BY EGAN MEW

It's better to have lost and lied
Than never to have lied at all.
(*Wolff Bureau.*)

"Might is right, sink at sight,"
Thus will I carry on the light;
And in passing I'll nod
To our old Prussian God—
So I'm sure He will know I am right.
(*Letters from William to his People.*)

It's not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, my children;
We'll make the Austro-Hungarians and the Turks have
a try. (*Ibid.*)

All the world's a rage
And all the men and women
Merely slayers.
(*The German Author, Shakespeare.*)

He that maketh haste to be innocent shall not be rich.
(*Proverb of a Crown Prince.*)

The women and the children first.
(*Hunnish War Cry.*)

We know it's hard to die, but in Poland, at least, I
can make it much more difficult to be alive.
(*Old Saw by Von Hindenburg.*)

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain,
And sweet is death which puts an end to pain."
(*Original "Love Lyrics to Belgium."*)

"I love it, I love it, and who shall stand
And chide me for loving my neighbour's land?"
(*Ibid.*)

"To know, to esteem, to love, and then to *part*
Makes up the life we offer ev'ry conquered heart."
(*Ibid.*)

We are so noble in our own esteem that we are
obliged to seem a little crude to the rest of the world;
otherwise we should lose our balance, which, of course,
is absurd. (*Wisdom of Bethmann-Holweg.*)

I.

Gather the loot in while ye may,
Von Zeppelin still is fighting,
But these fair lands that smile to-day
To-morrow will be biting.

II.

That glorious gun of heaven, the Krupp,
The higher he is shelling,
The sooner will his race be up,
No longer victory spelling.

III.

That time is best that is the first,
When Uhlan blood is warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.
(*Advice of Eminent Parents to their Sons.*)

We are the God-destined friends of all the nations
of the world, and in the adversity of our best friends
we often find something which does not displease us.
(*The German Rochefoucauld.*)

There's nothing half so dear in life
As war's red stream.
(*Aphorism of a Kulturist.*)

MOTORING

ONE of the interesting problems just now is what
will be the effect of the war on the future of the
motor industry? Will there come a slump in the de-
mand or will there be a boom? From all we can gather
the boom is the more probable, and if that is likely
it is obvious that the time to think about buying a car
is not when peace is reached, but now. One direction
from which we understand orders are to be looked for
is Russia, which hitherto has taken the majority of
her cars from either Germany or Italy. Inquiries have
certainly been active recently among makers with a
view to Russian requirements in the future; dealers in
Russia have taken time by the forelock and are arrang-
ing to secure cars from both England and America.
Russia's vast spaces, the certainty that business in
Russia will undergo immense expansion in the next few
years, and her natural desire to promote relations with
Great Britain, all serve to suggest that the big makers
like Napier and others will have their hands pretty
full of Russian orders just so soon as the way is clear
for delivery. Russia herself has not so far shown
much aptitude for motor car manufacture. She lacks
the expert workman and she has not been able to com-
pete in the cost of manufacture with the Germans and
Italians. A differential tariff in favour of her Allies—
hitherto her duty on motor cars has been low—would
do much to ensure that orders went in the right
direction.

The City

AFTER the holidays things are a little quieter than
they were at the beginning of last week, but the
tendency is pretty cheerful. The further issue of
£15,000,000 of Treasury Bills, which were taken up at a
discount of 3½ per cent., is regarded as proof that the
Government and the banks are joining hands in an effort
to improve the conditions in Lombard Street. Another
£15,000,000 will be offered next Tuesday. The rates for
money have been absurdly low, and any step which tends
to make them more remunerative will undoubtedly be
welcome. On the Stock Exchange gilt-edged securities
have been steady though there has been little business.
The War Loan, Consols, the Queensland and New South
Wales Loans have not gone back, notwithstanding that
inquiries for scrip were few and far between. The Russian
5 per cent. Loan has been in some demand, and both
Japanese and Chinese derived some advantage from the re-
ported improvement in the outlook in the Far East. The
rise in the price of copper encouraged buying of copper
shares, and Amalgamated have again reached the pre-war

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level. Rubber and Oil shares are firm, certain rubber shares like Anglo-Malays apparently being in real request. Some of the rubber companies are working a long way short of original estimates. There is the Shelford, for instance. Its report shows an output of 157,000 lbs. for the year, against a revised estimate of 175,000 lbs.; in 1912 it was originally expected to produce as much as 195,000 lbs.; in 1914 its output was nearly 40,000 lbs. less than the optimist looked for some two years previously. Brewery shares have not been materially affected by the King's decision to keep the Royal table free of all alcoholic liquors during the remainder of the war. Whilst it is certain the King's example will be widely followed, it is not considered that firms of the highest standing like Guinness and others will be badly hit. The working man to whom so drastic a lead has been given does not indulge in Bass or Guinness; the makers of cheaper kinds of beer are likely to feel the pinch most.

The full report of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada shows a net decrease of £1,023,408 in gross traffic receipts, only one-third of which was accounted for by shortage on passenger traffic. Working expenses were down by £412,648 and were nearly 78 per cent. of gross receipts in 1914 as against nearly 74 per cent. in 1913. These figures explain why the directors have been able to pay no more than 3½ per cent. on the Guaranteed Stock and have had to pass over the First, Second and Third Preference altogether.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society—known as the Old Equitable—is in its 153rd year and is so strongly placed that its excellent return for 1914 was not surprising whatever the war conditions. As a matter of fact its new net business in 1914 was considerably larger than that for 1913. The Old Equitable pays no commission and consequently its ratio of expense to premium income is low, amounting to less than 6½ per cent. It is good to see the veterans among insurance offices easily holding their own with the younger and very vigorous competitors who are for ever discovering attractive baits for the capture of the un- or under-insured.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WAR AND AN IMPERIAL ZOLLVEREIN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I am glad to see that "Imperial Federation" is cropping up again in England, and in THE ACADEMY more especially. Perhaps I have employed rather an unfortunate title, "Zollverein"—because of the "German" nomenclature—yet I cannot very well find a more expressive one in such connection, since an Imperial Zollverein, or Imperial Federation founded on a free Customs basis, is exactly what I mean: Free Trade within and throughout the British Empire, and high tariffs on all foreign imports. I mean, also, something more, for I hope to live to see the day when there will not only be a well-established and well-rounded Federation of the British Empire, but a British Imperial Military and Naval Service, quite independent of political parties, and freed from all political entanglements, whose sole duty it shall be to safeguard the whole Empire, endowed with unlimited powers to that end; a Service, or Imperial Cabinet, so to speak, comprised of select representatives from all parts of the Empire, or Free British Commonwealths, in due proportion. Who can doubt now the necessity of this? And when was, or when could there ever be, a more fitting time and opportunity? Nor will either Time or Opportunity ever offer again! It is a question purely of life

or death to England and the Empire. There can be no drawing back, no sense in hesitation or procrastination. The hour is ripe, the issues are momentous; and the moment the war is fought to a finish action on such lines must be taken: action, or else disintegration. Nor are there now any longer, I should think, any "Little Englanders" extant; even they must have been rudely awakened to a higher, deeper, and truer realisation of the perils attending such benightedness. And surely the darkness of English pessimists and the incredulity of "Little Englanders" of the past regarding the inherent force and ability of the English nation to wrestle successfully against what they apparently once deemed insurmountable odds and "Destiny" must have been dispelled this time!

Has not England, and have not all Britons, nobly responded to the call of duty and to the necessities of the hour, and amply proved the true mettle and traditional courage of the race and of all its offshoots? Hence the imperative necessity, while the iron is hot, and while the blood is warm, to strike an effective blow that shall weld in indissoluble bonds the whole Empire. For while pure "sentiment" is a mighty factor, there is imminent peril in trusting solely to it in British Imperial relation, since, owing to the ever-increasing influences which attend the peopling of the widely scattered and thinly populated sections of the Empire—in the Antipodes, in North America, and in South Africa—it must needs follow that racial affections and Imperial interests will gradually wane and frequently clash unless practical and sagacious measures are adopted to ensure the closer union and common interests and safety of all. The commercial and industrial interests of all must be considered and promoted in order to assure and conserve the Union—when sentiment will not only prevail as purely as ever, but will become constantly more common and more effective. An Imperial Zollverein does not involve any sacrifice of Free Trade principles; it would simply mean Free Trade on a far more rational and effective scale than ever before—for England and for the whole Empire. Nor would it, wisely contrived, involve the slightest additional cost of living to the British consumer, since there is nothing required by the people of the British Isles that the Empire could not produce in plenty and to spare. It would simply mean an immense expansion of resources and development of agricultural and mineral resources, and increased prosperity throughout our realms.

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WAR BOOKS.

- War Verses, and Others.* By Irene Hammond. (The St. Catherine Press. 1s. net.)
Who Is To Blame? By C. T. Gorham. (Watts and Co. 3d. net.)
War and Rational Politics. By C. W. Hayward. (Watts and Co. 1s. net.)
Japan Our Ally. By W. Crewdson, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 2d.)

FICTION.

- The Scotchman and I.* By An Englishwoman. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)
The Chronicles of the Imp. By Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson, Low and Co. 3s. 6d.)
The House of the Foxes. By Katharine Tynan. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

- Hocken and Hunken.* By "Q." New Edition. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 1s.)
The Holy Flower. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
Mrs. Barnet Robes. By Mrs. C. S. Peel. (John Lane. 6s.)
The Voyage Out. By Virginia Woolf. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
The Splendid Blackguard. By Roger Pocock. (John Murray. 6s.)
Behind the Thicket. By W. E. B. Henderson. (Max Goschen. 6s.)
The Keeper of the Door. By E. M. Dell. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
Just Because. By Margaret Peterson. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
"To Arms!" By W. H. Williamson. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
The German Lieutenant. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

POETRY, THE DRAMA, Etc.

- Vineleaves.* By Arthur Lewis. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
Ventures in Thought. By Francis Coutts. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
Poems of Emile Verhaeren. Selected and rendered into English by Alma Stretell; with Portrait of the Author by John S. Sargent. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
Songs from the Clay. By James Stephens. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

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Notes of the Week

On Both Fronts

THE Carpathians and St. Mihiel are the outstanding points of immediate interest. Russia's magnificent work has been so far effective that the Germans have been forced to send large bodies of troops to the assistance of Austria. It is said that no fewer than seven German army corps have been dispatched to check the Russian advance, and that the Kaiser himself has gone to take a hand in directing operations, as though that were not a guarantee rather of failure than success! As, according to high German opinion, Russia is already showing signs of having taken on a task too big for her, we may assume that her achievements have been even greater than we know. With the Germans nothing fails so surely as the successes of the Allies. On the Western frontier our Allies have steadily progressed north-east and south-east of St. Mihiel; for the Germans, who are holding on to St. Mihiel with grim determination, the French are getting perilously near Thiaucourt, which is on the direct line of retreat to Metz, and we can only wonder how much farther they will be allowed to go before the enemy clear out. A French triumph here will do more to bring realities home to the obtuse German mind than perhaps anything else save the actual invasion of Germany itself.

German Propaganda

Germany is letting her temper get the better of her discretion. She has now taken to lecturing the United States on neutrality, and has charged America with supporting England's violations of international law. America, it seems, is sending us munitions of war, whilst not insisting on her right to send Germany food. The puerility of the argument is equalled only by its impertinence. It affords America an opportunity of understanding the methods of German propaganda. The American Press is very angry, and demands that Count Bernstorff should be given his passports. Germany's rectitude and innocent purpose are truly astonishing. General von Bernhardt has come out again in his own and his country's defence, and he makes out a case which, with those who can forget his writings and the moral of "Britain as Germany's Vassal," may carry some weight. The *Evening News*, we are sorry to see, has given Bernhardt's reply to his critics special publicity. Bernhardt's second thoughts are flatly contrary of his first in many essential respects,

and for the man-in-the-street who knows him not, put a gloss on German action which is mischievously untrue. Bernhardt now complains that he has been mistranslated and misrepresented. Unfortunately for him and his kind, the original writings are still available.

British Prisoners in Germany

No doubt remains as to the ill-treatment of British prisoners in Germany. Sir Edward Grey says the reports are corroborated from many independent sources. At least Germany might understand that British prisoners are entitled to the considerations which she demands on behalf of her pirates! Scandalous as the whole thing is, Germany is now instituting her reprisals on innocent British officers because the British Government refuse to honour her captured submarine officers and crew. Germany simply does not understand what humanity means. And Dr. Lyttelton and his friends plead that there must be no humiliation! British blood boils at the infamies she heaps on all who stand in her way. Sir A. Conan Doyle is right; the British soldier will realise that it is better to die than to be taken prisoner, and that means desperation added to normal British courage. Germany will find the addition costly.

Kitchener, the Great Human

An intensely interesting because intensely simple and human character sketch of Lord Kitchener the Man appears in *Lippincott's* from the pen of Mr. C. S. Cooper, the American writer. Lord Kitchener in the flesh he found, as have so many others, quite different from Lord Kitchener, the cold, calculating martinet of the imagination. Mr. Cooper entered Lord Kitchener's presence prepared to "curl up like a caterpillar on a hot shovel." He was instantly reassured. His greeting was marked by that subtle, indefinable something, gained neither in books nor on battlefields, "that marks a gentleman-born the whole world around." The interview took place in Cairo, and Lord Kitchener's love for and interest in the people committed to his charge was of that practical, manly, but not sentimental kind for which Mr. Cooper was admittedly not prepared. Mr. Cooper was so profoundly impressed by the unostentatious character of the man and his surroundings, utterly unlike anything he had anticipated, that he cannot even remember what the furniture of the room was. He found in Lord Kitchener not a glorified drill-sergeant but "a great Englishman, a great human, who not only could serve with resistless exactitude, but could also care as he served."

Circumstances Alter Cases

It would be difficult to throw the case of Mr. Robert Ross, the man of letters, the tribute to whom we dealt with last week, into sharper relief than by reference to the case of Mrs. John Chapman, the widow of the founder of the *Westminster Review*. For Mr. Robert Ross a testimonial is signed by the Prime Minister and others, and £700, which he does not want, are subscribed. Mrs. Chapman, eighty-two years of age, is in Hammersmith Workhouse. The *Nation* has done

good service in drawing attention to this wholly scandalous matter. Possibly Mrs. Chapman's privations were unknown to the Prime Minister and others so ready to rush to the assistance of "a man of letters," the value of whose contributions to letters strikes us as in inverse ratio to the value of the contributions on his behalf. Mrs. Chapman's troubles are, at any rate, known now, thanks to Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson (of 319, St. James Court, S.W.), and the sooner steps are taken to ensure her modest old-age comforts the better for our self-respect, common sense, and common humanity.

The Reviewer's Craft

THE name of Mr. Robert Lynd as an authority on matters journalistic is unfortunately unfamiliar to us. He bursts upon us in the *British Review* this month, and we ought, no doubt, to be deeply impressed by the profundity of his thoughts on the whole art and practice of the not always gentle, and more often incompetent, commentator on other people's books. It is said that everybody writes books nowadays; those who do not write them review them. If Mr. Lynd would frankly tell us that a good many so-called reviewers ought never to have been allowed to take up the rôle of guide, philosopher, and friend to a public which wants to know something about a book before it buys or orders from the library, he would achieve in a phrase what he takes many pages to suggest. His idea of a critic is amusing: "The critic on the Press is a news-gatherer as surely as the man who is sent to describe a public meeting or a strike." Could absurdity be put into neater form? Mr. Lynd's idea of the rôle of the critic is eminently flattering—to the reporter.

It is, of course, the critic's function to be judge rather than reporter. The real trouble is the unfitness of most would-be critics to sit in judgment on anything save, perhaps, the weight avoirdupois of a particular volume. How they ever induce editors to accept them as literary appraisers is one of the mysteries. We know what Disraeli, Coleridge, Shelley, and others who have suffered said of this "most stupid and malignant race." Mr. Lynd is of opinion that the mediocre quality of most reviews is due to a wrong conception of what a book review should be. We agree. Book reviewing is too frequently the merest hackwork of men who could not, to save their lives, write the book on which with anonymous assurance they dare to sit in judgment. Mr. Lynd contends that a review should contain a portrait of a book—obviously a conception that could only be realised if every reviewer were an artist capable of the very finest vignette work. "A critical portrait of a book by Mr. Le Queux may be amazingly alive; a censorious comment can only be dull." Where, we wonder, does Mr. Lynd get that notion? A censorious comment, improper though it be, is very often the liveliest of lively things. Said Byron:

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.

Yet, if there had been no critics, the gaiety of letters

and the resources of poetry would have been poorer to the extent of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

However, let us accept it that a portrait of a book rather than criticism is the desideratum. Mr. Lynd thinks the comparison of a review to a portrait fixes attention on what he regards as one essential quality of a book-review. "A reviewer should never forget his responsibility to his subject. He must allow nothing to distract him from his main task of setting down the features of his book vividly and recognisably. One may say this even while admitting that the most delightful book-reviews of modern times—for the literary causeries of Anatole France may fairly be classified under book-reviews—were the revolt of an escaped angel against the limitations of a journalistic form." Anatole France is, of course, a genius, and genius, Mr. Lynd concedes, justifies any method. "In the hands of a pinchbeck Anatole France, how unendurable the review conceived as a causerie would become! Anatole France observes that 'all books in general, and even the most admirable, seem to me infinitely less precious for what they contain than for what he who reads puts into them.' That, in a sense, is true. But no reviewer ought to believe it. His duty is to his author: whatever he 'puts into' him is a subsidiary matter. 'The critic,' says Anatole France again, 'must imbue himself thoroughly with the idea that every book has as many different aspects as it has readers, and that a poem, like a landscape, is transformed in all the eyes that see it, in all the souls that conceive it.' Here he gets nearer the idea of criticism as portraiture, and practically every critic of importance has been a portrait-painter. In this respect Sainte-Beuve is at one with Macaulay, Pater with Matthew Arnold, Anatole France (occasionally) with Mr. Henry James. They may portray authors rather than books, artists rather than their works, but this only means that criticism at its highest is a study of the mind of the artist as reflected in his art." In other words, Mr. Lynd asks us to believe that the best book-reviews deal not with the book, but the author!

Mr. Lynd's ideal review would make a call on the reviewer to which it is quite certain that very few are equal, and fewer still would care to respond. A reviewer must, he says, judge a book by the standard which the author aims at reaching. He must not, like a destroying angel, career about among books that do not pretend to be literature. Why not? Why, if a work is obviously bad, not stamp it as such? The only question is, is the critic competent to judge? We are reminded that Anatole France defined criticism as a record of the soul's adventures among masterpieces. "Reviewing, alas!" says Mr. Lynd, "is for the most part the record of the soul's adventures among books that are the reverse of masterpieces." Surely in these adventures we have the true critic's opportunity. Mr. Lynd hates generalisation; his own generalising does not go far to prove that his hate is ill-found. His review of the reviewer makes amusing reading to those who know something of the craft: but it will advance

nothing. The artist among reviewers—and there are quite a number—will continue to do good work; the hack and the man or woman who reviews merely to pass the time and add a few extra shillings, maybe pounds, to the weekly income will go on doing work indifferent or worse. Mr. Lynd's little lecture will not affect them because they either do not understand, or, if they understand, do not care. Only an editor with Mr. Lynd's ideals will make them care, and in that event the reviewing staff would be one specially disciplined—a luxury which some papers still enjoy.

The Truth About Night Clubs

BY LUCIUS

THE fanatic, like the average woman, never seems to mind hitting a man when he is down. Those who hoped that the great calamity which has befallen us would shame anti-vivisectionists, anti-inoculationists, little Navyites, little Englanders, and others of like kidney, into silence and a cessation of activity, have been doomed to bitter disappointment. The anti-inoculationists, to take one glaring example, have surpassed themselves since war began, and have succeeded in inflicting untold hardship, not only on individual soldiers, but on the entire regiments to which they belong. And all the other cranks seem equally to be taking advantage of the nation's misfortune to run their various propaganda more vigorously than ever. It is a triumph for Leagues of Long Faces. Only in war-time could the latest and most evil of the many agitations against harmless amusement—the outcry against the night clubs—have been tolerated. In this agitation, those clubs which are as well conducted as the Savoy or the Carlton are the ones most severely affected (because they are the only ones which count), and the class of people who suffer by the persecution is the class which most deserves its good time—soldiers back from the front.

In New York, it would be quite a natural hypothesis to conclude that the movement against night clubs, recently got up by our popular divines, had been engineered by financiers interested in the white slave traffic, for the purpose of increasing business. It is only in a country like our own that the cause of evil can be advanced as much by the stupidity of the well-meaning, as it is in others by the deliberate intent of the wicked. As a nation we love to abuse the things

we know nothing about. The very name "night club" is calculated to make a bishop or a fashionable preacher faint with horror. It positively reeks of sin, to certain sorts of noses. The kind of people who listen to the denunciations of ill-informed clergymen *have* the sort of nose, and are ready and eager to rush into the fray. Oblivious of the fact that our Piccadilly and Regent Street parades—which have been a public scandal in the metropolis for generations and are a by-word throughout Europe—go on unrestrained, they must needs fulminate against a number of perfectly well-run establishments, which every man who knows anything of life must realise do more to restrain vice than to encourage it. These clubs, which those who frequent the best of them know to be as orderly as any first-class restaurant, have been persecuted by our grandmotherly legislators, apparently because they are open late at night, and because they allow the officer who is back from the trenches for a few days' leave to have a little enjoyment. One wonders what Father Bernard Vaughan and others imagine goes on in the places of which they are so prodigal in abuse. But, still more, one wonders if they think that if the night clubs were closed the officers back on ninety-six hours' leave would go to bed at ten after a night-cap of beef-tea. Do they imagine that the result of closing the night clubs will be universal sobriety? If they do, we can only say that such crass ignorance of human nature is hardly likely to make them any good at helping others.

What actually takes place in a good night club is certainly very different from the unbridled orgie which fashionable preachers would have us imagine. The great majority of people who go to them spend a harmless evening of healthy amusement and exercise. Instead of going "on the loose" in questionable company, perhaps falling in with one of the harpies of Piccadilly and drinking very inferior drinks, the young officer who goes to a night club after the play, with the friend of his choice, is under the eye all the time of women of his own class. Even if he wished to be intemperate—and the suggestion is a characteristic libel of the Prohibitionists—he would be restrained by this fact quite as much as by the strictness of the Club authorities. Whatever he drinks, though, I admit, ruinously expensive, is the best of its kind; the surroundings are charming; and after dancing hard to the music of an excellent band he will be healthily tired and quite ready for bed at the end of the evening.

Human nature, sad as it may appear, will never be altered by cranks and old women. The men who have suffered months of misery and discomfort in the

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trenches, when they come home will insist on having what they consider a good time, no matter what preventive legislation is passed. They will want good food and wine; they will want to stay up late and to enjoy the society of charming girls. If anyone deserves these pleasures in war-time surely it is the men home from the battlefield for an all too short holiday.

If the cranks have their way and the night clubs are closed we may be quite sure that the attractions of Piccadilly will remain open. Whatever may be our qualities as a nation, we are certainly not consistent!

The Romance of the Flower Stall

THE Londoner is chiefly made aware of Spring by artificial means. He sees certainly the almond-trees gleaming pink against the cold grey skies, and in occasional favoured spots the green of daffodils and tulips pushing its way bravely up to the rare sun-rays, but his real sensations of Spring, of its colour and warmth and gladness, are evoked by the millinery of West End windows and the glowing fragrance of flower shops and stalls in the still wintry streets. The primroses that he sees are not growing in country hedge-rows, side by side with the sweet blue violet, or hanging in dainty profusion over the streams of budding copses, musical with the song of birds; they are in prim bunches in the basket of a hawker of doubtful cleanliness; the daffodils, the real Lent lilies that the country children love to pick, stand crushed in masses in unsympathetic jars instead of blowing in a pale gold sheet on the open slope of a southern wood, nodding a thousand heads as the wind sweeps over them, turning their spikes to silver and back again to softest green. In exchange for these joys he has the whole romance of Spring compressed into the glowing mass of colour that we call a flower-stall.

There is such a one that has for background a gaunt grey church against whose ancient rails are propped boxes of gorgeous blooms, tier above tier, the lowest resting on the well-worn stones of an alley running at right angles to the street; whether the owner has a fine eye to the value of contrasts, or the situation be merely the accident of a tacit permission to use the quiet corner, is open to doubt, but the result is entire gratification to the eye of the passer-by, and, to judge from appearances, an equal prosperity to the seller.

Here in the open street, pleasantly sheltered from biting winds, bloom the treasures of the Spring from southern lands, from scented islands, from home cottage gardens. Sheaves of carnations, pink and crimson, spikes of Easter lilies of almost unearthly whiteness, roses so red and vivid as scarcely to look like nature, masses of violets, of anemones of every hue, intermingle with tulips in their bravery of gold and vermilion, with windflowers scarlet as the heart of flame, primroses and daffodils, waving sprays of feathery mimosa, wilting somewhat in the cold and speaking pathetically of other and warmer suns; on

the flagstones beneath stand pots of growing things, hyacinths in endless profusion and colouring, sending forth waves of perfume as arresting as their colour. As a picture it is beautiful, as a page from the scrap-book of the Spring it is enthralling. Roses and carnations, mimosa and anemones, great scented violets—all are ambassadors from the spring of the South, where white roads run through palm-trees beside seas of sapphire, under skies equally blue and radiant, where golden sunshine warms cheeks and hearts. There is a hint of its spicy fragrance in their perfume, something heavy and indolent, that has in it the magic of the South, of a spring that will turn later to arid heat, to scorching suns and dried-up vegetation, but which in its flowering time is a veritable paradise.

The tulips take us inevitably to Holland, to low-lying lands between placid canals and reed-fringed dykes, where they grow in serried battalions, erect and precise as an army, tended by Dutch boys and women in ample garments and wooden shoes oddly in consonance with the landscape and the growing flowers. Prim as their country, we say, and then remember with a swift sense of wonder their origin in the low green valleys of the Himalayas, softly sloping to the sun beneath snow-clad peaks, and in springtime gay with a carpet of tulips, for which we have no match in Western lands. To us of all flowers they seem most formal, associated with the parterres, the clipped hedges and borders of the tended garden; nevertheless, they come from the most ancient of nations, the centre of mystery and the cradle of civilisation. As they are the army of bulbdom, the gallant brigade in scarlet and gold, the hyacinths, heavy with perfume and dressed in the colours of the rainbow, are the fine ladies of the land, their show the most imposing of all the flowers of Spring. Again it is a far cry from the magnificence of royal blue, of sulphur and salmon, of every shade of rose of which painter's palette is capable—blooms curled and double, single and variegated—to the simple beauty of their origin, the humble bluebell of the countryside that soon will turn the undergrowth of innumerable copses into seas of living azure, with here and there a snow-white bloom to give credence to the relationship. Some there are, in virtue of such sights, who wonder if culture, increasing as it does size and magnificence, adds to beauty!

The varieties of narcissus, standing in great sheaves in jars and boxes in a bewildering choice of shape and colouring, come from the Scilly Isles, and from the fields of France left untrodden by the grim foot of war. While bitter winds and grey skies are our portion, they blossom by acres in these fortunate isles, tended chiefly by the kindly sun and soft sea-breezes. There is one kind which beyond all other flowers is the spirit of the Spring, the *Narcissus poeticus*, poised like a white butterfly on its slender stem, its fragrance delicate as its own wistful loveliness of contour. This is the flower around which tradition plays lovingly. Narcissus, the beautiful Greek youth, was beloved by Echo, but after the rapture consequent on seeing his own beauty in a pool he became blind to any other

charms, and at last sank into his own embrace in the deep still water that reflected it, preferring oblivion to the pain of being separated from the vision. In sorrow that such beauty should be eternally lost, the Earth God suffered his fair flesh to spring up again each year in the shape of a flower, of white and pure gold, that loves to linger for a few brief days still on the margin of woodland pools, to see reflected its fragile beauty in the cool, clear mirror of the water, and then to sink back into the bosom of the earth. To-day the narcissus glows in its myriads in our streets in company with the daffodil of the orchard, the "hundreds and thousands" or "butter and eggs" of the cottage garden, linking the ancient with the modern, poetry of old with the horticulture of to-day, bringing romance into the prosaic business element of the London flower-stall.

REVIEWS

Napoleon at His Worst

Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena. By NORWOOD YOUNG. (London: Stanley Paul. 2 Vols. 32s. net.)

TIME so far modifies historic perspective that it is by no means certain posterity is able to judge events a century old with fairness to all parties concerned. Much controversy there has been about Napoleon's treatment on the Island of St. Helena, and much there will doubtless continue to be. Historians who look at all the questions involved in Napoleon's exile, from the calm standpoint of the library, and do not keep constantly in mind what Napoleon had been to England and Europe for years before Waterloo, who think of him only as a fallen giant and forget that he was a veritable ogre to our great grandfathers, cannot possibly take a judicial view of his complaints or of the attitude towards them of the British Government and Sir Hudson Lowe. Napoleon, the genius which carried him to a throne notwithstanding, was an adventurer, and an adventurer of an unprincipled type. He achieved greatness only to abuse it, and his escape from Elba, with all its consequences, was in itself sufficient to warrant the most drastic, even humiliating, conditions when once he was again a prisoner. There has been a vast deal too much false sentiment wasted over Napoleon; if he had been as great a man in other directions as he was in the field, if he had not allowed vaulting ambition so far to o'erleap itself that disaster was inevitable, Europe would have been spared more than one tragedy and Napoleon would have established a higher claim to our admiration. Mr. Norwood Young has rendered a fine service to history by his exhaustive and patient examination of all the papers and documents bearing on the miserable years from 1815 to 1821. With such a mass of material to sift and collate, it is not, perhaps, altogether remarkable that he should have fallen into some errors of minor

importance. They do not affect the value of the work as a whole.

For the first time the public is in possession of evidence enabling it to form a more trustworthy opinion on Napoleon's last days, on the men who were directly associated with him at Longwood, and on the Governor whose character and conduct have been so much misrepresented by Napoleonic partisans. Never, perhaps, had a man a more difficult office than that of Sir Hudson Lowe. Napoleon was little better than a snarling brute, and his entourage naturally made it their business to lend colour to his grievances. If Napoleon had been a different sort of person, Lowe would not have been the ideal Governor, but, when the charges against him are examined with the minute care which Mr. Young bestows on them, it may, we think, be said that Lowe comes out of the ordeal with credit. It was a terribly sore point with Napoleon that his imperial rôle was no longer recognised when he was a prisoner. He resented being called "General Bonaparte," and imagined that honours which Europe had bestowed Europe could not take away. The chances are that, if he had fallen into other hands than England's, he would have lost not merely honours but life. When he was a fugitive he was keenly alive to the fate which awaited him if the Prussians secured his person. He would give himself up only to England, and apparently he believed that he would find not merely asylum in England itself but homage and emolument. Napoleon had just reason for complaint on some grounds, but his intolerant and sulky attitude often made it impossible to do anything for him. He invented or imagined all sorts of wrongs, and his creatures in Europe, like Gourgaud, endeavoured to enlist sympathy for him by the most shameless fabrications as to Lowe's brutality. "Napoleon," wrote Gourgaud to the Tsar Alexander, "has been placed under the guard of a man whose sole occupation it is to invent every day some new restriction or humiliation. In short, sire, it is by pin-pricks that they are killing, while they keep him in irons, the man to conquer whom the whole of Europe in coalition had not too many armies." There was no insult too great for Napoleon to heap on the Governor, and certain people even in England came to believe that Lowe was wantonly inconsiderate, whilst, of course, the party politicians had their own ends to serve, so that Lowe was not allowed to vindicate himself. Sir Hudson Lowe, it may safely be said, was an angel of light compared with what Napoleon himself would have been, had he been master in similar circumstances. His suspicions, however unwarranted, were not wholly unnatural in one with his record. Mr. Young says:—

Napoleon protested over and over again that it was Lowe's object to poison him, or drive him to suicide, or worry him to death. This was not all pretence; for—it has to be said—Napoleon himself would not have allowed so powerful an enemy, whose mere existence was an unnecessary menace, to continue to live. When the Duc d'Enghien had been put to death, Napoleon observed that he wished people to understand of what he was capable. He repeated the lesson

until there was no mistaking it. Napoleon was a Corsican of the eighteenth century. What more natural than to have supposed his enemies would take what he would himself have regarded as the only sensible course!

One of the most pathetic documents in this book is the letter addressed by Napoleon's mother to the Sovereigns of Europe. The poor woman no doubt believed that the stories of Lowe's malignity were true. We cannot help wondering what the feelings of the monarchs of Europe were when they read this appeal:—

Sires,—A mother, afflicted beyond all expression, has long cherished the hope that the meeting of your Imperial and Royal Majesties will afford some alleviation of her distress.

The prolonged captivity of the Emperor Napoleon gives occasion for appealing to you. It is impossible but that your magnanimity, your power, and the recollection of past events should induce your Imperial and Royal Majesties to interest yourselves for the deliverance of a Prince, who has had so great a share in your regard and even in your friendship.

Would you suffer to perish, in miserable exile, a Sovereign who, relying on the magnanimity of his enemy, threw himself into his power? My son might have demanded an asylum from the Emperor, his father-in-law; he might have consigned himself to the generosity of the Emperor Alexander, of whom he was once the friend; he might have taken refuge with his Prussian Majesty, who in that case would no doubt have recollected his old alliance. Should England punish him for the confidence which he reposed in her?

The Emperor Napoleon is no longer to be feared. He is infirm. And even if he were in the full enjoyment of health, and had the means which Providence once placed in his hands, he abhors civil war.

Sires, I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. Pardon my grief, which prompts me to take the liberty of addressing this letter to your Imperial and Royal Majesties.

Do not render unavailing the entreaties of a mother who thus appeals against the cruelties that have so long been exercised towards her son.

In the name of Him who is the essence of goodness, and of whom your Imperial and Royal Majesties are the image, I entreat that you will interest yourselves in putting a period to my son's misery, and restore him to liberty. For this I implore God, and I implore you who are His lieutenants on earth.

Reasons of State have their limits; and prosperity, which gives immortality, loves above all things the generosity of conquerors.

I am, etc.,

MADAME MÈRE.

The Tsar Alexander took the lead, with crushing logic, in answering this epistle, and, whilst showing that the character of the laws of England exposed the calumnies, pointed out that Napoleon's captivity would have been less painful if he had seen his way to "renounce his pretensions to grandeur and to exactions incompatible with his situation and the actual state of his fortune." That is the whole secret. Mr. Young lays it pitilessly bare. The book with its illustrations is an absolute mine of information on the tragi-comedy of the final phase.

Two Poets and their Prose

Essays in Criticism. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Second Series. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

Selected Prose Works of Shelley. With Foreword by H. S. SALT. (Watts and Co. 9d. net.)

THE assertion that a sound philosophy immeasurably increases the value of a poet's work, made by Matthew Arnold of Wordsworth, is a tempting subject for debate, and we believe that the "ayes" would win were it put to the trial, in spite of all the music-makers whose fame rests more on melody than on moral ideas beautifully expressed. It was a permanent, vital truth that led Meredith to write:—

I bleed, but her who wounds I will not blame.
Have I not felt her heart as 'twere my own
Beat thro' me? could I hurt her? heaven and hell!
But I could hurt her cruelly!

Here, as in a hundred verses that might be quoted from any great poet of humanity, thought inspires above all mere music; the sharp pang of instant recognition, half a pain, half an intense pleasure, gives at one thrust the knowledge of high, clear regions beyond the sweetness of clever rhyme.

It follows that a basis of sound philosophy, discovered, perhaps, as we penetrate the prose work of a poet, must also have its value; but the whole argument turns upon our interpretation of the word "sound," and, in considering Shelley's essays, we hear, now and then, the hollow ring which tells of no solidity or great strength beneath. Of Byron, Goethe said: "The moment he begins to reflect, he is a child"—piercing criticism of a poet, indeed! With some reason the remark can be applied to Shelley. His "Refutation of Deism" is unsatisfactory and confused; he is possessed by a fine, fearsome intolerance in his "Letter to Lord Ellenborough," even though he is actually pleading the cause of tolerance; and his reputation as an atheist is shaken by many admirable passages in his "Essay on Christianity," which, we aver, no convinced atheist could have penned—"We do not believe," said Francis Thompson, "that a truly corrupted spirit can write consistently ethereal poetry." "What years of labour, what study and comparison, are needed to bring the critical judgment to maturity!" wrote Amiel of Sainte Beuve; and it is impossible to avoid wondering what Shelley would have made of his doubts and defiances had he lived to a riper, more coolly reflective age. No comfortable couch of a pleasant, confident faith would have been his; he would ever have realised in himself that some souls are preserved from death by their very fighting with doubt; but he might have learned to look with a kindlier eye upon the historical evidences that enraged him, and his resentment against other points of view might have changed as he grew capable of perceiving them. "Shelley's asserting a thing vehemently does not prove more than that he chose to believe it and did believe it . . . his power of persuading himself was equal to any occasion," said Matthew Arnold; and we have only to read these stormy essays to feel what a dangerous power it was—sincerity uncurbed by

Prose

reason being then, as now, one of life's frequent, most interesting and occasionally vexatious problems. He was in truth the "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." He ranted sometimes, but was ignoble never.

It was in his exquisite "Defence of Poetry" that Shelley's unspoiled self was shown; it is a gem one may continually turn to the light, catching new gleams and colours at every handling, and its definitions of poetry, if vague and often copious, are certainly more fascinating and inspiring than Matthew Arnold's rather tiresomely repeated "criticism of life" theory. Hear him, as he thrills to his superb theme:—

All high poetry is infinite; it is as the first acorn, which contained all oaks potentially. Veil after veil may be undrawn, and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never exposed. A great poem is a fountain for ever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all of its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight.

To such heights Matthew Arnold never reached; in Shelley's pages, after the slow, almost laboured introductory passages, we see the splendours which charmed the senses of Francis Thompson, the resemblances of spirit which brought atheist and Catholic into magnificent union across the gulf of seventy years.

Arnold, however, reasoned closely, impressively, and formed his opinions wisely; his prose is the prose of a scholar. In his poetry, with its peculiar beauty of solemnity, anxiety, and sadness, his doubts never rose to the tumult of Shelley's; in his prose his criticism was orderly and restrained. We picture him treading delicately—a shade too delicately—among the problems of his age. It is difficult to resist the impression, sometimes, that admirable though he was, with all the attributes which go to make a definite type of Englishman—serenity, gravity, tone, style—he was too gentle, hardly searching enough, in his criticism. One of his best literary essays—that on Wordsworth—is reprinted in the volume before us; its qualities of analysis and selection are notable; and the discourse on "The Study of Poetry" may well be read with Shelley's "Defence" as an example of the widely different ways in which two powerful and independent intellects may deal with a theme. In these little books, which we have taken together because, in spite of obvious variations, there is yet a critical outlook in which they focus distinctly, with a perfectly visible relation to one another, the student will find far more material for his imagination and research than we have been able here to indicate. It is by the constant exercise of contrast and comparison that the critic is stimulated, and between the riotous melodies of Shelley and the grave harmonies of the later poet lie exceptional opportunities for minds that are thoughtful, observant, and discriminating.

Mr. John Lane will publish next week "Carillons of Belgium and Holland," by W. Gorham Rice.

Garden and Woodland

The Garden Under Glass. By W. F. ROWLES. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

Every Woman's Flower Garden. By MARY HAMPDEN. (Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net.)

Woodland Trees and How to Identify Them. By J. H. CRABTREE. (Charles H. Kelly. 1s. net.)

A Chaplet of Herbs. By FLORENCE HINE. (G. Routledge. 2s. 6d. net.)

BOOKS on gardening are as various and as numerous as opinions on gardening. With the increase of the interest in horticulture, the demand for specialised treatises has become great. "The Garden Under Glass" is an admirable example of a really useful book on a special subject; the greenhouse itself and suitable flowers receive adequate treatment, but the space given to cucumbers and melons would have been better amplified. Mention is not even made of the elusive canteloupe, which so few English gardeners attempt to grow, notwithstanding the yearly challenge we receive when the French crop matures.

"Every Woman's Flower Garden" is deficient in many ways. It is not as good as the five colour plates by Mary S. Reeve would at first sight make it appear; or is it that we are backsliding? The chapter "Beautiful Borders and Beautiful Bedding-out" makes us feel twenty years younger. Then comes a gladness that we are as old as we are. We must not backslide, despite the author's plea for "the trim mosaic of blossom" backed as it is by the much use of a pair of compasses. We do not want to see design Fig. 59 "reproduced elsewhere," despite "the deviation of outline" which is advised as a means to prevent its exact reproduction. Rightly has carpet bedding been "vetoed as a desecration of nature." That architects have not generally contrived to reduce the stiff angularity of houses is no reason for our perpetuating their sins in our gardens; and no proper analogy can be drawn between trimmed evergreen hedges and carpet beds. The true aim in a garden should be to secure repose freed from monotony. There can be no repose in a "trim mosaic of blossom," and carpet beds do not free a garden from monotony; they are interruptions. Has Mrs. Jekyll lived in vain? The book is unequal. The chapter on prunings and clippings is well set out; that on edgings is unsatisfactory. The one on rockeries is impractical. A suggested source of supply for rockwork is "from among the short herbage on the Sussex Downs," and the means of conveyance of "two or three knobbly lumps" under one's arm, in "brown paper," too, to say nothing of a "fourth" knobbly lump "in the retirement of a bag"—but enough. As one of the irritating proverbs (*sic*) at the end of each chapter says, "It's no use crying over a clouded sun."

"Woodland Trees and How to Identify Them" is a most elementary little book. This should not excuse the neglect to distinguish between the common varieties of the Oak and *Q. Pendunculata* and *Q. Sessiliflora*, or between the Birch, "The Lady of the Woods" (*B. Verucossa*) and her stiff-necked sister (*B. Pubescens*).

"A Chaplet of Herbs" is not a necessity to a gardener, but a luxury. It is a little book of quotations culled from most of the old herbalists. It is well that they are garnered for our delight in so compact a form. If a little paragraph had been added to each herb mentioned on its culture and modern use, it would have supplied a need; but, as we have said, this little volume is a luxury, so garden lovers must needs go off and buy a copy, even though they have to save up again for the seed potatoes.

The Lure of the Sea

Sea Pie. Being More Reminiscences of J. E. PATTERSON. (London: Max Goschen. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN the veins of some it is born, this strange, strong, silent fascination of the sea, from which no hardship, no persuasion, no charm of softer life can turn them. In the pages of Mr. Patterson's book it breathes—created by the atmosphere that only the sailor and sea-lover knows—that exhilaration and thrill caused by the power of the sea, majestic in anger, in the force of the storm; the sense of its personality to the man who lives on its bosom, separated from its spell only by the planks beneath his feet, to whom many times the bed of the sea beckons plain through the foaming waters, covered as it is with the wrecks of gallant ships, with good men's bones, with treasures from the four points of the compass. The interest of these reminiscences lies in the ability of the author to convey these sensations to his reader—the sting of the cold north gale, of ice and sleet and driving rain, the dangers that existed for the trawlers faring forth regularly to supply the fish course for the aristocrat's table in good weather and bad, long before the menace of the submarine and lurking mines were added to their number.

The superstition of the sailor and its apparent justification in the stories told in this book is another feature of the sea familiar to its devotees. The sailor between whom and eternity is the frailest of defences is too near it to scoff at the supernatural, and is a firm believer in omens and warnings and in the coming home of curses to roost on the head of the evil-doer. The ghost-stories included in the book have a touch of the spell of the Ancient Mariner, its eerie, chill inevitableness, and are among the best things contained in it. Were Mr. Patterson's literary gift as great as his spiritual affinity for the sea and all pertaining to it, he would indeed rank as a master of his particular branch of writing; unequal as he is, his work rises at times to the level of real power and dramatic quality. His great gift, however, lies in his power to depict the seafaring man, his character and quality, essentially different from anything known on shore, bred by communion with the sea. There is a restraint and a sensitiveness wedded to his endurance, a capacity for tragedy grafted on to spontaneous humour that are the outcome of a constant sense of danger and of isolation from the mass of men. The book is crammed with story and anecdote; folks from east and west jostle with the

north and south; but through it all, like the sap in the branches of the tree, there runs this constant sense of the lure of the sea, calling and binding to its service eternally those who go down into the great waters.

Fiction

REGINALD AUGUSTUS, a delightfully entertaining small boy of nine, is, quite naturally, the real hero of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's latest story, "The Chronicles of the Imp" (Sampson Low and Co., 3s. 6d.), but his Uncle Dick runs him very close for the honours of that proud position. It is Dick who acts as chronicler, and he records with a lively sense of humour the progress of his own love affair with the Beautiful Lady, which the antics of the Imp, as he fortuitously personates the Roman standard-bearer landing through the surf, Robin Hood, or Little John armed to the teeth, an Indian Chief with tomahawk and bow and arrow, and a Rover Bold with the "Jolly Roger" at the masthead of the pirate craft *Black Death*, help in no small degree to bring to a happy conclusion. These fervid make-believes of a child at play are so happily timed, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps deliberately, as utterly to rout the Wrong but Rich Young Man and his ally, the Adverse Aunt, with the result that Uncle Dick, the Right but Poor Young Man, marries the Beautiful Lady, who thereby becomes Auntie Lisbeth, and the happy pair sail away to the Land of Heart's Delight aboard the good ship *Joyful Hope*. Though the plot is slight, and there is nothing very novel about the small boy hero, the story, which is illustrated, possesses a charm that is sure to fascinate those who have not yet forgotten the play hours of their childhood and the "amorous, and fond, and billing" days of their adolescence. As Mr. Clement K. Shorter says in a kindly appreciation of the author and his work, which prefaces the present volume, it is "a simple story with which we may pass a pleasant hour." But, gay and amusing as it is, it is not likely to achieve the success of the author's "The Broad Highway," of which over 600,000 copies have been sold after its rejection by several astute publishers.

"The Secret Flat," by Gertie de S. Wentworth James (Werner Laurie, 6s.), is not exactly intended for the young person, although written by a lady. The heroine, a composer of love lyrics, tells her own story, which is not a pleasant one, for she treats the seventh commandment as though it were the now historical "scrap of paper." With the advent of the war she loses her means of livelihood, her lover leaves for the front, her husband divorces her, the refugee to whom she at last looks for consolation refuses to stay with her, and she finds herself in a truly piteous state. Mrs. Wentworth-James is a robust writer with a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and her study of the woman is a clever one; but we would she had chosen a healthier subject on which to exercise her undoubted talent.

There is nothing very new about "The Endless

Quest," by Mark Somers (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.); we are most of us living it every day of our lives, until the grave puts a term to our seeking. Tony Darrell goes forth in search of adventure, just like a knight of old, and encounters Joan Fairfax, with whom he spends an idyllic week on the Norfolk Broads. But Joan, although not averse from matrimony, is sufficiently modern and matter-of-fact to require something more than a husband's warm heart to live upon. So Tony continues the quest and goes to the Far West to win a fortune. Letters pass between them, but they are few and far between, and so unsatisfactory that, when Tony returns, still on the quest, he finds Joan married to his dearest friend Culver. The denouement is well worked out, and, on the whole, Mark Somers has written an entertaining story.

As a study of pettiness we commend Mr. Horace Newte's new novel, "A Pillar of Salt" (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). In a sub-title it is labelled "a story of married life," and so it is, but married life in its most deplorable and uninteresting form. A well-meaning but wearisome husband, a vulgar, dissatisfied wife, and a rather contemptible, third-rate lover form the chief characters, and the author deals in a masterly manner with the sordid situation down to the minutest detail. It is all very true, for, no doubt, such people exist; it carries a moral, also, for at last the erring wife "looks back," and her paltry romance is at an end.

Shorter Notices

A Mother's Sacrifice

SHIELDED by anonymity and death, it is perhaps not fair greatly to criticise the work of an author so earnest of purpose, so true in womanly sympathy, as is "The Little Mother Who Sits at Home" (Jack, 3s. 6d. net). Left a widow with a son a few years old, the mother wrote this series of letters, some being actually posted, others penned from the desire of the writer to place her intimate thoughts on paper, to her son as a boy at school, a youth at college, and a young man in town. Through them all breathes a spirit of tender devotion, sacrifice, and unswerving love. To the mother the son represents all she lives for, and to further his interests and to give him the best education, in the worldly acceptance of the term, she refuses to marry again, gives up her home, exists on insufficient food, and finally, on account of not undergoing an operation when it might have saved her life, slips quietly out of an existence not made particularly happy by the one for whom everything was done, every small luxury and many necessities were banished.

It is fortunate that stories in the form of letters are not too frequent an occurrence in the literary world; otherwise, they would be very boring, for it requires a distinctive touch to make them interesting, while in the hands of a poor writer they can be most irritating. In the present instance the picture is very clear; the reader feels that he knows intimately the young son, the anxious mother, "cookie," and a little less of the

one who could only be accepted as a dear friend, although he would willingly have become a second father to the boy on whom all thoughts, all tenderness, were bestowed. The poor mother's love was perhaps not sufficiently tempered with wisdom; hence the unfortunate straying of the youth and her own untimely end; but the book as it stands reveals a woman of a tender spirit and devotion who considered no sacrifice too great, no love too deep, to offer to the one human being for whom she breathed.

Belgium's Poet

Very sombre is the general note of the "Poems of Emile Verhaeren" (Lane, 3s. 6d.) which have been selected and rendered into English by Alma Strettell. The dismal effect of the flat, Flemish countryside under steady rain; the tragedy of a blazing belfry, when the bell falls and buries the old ringer; the snow,

. unfruitful and so pale
In wild and vagabond tatters hurled
Through the limitless winter of the world;

these and other depressing themes are treated skilfully; but towards the end there are two or three glimpses of a more cheerful mood. As to the translation, it may be correct—we should like to see the originals—but it does not always make English poetry. Take the first stanza of "Life":—

To see beauty in all, is to lift our own soul
Up to loftier heights than do those who aspire
Through culpable suffering, vanquished desire.
Harsh Reality, dread and ineffable Whole,
Distils her red draught, enough tonic and stern
To intoxicate heads and to make the heart burn.

This is the poorest of stuff, and has no relation whatever to poetry. It takes a poet to translate poetry, and we fear that M. Verhaeren has suffered. There are better things, of course, in the book, and a good idea may be gained of the temperament and outlook of the Belgian poet, but not, we suspect, of his peculiar appeal. A portrait of Verhaeren by Sargent is given as frontispiece.

A Discussion on Style

In a little book curiously entitled "Hark to These Three!" (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d.) Mr. Sturge Moore has packed a large number of ideas into a small space, and the process of unpacking undertaken by the reader is a fairly long one, since he is compelled to consider each item as it is handed out. In other words, every page teems with thought-provoking sentences. The form chosen is that of a conversation between three friends on style, and it is beautifully treated. "The tiger with grand inevitability brings down the gazelle"—thus proving that "some acts of cruelty have a witching style." "A Don Juan might magnificently mock at those who think they have established virtue in a permanent form. Keats lies about the nightingale at precisely the right moment with exactly the appropriate frame of mind. Blake's hasty aphorisms often have more charm than Wordsworth could command when he felt most profound." Possibly we may return to the theme in another issue; but for the present it is sufficient to say that in this strange commotion of ideas Mr. Sturge Moore has given food for much thought and for inspiring debate. The whole conception is brilliant, the work of a keen critic whose power of analysis is emphasised by humour.

MOTORING

IN spite of the many restrictions imposed upon motor-ing at the present time, as a result of military exigencies, the season of 1915 was inaugurated at Eastertide by a very large number of motorists, thousands of private cars making their appearance on the roads for the first time this year. In anticipation of this revival of the pastime, the Automobile Association recently augmented its staff of road patrols, and the utility of these men and the value of their services to motorists during the past week have been amply demonstrated. It is not merely the work they perform for members of the Association which should be recognised. They perform many other duties which may not be noticed by road users, but which, nevertheless, have a great bearing upon the comfort and safety of motorists generally. Out of many instances of special services rendered during the holidays in the way of practical roadside assistance, mention may be made of a patrol who found a motor cyclist stranded with a broken-down machine "nine miles from anywhere." Having satisfied himself that roadside repairs were impossible, the patrol towed the cyclist for nine miles into the nearest town, and did not leave him until he had made all arrangements with the local "A.A." agent for the execution of the necessary repairs. Apart from such services as these, the abilities of the road patrols in rendering efficient "first aid" in cases of accident have been frequently realised by members and road users of all types. Motorists who are desirous of joining the Association for the coming season and benefiting by the manifold advantages of membership in connection with roadside assistance, roadside telephones, free legal defence and advice, touring assistance, etc., are informed that the annual subscriptions are:—Ordinary car members, £2 2s.; light car members, £1 1s.; motor-cycle and cycle-car members, 10s. 6d. The headquarters of the Association are at Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, Piccadilly, W.

We have received from Messrs. Napier and Son, Ltd., a copy of their "Alpine Souvenir"—a descriptive account of the historical "Storming of the Alps" by the 30/35 h.p. six-cylinder Napier, undertaken in the autumn of 1913 under the official observation of the Royal Automobile Club. It is lavishly illustrated with photographs of the many picturesque beauty-spots passed during the fortnight's tour. Moreover, it contains no advertising matter whatever—a point which many will welcome as a novel and refreshing feature in motor-car manufacturers' literature. As a work of art, as well as a readable and instructive record of a memorable performance, it is of interest to everyone, motorist or otherwise. Messrs. Napier state that they will be pleased to send a copy to anyone free on application to 14, New Burlington Street, W.

Captain Stenson Cooke, the well-known and popular secretary of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, who upon the outbreak of war rejoined the colours with over 100 road patrols, now constituting two companies of the 8th (Cyclist) Battalion of the

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Essex Regiment, is assisting in the formation of another battalion, and makes a strong appeal for recruits to cyclists able and willing to serve their country. The work of a cyclist corps is specially interesting; all the necessary machines are provided free, and the pay is at Army rates, with the usual separation allowances to wives, children, and dependents. Intending recruits should apply to the headquarters of the Automobile Association, or to the City offices, Guildhall Annexe, Guildhall Yard, E.C. Particulars may also be obtained from the Pickwick Bicycle Club, 18, Eldon Street, London, E.C., or from the headquarters of the battalion, 17, St. Isaac's Walk, Colchester.

The City

RUMOURS which have been freely circulated during the week, but which are probably as unsubstantially based as most rumours, have had a rather depressing effect on City circles. There is talk of a serious naval battle in the North Sea, and there is some uncertainty as to what the submarines have been doing notwithstanding the official returns and the satisfactory, even handsome, profits which have come to the underwriters. Two departures have been made in connection with financial matters. One is the election of Lord Cunliffe for the third year as Governor of the Bank of England—a step which is wise because it assures continuity of policy while, of course, it is a recognition of Lord Cunliffe's high abilities as a financier in most critical times. The other departure is in connection with future issues of Treasury Bills. They will not, as hitherto, be offered in fixed amounts to be tendered for, but will be available at any time at fixed rates of discount on application to the Bank of England. The Money Market will watch the result of this experiment with great interest: the object is, of course, to assist a rise in the rates for money. Applications for the £15,000,000 Treasury Bills offered on Tuesday amounted to over £44,000,000.

On the Stock Exchange business is fairly good, all the circumstances considered, and first-class investment securities, with the War Loan at their head, are in some demand. No feature of particular interest presents itself in any of the markets, unless it be the reaction in Americans. Rubbers have shown less activity than of late; there has been some profit-taking and prices are generally rather easier. At the same time the speculative investor has his eye on the rubber market. The price of the raw commodity is remarkably good at 2s. 4d. and over, and the utmost confidence prevails that when the way to the Russian market through the Dardanelles has been opened there will come a big demand for rubber which must affect shares. The trouble is, as ever, that the public which wants to nibble cannot get shares at quoted prices. Take an instance within our knowledge. Pindenioya 2s. shares are quoted at 6d. They cannot be bought apparently for 9d., though they will not realise 6d. if they are offered. Pindenioya is known to have had a good year, and those who would like to average find it impossible to do so.

The Vickers report and dividend will not appear very encouraging to those who have gone nap on armament shares. It has, however, to be remembered that the profits are distributable on a capital increased by £1,100,000. The earnings are higher by some £100,000, but the extra dividends absorb over £137,000. Hence

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the maintenance of the 12½ per cent. dividend is not unsatisfactory; the amount to reserve is £50,000 less at £250,000, but the carry forward is increased by £6,000. Whilst, therefore, there is nothing in the Vickers report to justify the recent popularity of armament shares, there is on the other hand nothing to complain of.

To what extent the Elder Line will suffer in 1915 by the loss of the *Falaba* we cannot know. The report for last year is good. Net profit shows a fifty per cent. increase at £47,000. There is no increase in the dividend at 5 per cent., but £5,000 more is placed to reserve. When we think of the conditions which obtained during five months of 1914 it is a remarkable proof alike of the Company's enterprise and of the supremacy of the British Navy that the Elder should be able to produce so satisfactory a return.

Holders of Nigerian tin shares are probably quite prepared for such disappointing reports as that of the Anglo-Continental, whose shares two or three years ago were run up to £9 or £10. To-day they are worth about 8s. In 1913 a dividend of 10 per cent. was paid. For 1914 the shareholder gets nothing. There is a profit of £5,100; £12,000 was brought in, and when various allowances have been made there is a net balance of £4,800 to carry forward. Of course, the Anglo-Continental is not to blame for the market conditions which have made all tin mining propositions extremely difficult, but even if those conditions should undergo rapid improvement, it will surely be long before the public again rushes madly into Nigerian speculation.

Paquin Limited has been badly hit by the war. It reports a trading loss of over £36,000—or including directors' fees, etc., over £43,000—all its branches, apparently, except London, having suffered severely. The London house shows a fair profit, and preference shareholders may consider themselves fortunate that there was a balance in hand from 1913 which enabled the directors to pay their dividend. The reserve is to be drawn upon to the extent of £100,000 in order to meet the happily exceptional position in which the company finds itself.

CORRESPONDENCE

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I draw the attention of your readers to the series of British orchestral concerts that I am giving at Queen's Hall on the afternoons of April 29, May 8, and May 29?

In this hour of crisis, when all the works of modern German composers should be set aside, the interests of the British public should be centred on the works of their native composers. In addition to works of musicians of established reputation, I intend including in my programme a certain proportion of compositions by musicians of the younger generation, being convinced that some young musician of great talent will be revealed, capable of voicing in his music the splendid national spirit that the war has quickened. Let us prove that concerts composed entirely of the orchestral works of British composers can be as attractive and as remunerative as those devoted to the works of the alien enemies. Any profits derived from these concerts will be devoted to the fund of the soldiers and sailors disabled by the war.

I earnestly appeal for the patronage and support of all those who love the music of Great Britain, and who be-

lieve, as I do, in its glorious future. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

War Emergency Entertainments,
Claridge's Hotel.

ISIDORE DE LARA.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND "A MAN OF LETTERS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—As I was not a contributor to the Robert Ross testimonial, though I have been working at books and literature for thirty years (I was not even asked to lend my name), I may perhaps be allowed without any suggestion of partisanship to congratulate THE ACADEMY on drawing attention to this quite extraordinary sample of log-rolling in high places.

Mr. Robert Ross, for all I know, may be a most estimable literary man. It is my misfortune that I only know him as the editor of another man's works. When one thinks of the students who contribute to the world's libraries books that are of undoubted value to everybody except the students themselves, one can only be amazed at the manner in which a Prime Minister and other distinguished people have rallied to Mr. Ross. Why? I fail to understand. I do not object so much to what has been done for Mr. Ross as to the neglect of others at least, shall we say, as deserving—Mrs. Chapman, to wit. Yours truly,

A MAN OF LETTERS.

WAS SOLENT LENT BY GREEK σωλήν?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the Greek-English Lexikon of Liddell and Scott, of which a new edition is much to be desired, we find that σωλήν means "a channel, gutter, pipe"; in the Modern Greek-English Dictionary by A. Kyriakides (Athens: 1909), that it survives in the sense of "pipe; tube; canal; duct." In considering the word *Solent*, as ending in the same way as *ancient* from *ancien*; *margent* (in former English, and still used in Scotland) from *margin*; *regiment* from *regimen*; *romant*, and *romaunt*, from *roman*; *tyrant* from *tyran*, *tyranno*; and other words of that sort, which have been borrowed from French, I thought that it might stand for σωλήν either as used by the early Hellenic navigators, or as a learned, ecclesiastical, medieval word, like βασιλεύς on the coins of our Saxon Kings. My *Aymon* has been accepted as new and probable by Mr. E. Sibree, M.A., Librarian of the University of Bristol; by the Revd. Dr. A. H. Sayce, of The Queen's College in Oxford; and by the Polyglot Dr. Henri Bourgeois, of the University of Gaunt, now a refugee at Folkestone, who writes: "Votre étymologie paraît en fait excellente, irréprochable." If any reader of THE ACADEMY knows of a better explanation of the word, will he be so good as to let us see it?

EDWARD S. DODGSON,

The Oxford Union Society.

April 8, 1915.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- A Man With Nine Lives.* By Richard Marsh. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
The Children of Alsace. By René Bazin. Reprint. (Greening and Co. 1s. net.)

Tainted Gold. By H. N. Williams. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Heiress of Swallowcliffe. By E. Everett-Green. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

Loneliness. By R. Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

The Courtship of Rosamond Fayre. By Berta Ruck. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

Little Comrade: The Romance of a Lady Spy. By Burton E. Stevenson. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

The Watchers by the Threshold, and Other Tales. By John Buchan. Reprint. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 1s. net.)

Private Spud-Tamson. By Captain R. W. Campbell. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 1s. net.)

Patricia. By E. H. Fowler. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

Lady Bridget in the Never-Never Land. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

The Princess of Happy Chance. By Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

Accidentals. By Helen Mackay. (Andrew Melrose. 5s. net.)

The Herb of Healing. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

A Bride of the Plains. By Baroness Orczy. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

Meave. By Dorothea Conyers. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

The Black Lake. By Sir W. Magnay, Bart. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

Miss Billy's Decision. By E. H. Porter. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother. By A. C. Benson. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Spirit of Japanese Art. By Yone Noguchi. (John Murray. 2s. net.)

The Life and Teaching of W. H. Gillespie. By James Urquhart. (T. and T. Clark. 1s. net.)

Russian Realities. By John Hubback. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

A Chaplet of Herbs. By Florence Hine. (G. Routledge and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

Sea-Pie. By J. E. Patterson. (Max Goschen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"*Rain and Rivers.*" By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. (Watts and Co. 3d.)

Selected Prose Works of Shelley. With Foreword by H. S. Salt. (Watts and Co. 9d. net.)

I Serve. By G. H. Green. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.)

Black's Travel Pictures: The British Empire. Selected and Edited by R. J. Finch, F.R.G.S. (A. and C. Black. 10d. per set.)

The Little Mother Who Sits at Home. Edited by Countess Bareynska. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Children's Entente Cordiale. By L. M. Oyler. Illustrated. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. net.)

Robert Hugh Benson. An Appreciation by Olive Katharine Parr. With Portrait. (Hutchinson and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Hark to These Three: Talk About Style. By Sturge Moore. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.)

Britain's Deadly Peril. By William le Queux. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

Woodland Trees and How to Identify Them. By J. H. Crabtree. (C. H. Kelly. 1s. net.)

Painless Childbirth in Twilight Sleep. By Hanna Rion. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

Finn and Samoyad. By L. Edna Walter. Illustrated in Colour. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

More Thoughts on the War. By A. Clutton-Brock. (Methuen and Co. 1s. net.)

The True Pastime. By Alexander Gray. (Methuen and Co. 6d. net.)

THEOLOGY.

The Door of Heaven. By the Rev. A. E. Burgett, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 6d.)

Heritor of All. By Gertrude de la Poer. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. 6d. net.)

Brontë Poems. Edited by A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Songs of Brittany. By Théodore Botrel. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

A Prince in the Making: Studies in Jacob's Training and Character. By H. Howard. (C. H. Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)

TUTORIAL.

The Pupils' Class-Book of English History. Book I. By Ed. J. S. Lay. (Macmillan and Co. 6d.)

Composition for Junior Forms. By G. H. Green. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.)

Waterloo. Par Erckmann-Chatrian. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

The Life of Bernal Diaz del Castillo. By R. B. Cunningham-Graham. (Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

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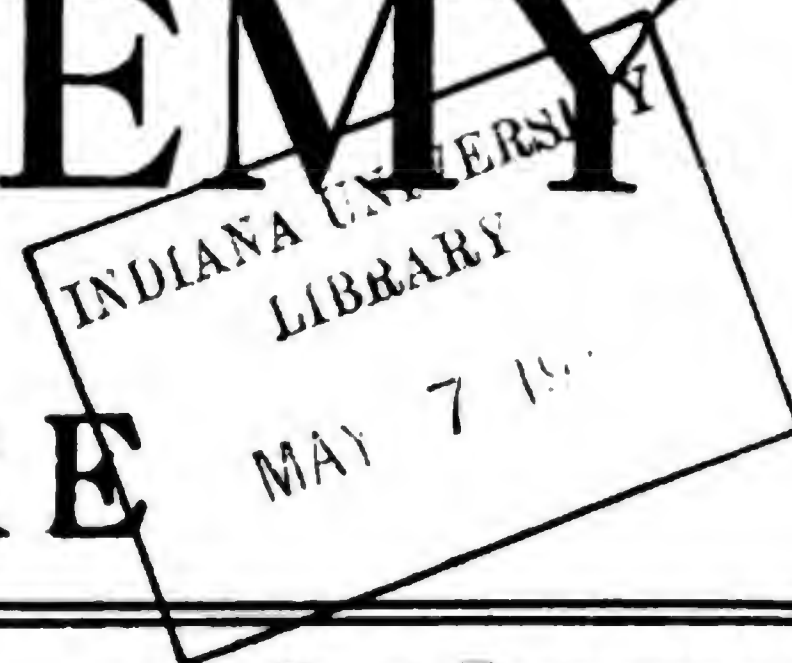
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Notes of the Week

Preparing for Big Things

THE *Times* is hardly fair, either to the Army or the Government, when it points grimly to the fact that the position on the Western front has changed little during the winter. So far as it has changed, the advantage is with the Allies. What the *Times* ignores is that this is the first great campaign in which armies have not gone into winter quarters without a thought of advance. The French continue to score important points on the Vosges, and the British have captured an important hill near Ypres. Perhaps the most noteworthy item of authentic war news of the week is Mr. Churchill's emphatic denial that a battle has taken place in the North Sea, or a disaster has occurred in the Dardanelles. Some of the accounts of the fighting at Neuve Chapelle have shown at once the splendid gallantry of the men at the front, and the need, on which Sir John French insists, for munitions and yet more munitions. Mr. Chamberlain sharply criticised the authorities for attempting to run the country "in blinkers." In one respect, Mr. Asquith's Newcastle speech on Tuesday will have done something to remove the blinkers. The demands of the war have exceeded all expectations, and it is only by the devotion of the men in the factories, not less than of the men in the trenches, that adequate supplies can be maintained in the coming critical months. Mr. Asquith's appeal has gone home the more surely because it was the purest patriotic propaganda.

The Dominions and Peace

Immense satisfaction, both at home and in the Dominions, has been given by Mr. Harcourt's announcement that the Colonies are to be consulted when the time comes to discuss peace terms. This is admittedly a momentous departure, but it is a departure which the splendid rally of Greater Britain to the cause of the Empire made absolutely imperative. There has been much misgiving that the Mother Country would not rise to the occasion, but would simply

regard all questions of peace as solely her business. It would have been a mistake greater than any since the American rebellion. The undertaking renders less necessary the assembling of the Imperial Conference which should have taken place next month. Mr. Fisher, the Australian Premier, was keenly in favour of the Conference, but the Imperial Government and the other Dominion Premiers thought the time inopportune, and Mr. Fisher, in a spirit which is of happy augury, acquiesces. "When the King's business will not fit in with our ideas, we drop them." That is an attitude which at least shows a sweet reasonableness not always forthcoming in Inter-Imperial relations.

Diplomacy and Democracy

Lord Cromer has been lending a patient ear to the dreamers who would abolish secret diplomacy. From the past he derives no hope that democracy would provide any surer guarantee of peace than oligarchy or despotism, but the past, as he recognises, is no real guide, because the democracy of the days of Pericles was not that either of Robespierre or, shall we say, of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald? Nor can we argue from one country to another. German diplomacy and British diplomacy are very different alike in method and aims. Lord Cromer knows of very few important diplomatic "secrets" in recent British diplomacy which might not have been divulged. At the same time he reveals the fact that whilst he was skating on thin ice in Egypt, if he had had to consult not Lord Salisbury or Lord Rosebery, but a body of well-intentioned but not necessarily well-informed Parliamentarians, more than one serious crisis with France might have been the result. It is, indeed, only necessary to study Lord Cromer's "Abbas II" to realise to the full how impossible it would have been to steer a safe course if not the captain, but the whole crew, had to be considered.

The Russian Idea

Mr. Stephen Graham gave the members of the Royal Institution on Friday last the advantage of his wonderful knowledge of Russia. He pointed to a not always recognised truth when he said that, although Russia is a composite nation, it is not a nation of mixed gods. Its art, literature, music—indeed, all its intellectual activities—are inextricably connected with the Central Russian race. Other workers in the same fields, such as the Polish writers and artists, do not appeal to the Russian race, only to their own. Even in science the Russian expression differs from the Western. Russia, he said, is a mighty nation by virtue of something within itself, something original and mighty and growing in power and unity. Russian literature is unlike all other literature, notwithstanding the noisy fame which had overtaken it. Its keynote is sympathy with suffering. There is nothing of the Prussian spirit about it. Instead of commandments and orders and regulations, the Russian mind loved individual freedom. Life is not a procession but a ballet—a great mingling of colours and symbols: not evolution, but a phantasmagoria. No man can really explain Russia, but so far as anyone can understand her, Mr. Stephen Graham is the man.

Marriage and the War

AS this war, ghastly if glorious, develops, and casualty lists bring home to the public mind the full realisation of the drain it is making and will make on the best manhood of Great Britain, the question, what will its effect be on the future of the race? forces itself more and more on the minds of those who have a thought for the morrow. The fact that it is a righteous war, and that to have been out of it would have branded Britain with the mark of poltroonery and dishonour, does not in the least dim the consciousness that British peoples must pay the price for perhaps generations to come. Every splendid fellow who falls will mean one mate the fewer for the already preponderant number of women, and that, in its turn, must be reflected in the future birth-rate. It is not necessary to magnify the sacrifice which the womanhood of the race is called upon to make; and it were easy to exaggerate the loss which posterity will suffer. The war may be responsible for developments which will shock the moral ideas ingrained by Mrs. Grundy; it may even intensify that form of social difficulty to which Mr. Ronald McNeill has drawn prominent attention in his efforts to save unmarried girls from any shame in being the mothers of war babies. On the other hand, the war will bring its compensations, compensations both moral and material; but those who survive to reap whatever good may be found as a set-off against the evil will have imposed upon them a duty not less great and imperative than that which every soldier is discharging to-day with cheerful devotion. Something must be done to save the country from the quite obvious consequences of the depletion of its finest manhood.

The problem is one which our spiritual and scientific leaders, not content to confine their thoughts to the mere needs of the hour, however pressing, are already beginning to consider; the Churches and the eugenics propagandists may not look at it from quite the same point of view, but both are giving it earnest attention. At the General Synod of the Church of Ireland last week the Bishop of Down, with equal delicacy and decision, introduced a measure to amend "The Form of Solemnisation of Matrimony" with the special object of combating some of the modern theories and tendencies regarding the number of children, if any, which it is desirable should be born to those who have been joined in wedlock. Whether the modification of the introductory exhortation, which bluntly proclaimed the purpose for which matrimony was ordained, has induced people to ignore that purpose may well be doubted; all we would say is that it is not without significance at this time that eminent divines should urge the necessity of making the exhortation more emphatic, whilst still seeking to avoid offence to certain susceptibilities in the words used. The Church is quite properly concerned—and in view of the wastage involved in the war the importance of the matter cannot be too strongly insisted on—with the limits which have been self-imposed on the dimensions of most

families. The Eugenist is concerned with what he would call the dysgenic possibilities of the future. Professor Arthur Thomson, of Aberdeen, took Eugenics and War for the subject of the second Galton lecture a couple of months ago; his address may be read in full in the April *Eugenic Review*. Professor Thomson, in an admirable essay, warned his hearers that the fact could not be concealed, whatever the advantages in other directions, that "war, biologically regarded, means wastage and a reversal of eugenic or rational selection, since it prunes off a disproportionately large number of those whom the race can least afford to lose." At the same time, he recognises that the war should result in an improvement in "the standard of all-round fitness," and socially should enrich our heritage. Like the Bishop of Down, Professor Thomson is gravely exercised by the falling birth-rate and the attendant national risks. "Among the revaluations after the war," he says, "may we not expect some change of public sentiment in regard to eugenic ideals, some more marked disapproval of selfish forms of celibacy, some more cordial encouragement of those desirable people who marry chivalrously while it is still spring-time with them, without waiting till the bridegroom has secured twice the income his father had? There is patriotism in dying for our country; there is a conceivable patriotism in marrying for her and in bearing children for her."

One risk to be guarded against after the war has not perhaps occurred to many people: it is that of a mis-directed economy, in regard not only to progeny, but to money. Professor Thomson pleads with Eugenists, and the plea may well be made more general, to resist the natural desire "to economise in noble luxuries—in pictures and music, books and lectures, theatres and higher education. By all means let our criticism of consumption be intensified, but let it be enlightened. Let us prune our comforts before we pinch our souls. For, apart from ourselves, who may be past praying for, economising on the nobler luxuries means hardship and celibacy to those finer spirits who are the salt of the earth, whose virtue all must wish to see conserved in the natural inheritance of the race." We might even go further: whilst the individual who has the power to spend on "noble luxuries" will patriotically keep his purse-strings loose, the State, often too ready to interfere where it can do no real good, might with advantage to itself and the individual do much to make life easier for the professional classes and for those who would love to have the little ones about the home were the responsibilities which they bring with them not too great for men and women with nothing but their brains and their health as sheet-anchors against an uncertain future. The great middle and professional classes are the chief sufferers by the war, and the ideals of race will best be served by seeing that, after the war, life for them is robbed of burdens which have always been unduly heavy and now threaten to become intolerable.

Old Diaries

BY JOAN D. PARKES

THE most learned history, the most brilliant and profound treatise, will not bring back the past more vividly than the multitudinous printed information to be found in old diaries.

Every emergency is catered for. Do you forget a date, there is a chronology of the world's events, starting with the Creation and ending with Bonaparte's surrender to Captain Maitland on board the *Bellerophon*; are you a stranger to London, there ready in your diary are the fares of watermen and hackney coaches; a faulty mathematician, a ready-reckoning table comes to hand; have you five minutes to spare, you may improve it by learning the names and commanders of all the ships in commission; or should you belong to the fairer sex, divert yourself with "the new song called 'A Tax on Bachelors,' sung with unbounded applause by Mr. Dignum at Vauxhall."

In "The Ladies' Polite Remembrancer for 1816" we have, not the imposing arraignment of facts proper to the business man's diary, but rather literary morceaux for leisurely young ladies. There are verses by my Lord Byron, Miss Mitford, and Walter Scott, Esq., and, so that the fair reader may pass in Society as a genteel, well-educated young lady, she can learn what a real Indian cottage is like, and become thoroughly acquainted with the Wielitska salt mines of Poland.

Curiously enough, the very day I discovered this latter (per description) I came upon a similar account in the current number of the *Queen*, with the modern addition of large photograph reproductions.

In an "Animal Biography" we are given a dire warning against cruelty to animals, as witness the following:—

"A singular circumstance attached to cruelty to a cat has recently occurred in the case of a foot-boy in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, who, being ordered to destroy two cats, which probably through the servant's carelessness had eaten a fowl, the moans of one of them so affected his nerves that he declared he would never kill another cat as long as he lived. Soon after, his countenance changed, and he was unable to stand; his whole mass of blood seemed turned. Next morning, being taken to St. George's Hospital, he expired."

In this same diary we become acquainted with the "Fashionable Country Dances." Infinite variety seems to have been as much a feature of the ballroom a hundred years ago as uniformity is to-day, with our sorely tried tangoes and two-steps—at least, if variety in names is proof.

How bizarre they are may be seen from the following selection:—"The Grasshopper," "Diamond Cut Diamond," "The Duke of Sussex's Favourite," "Claret," "Drops of Whiskey," "Past Ten O'clock," "The Duke of Wellington's Waltz," "A Trip to Flanders."

This last is topical in the extreme, but I can scarcely recommend it as a good method of overcoming the

all-enveloping mud of Flemish winter days. Reading the figures, one begins to suspect that variety ended with the names. There is much leading of the first lady with the second gentleman, swinging corners (this, I believe, is still a feature in certain motor-trips to Flanders) and joining of hands; a colourless repetition only livened when one comes to such figures as the "Allemande" and the "Pousette," alluring names of mystery conjuring memories of the Waterloo Ball, when Becky Sharp triumphed so mercilessly over poor Amelia, together with a sudden recollection of the white "Paduasoy" about which the little bride of the Reverend Dr. Jenkins wrote so many longing letters. The connection seems strange. Perhaps it is that "Pousette" and "Paduasoy" are like words of fleeting and long-forgotten fashions.

Further on we find a list of holidays observed at the public offices, and pretty numerous they are. But not all were kept at the Customs and East India House. Shrove Tuesday, Easter Wednesday, Whit-Wednesday and many another fine summer day when all the London world was enjoying itself on Hampstead Heath or showing its fine feathers at Vauxhall, poor Charles Lamb was on his high stool at the India House, busy at his "real" works.

How slow and restful must have been those bygone days! No racketing to and from the City, morning and night, on an unwieldy juggernaut, threepence each way; no shooting through a tube in the bowels of the earth. The City shopkeeper, living at Chelsea or Chiswick, had perforce to do the six or eight miles daily afoot, unless he were in such a flourishing way of business as to take a hackney coach and spend near upon half-a-sovereign for the double journey. How delightful after a long day spent in a narrow room overlooking an airless City court to take a boat homeward on a balmy summer evening! But, again, it was not for the City clerk or struggling shopkeeper. The four and sixpence to Chelsea and five shillings to Chiswick would have quickly dissipated any modest hundred pounds a year.

The year 1820 saw the introduction of cabriolets, and in a diary of 1829 we read: "Cabriolets are carriages with two wheels drawn by one horse, carrying two persons beside the driver." That this differed from the now derelict hansom is seen in old drawings, showing the driver seated beside his passengers, a folding hood covering them. The fares at this time were two-thirds of those of the hackney coaches. Of the novelty of the year, an omnibus running from Paddington to the City, there is no mention. Both hackney-coach drivers and watermen were bound by strict rules. The latter, however, seem from all accounts to have been a restive set, always ready to stand out for their rights, which were safeguarded by a powerful company. But though they opposed each and every new method of transit which infringed on their livelihood, it was in vain. The river steamer, the railway, the 'buses, came to stay. The watermen's employment dwindled, and with it their importance.

Fares underwent little change between the years 1816

and 1829; only in the latter year there was a slight increase for long-distance fares. From Chelsea Bridge westward and from Greenwich eastward the fare was threepence per half-mile for scullers, oars being double the price. "For the information of the public," we read, "piles marking the distance have been placed in the river."

We chafe in these war-times at the occasional delay of foreign mails. A diary of the year 1836 shows us the state of affairs when Government brigs still carried mails to America. These mails were made up on the first Wednesday monthly, and thirteen weeks were calculated for the despatch and return of the packets. What a long and weary wait for a "reply by return." There were mails to France every day, and to the northern countries of Europe twice a week. In one respect only were our ancestors more fortunate than we of 1915. Four days a week they could write to Ostend and three to Germany with the assurance of relations and friends receiving their letters.

In this diary, a man's diary, with none of your fashionable dances or my Lord Byron's verses, we enter into the intricacies of the window tax—that monstrous impost which put a premium upon light and air, too little thought of at the best, and the cause of those sham windows in the symmetrical façades of old houses. Windows of inns, shops, workshops, factories, and warehouses were exempted from payment, as were dairies and cheese-rooms "if made with splints, laths, or wires, without any glass, and the word 'Dairy or Cheese-room' is painted over the door, or one glazed window in a dairy or cheese-room in a farmhouse occupied by a tenant, if never used to sleep in, but wholly kept for that purpose." The small tenant farmer also had light and air free of duty, but other dwellers in this civilised community were mulcted at the rate of 16s. 6d. for a minimum of eight windows. Dwellers in stately mansions having 180 windows were answerable for a sum of £46 11s. 3d. Carriages, stage-coaches, horses, waiters, and male servants were other means of raising revenue. Of the bachelor lording it with a Jeames or a Thomas an extra pound was exacted, an exception being accorded to celibate Roman Catholic priests. Similarly, poor Protestant and Dissenting clergy were allowed the concession of a riding-horse free of duty, a favour also extended to farmers, shepherds, and licensed postmasters.

Further on we come to a full-page list of ships in commission, ninety-five stout wooden sailing vessels—steam navigation did not make its debut in the Navy till two years later. Here we see the name of the grand old *Victory*, then, as now, flagship; and also remark a *Canopus*, a precursor of the sixteen-year-old veteran of the battle of the Falklands.

The present revival of interest in Russia has caused an increased demand for Mr. Stephen Graham's works. Mr. Lane will issue next week a cheaper edition of "A Vagabond in the Caucasus."

On Perfection

THE men to whom perfection appeals are comparatively rare. The very word seems cold and lifeless. It savours of the pedantry of erudition or of the austerity of an outlook to which few can ever hope to aspire. It is remote, non-human. More than that, to most of us it is undesirable: and, undesirable or not, it is quite certain that we are very far from its attainment.

The people with whom we are most in sympathy in fiction, in history, or in real life are they who are fallible, and whose most endearing qualities are often their imperfections. So in periods of history, of literature, or art, those dearest to us are usually the times of striving, of aspiration; not the rare instances in which for a moment the genius of a nation or of an individual seems to have reached its most complete attainment. The old-fashioned idea of a future state in which—struggles and aspirations over—mankind seated itself complacently on golden floors, singing eternally the praises of perfection, is to us a lost ideal; more easily can we understand the scale of Dante's ascending heavens, in which the soul reached from height to height, finding in each a new and hitherto undreamed-of ecstasy. The best in us ever aspires and in our loftiest dreams we seek for fresh heights to climb, the power to conquer new realms of knowledge, for ever-widening visions of beauty; the conception of completely knowing, entirely realising, is as the compression of eternal wisdom into the limit of the span of a mortal life. It is unthinkable.

To extreme youth alone is the idea of perfection possible. Then black is black, and white as the driven snow; it is only the experience of maturity which reveals the thousand complex tints, the myriad changing values and influences that go to make up what to them is crude colour—clearly defined good or unmitigated evil.

Nevertheless, the counsel of perfection is a good one, for the wise men are in all ages they who follow a star; remote it may be and uncertain its leading, but many of its followers have found themselves taking part in the birth of a miracle. It was that impulse which led to the search which is enshrined in the legend of the Holy Grail—men of blood and passion and tyranny seeking for an unquenchable Ideal whose light illumined the possibilities which lay within them. The thought of perfection in those Middle Ages was much like a phantom light, a will-o'-the-wisp whose following led men away from the world into solitary places as hermits, into religious communities, on pilgrimages, into the mortification of the natural life, that the life they deemed higher might be perfected. Always the limitation of humanity showed itself in its incapacity to apprehend true perfection—of body, soul, and spirit. Always one part of human nature has suffered for the emancipation of the opposing side.

There is one period towards which men look now with awe in their hearts, with admiration in their eyes.

that time in Greece which seems wellnigh perfect in its attainment, in letters, in art, in government and ideals; yet this very people put to death their greatest philosopher because he dared to tell them of a perfection to which their minds were not attuned. Centuries later the Jewish nation, who forever pulled away its skirts from the contamination of less favoured peoples, who regarded itself as the chosen and perfect race, crucified the one who exposed the hollowness of that claim and preached the true perfection of the Spirit.

Through all the ages the pendulum has swung from one extreme to the other—from asceticism to a liberty bordering on license, from a perfection that counts the body nothing to a "Kultur" that would eliminate spiritual influences for the good of the state politic, the body corporate; but slowly, as ever the work of evolution proceeds, there is arising an ideal among the nations which shall give equal homage to the life visible and invisible, to mind and matter, to the material and spiritual.

The whole trend of science is to a wider apprehension of perfection—the material is taking on a spiritual significance, the social ideal, in its turn, broadening to meet it; more and more it is recognised that the perfect man has needs beyond ideals with which to sustain his greatness: added unto them there must be knowledge and comfort, the possibility of beauty and of a well-ordered life. It is realised that perfection, far from being austere, inhuman, remote, is warm and living, is the highest and most natural expansion of all the powers and visions, the desires and capacities of enlightened humanity. Misapprehension, want of understanding, alone hinders its attainment. No temporal cause can stand in its way. There are people who have seen in this war a set-back to the principles of perfection such as will take the progress of generations to make good. Peace has been held to be one of its loftiest prerogatives. But there is an anger as righteous as mercy, a justice as stern as compassion is beautiful, and it is possible for the two to be united. Previous to this world-conflict the pendulum had swung towards an easy-going charity that was full of danger. "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner" had taken away the embarrassing necessity for judgment, to forgive was more noble than to punish. It was a time of compromise. War has changed all this. Once more good and evil stand out in clear definition. The bugle-call has sounded, the nation and the individual has been constrained to take sides, to show its colours, to stand to its principle of perfection. May we hope that it is really one step nearer to the ultimate goal of humanity, however dark the prospect at the moment? When the smoke of battle has cleared away, when the mists of death and pain that are in men's eyes have lifted, and the sun of peace shines out once more, it will be found that many things have taken to themselves a new perspective, that what was dark has become illumined, what was complex plain to be understood; that perfection lies not in creeds, not in knowledge, not in beauty nor in understanding, but in the

true apprehension of the brotherhood and unity of man, in the nations working side by side towards a goal which shall include the fullest life possible to the individual, with the highest national ideal.

The Music of Granville Bantock

AT the present time much is being written about the native composer, and if the condition of Europe cause us to examine the works of English composers we may find much to admire. Among the writers whose names are well known, that of Granville Bantock is prominent. This prominence is due to the personality of the musician. He has in plenty all those qualities which are necessary for a good composer. But his chief characteristic is his imagination, and it is the imaginative touches in his scores which distinguish him from the English writers of half a century ago. We have left the old oratorio tradition behind. It is true that Bantock has written sacred works, like "Christ in the Wilderness" and "Gethsemane." But one is conscious of moving about in a new and beautiful world when one turns over the pages of his music. He has a natural bias towards subjects which give opportunities for a liberal use of colour. More than half-Oriental in his leanings, he has looked fondly towards the East and won something of its mystery. In the "Sappho" prelude, in the overture to a Greek tragedy, "Ædipus at Colonus," in "Russian Scenes," in "Omar Khayyam," in "The Songs of the East" and "The Ghazels of Hafiz" he revels in the possibilities of his theme.

Those who imagine that Bantock stands only for such delightful things as "The Jester Songs" are mistaken. It is the greater Bantock who is making history. Notwithstanding the fact that Liszt shook the musical world to its foundation by writing his symphonic poems, England was strangely unaffected by the movement. A generation which was enslaved by the Mendelssohn tradition was not likely to look with approval upon the new works. Bantock is most interesting when he is most modern. The great strides which musical composition has made in this country are evident in the best pieces of Elgar, Bantock, Cyril Scott and Holbrooke. The symphonic poem brought the composer into direct contact with the world of art and letters. The interests of Bantock are plainly seen in the subjects which he has chosen to illustrate. We have "Dante and Beatrice," "The Witch of Atlas," and "Fifine at the Fair," all works of exceptional interest and unusual beauties. Bantock's technique is astounding. The intricacies of the modern orchestra are handled with consummate ease. He has great fluency, and his melodic gift is rich. But he never allows his knowledge to master him, and when comparative simplicity will serve his ends he does not hesitate to adopt it.

This pre-eminence has not been acquired by turning his back upon other phases of musical development. The great pride of England is in her choirs. No one

knows this better than Bantock. In the catalogue of his works we find a very large number of original part songs and of arrangements of popular songs. While recognising the immense encouragement which this interest in choral singing is bound to give, I always experience a feeling of regret that one capable of writing fine and elaborate orchestral poems should devote so much of his time to composing short vocal works. Bantock has, indeed, all the qualifications for a dramatic composer, and many must be looking forward to the day when he will be persuaded to write the opera which will be more of a landmark in English music than Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" was.

Among our modern English writers he stands alone. There is nothing in him which reminds us of the more sombre Elgar, and he is more consistently interesting than his older colleagues. When his music is yet better known it will not be surprising if he exercises a profound influence upon younger men. For here we find knowledge freed from pedantry, and a fine liberty stalks across his pages. He has drawn upon some of the best of our poets. Blake and Shelley, Meredith and Scott, Browning and Burns have, in turn, inspired his muse. I have never heard a page of Bantock that did not contain something striking and original. Fertile as he is, the music does not smell of the lamp. Only those who have delved into the heap of "made" music can realise the value of such a man in England at the present time. We have reached a critical period in our musical history. The past, with its polished speech learnt at Leipzig, with its oratorios written in the style which was bequeathed by Handel and Mendelssohn, is fading into oblivion, and we seek new voices. Among them, that of Bantock is one of the sweetest and most eloquent. With him we visit the blossoming isles of the South or dream away the day in some enchanting garden. And we rejoice that we have found a man who can be melodious without being superficial. Judging by what he has already accomplished, we are amply justified in expecting many works which will do much to add to the joy of the genuine music-lover.

D. C. PARKER.

REVIEWS

Philosopher and Mystic

Three Little Dramas. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK.
New Edition. (Duckworth & Co. 2s. net.)

THE degree of success attained by a philosopher is not to be judged by any rough-and-ready measure. Delicacy has its moments of inspiration as well as full and flowing periods, and the loquacious interpreter of mysteries, who has a name for everything under the sun, cannot always meet the still gaze of the quiet visionary to whom life is an ever-changing problem. If adventures are in the soul, as R. L. Stevenson knew, as M. Maeterlinck believes, and as most thinking men

prove for themselves, few of us are in a position to explain anything but the barest outlines of the complexities amid which we move; words spoken casually conceal intense forces, unutterable things, and we need to be on guard lest by a careless mood we miss some clue that was destined to alter the course of our seeking, or we shatter some dream-lamp whose pale light was guiding a wanderer into a restful haven. Such thoughts have come to us often with the reading of "The Treasure of the Humble" or "Wisdom and Destiny," the fruits of an observant, gentle, yet insatiable mind. "No sooner are the lips still," we read, "than the soul awakes and sets forth on its labours; for silence is an element that is full of surprise, danger, and happiness, and in these the soul possesses itself in freedom." There is something in this beyond a pretty idea, and in M. Gerard Harry's study of his friend's career we find a sentence which throws much light upon Maeterlinck's point of view: "Il dit que le plus illettré des paysans d'aujourd'hui peut subir, sans le savoir, l'influence des plus anciens et des plus doctes penseurs et penser comme eux, l'air spirituel que nous respirons tous étant fait de toutes les haleines de l'esprit humain, depuis les premiers de ses soupirs." Little wonder, with such a belief in a kind of confused heredity, that the emphasis in Maeterlinck's work should so often be laid upon "the invisible signal of the soul that salutes its fellow."

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that such a writer will hardly bring to perfection a drama intended for actual performance on the stage. His conceptions move so softly, in so hushed an atmosphere, so dim and mysterious a light; they speak in suggestions, in undertones, occasionally, if we may be irreverent, even in rows of dots which may mean much or little; and their symbolic significance is apt to be lost when dealt with by real lights and shadows and mechanical aids, forced to confront the stare of an audience. Is it not possible, too, we wonder, to stretch the thin web of delicacy and reticence to breaking-point? There is beauty in the first of these three little plays, "Alladine and Palomides," but we cannot read into it the meanings which many admirers find; the death of Alladine's pet lamb has no "symbolic" suggestion for us. That the shadowy drama is full of poetic imagery is obvious, but that it is in any way profound, save to the devotee, we can hardly profess to believe; and though "The Death of Tintagiles" is a beautiful study of sisterly love, there is no need to take it as subtly mystic or especially impressive. The "Interior," the third play in this book, is one that really raises a tide of emotion in the reader; it might easily move an audience strongly in the hands of sympathetic actors. The "plot" is a mere nothing. From a garden, an Old Man and a Stranger see a family assembled in the house, the windows opening on the garden being unshuttered, the room illumined. A daughter of the house is drowned; the body is even then being brought from the village, and the question is, who shall break the news to the unsuspecting, happy party? The conversation between the two goes on, in undertones:

The Stranger : See, they are smiling in the silence of the room.

The Old Man : They are not at all anxious—they did not expect her this evening.

The Stranger : They sit motionless and smiling. But see, the father puts his fingers to his lips. . .

The Old Man : He points to the child asleep on its mother's breast. . .

The Stranger : She dares not raise her head for fear of disturbing it. . .

The Old Man : They are not sewing any more. There is a dead silence. . .

The Stranger : They have let fall their skein of white silk. . .

The Old Man : They are looking at the child. . .

The Stranger : They do not know that others are looking at them. . .

The Old Man : We, too, are watched. . .

The Stranger : They have raised their eyes. . .

The Old Man : And yet they can see nothing. . .

The Stranger : They seem to be happy, and yet there is something—I cannot tell what. . .

The Old Man : They think themselves beyond the reach of danger. They have closed the doors, and the windows are barred with iron. They have strengthened the walls of the old house; they have shot the bolts of the three oaken doors. They have foreseen everything that can be foreseen. . .

The Stranger : Sooner or later we must tell them. . .

So the thrilling situation rises quietly to its climax, and the reader suffers a sense of infinite pity for the happy folk in the lamp-lit, cosy home, whose sorrow is even then close upon them. In this drama Maeterlinck's art is at its best, even though of action there may be but the slightest; it is an "adventure of the soul," poignant and pitiful. The others are to be read in the study for their beauty of prose, their mystery and colour and elusive hints at an inner meaning, but "The Interior" touches sharply the springs of sympathy and gains immensely in value because the characters are not vague personages in whom we can feel little interest, but real human beings in trouble. For once the philosopher has taken a grip of earth; we only wish he had done so more frequently, for his fame would then have been even greater, and he would have charmed many who remain unmoved by shadows, however beautifully and poetically they may talk.

The War Lord of France

Life of General Joffre. By ALEXANDER KAHN.
(London: Heinemann. 1s. net.)

MR. KAHN may be congratulated on having unearthed enough material to give us something like a connected account of the cooper's son of Rivesaltes who is to-day the Generalissime of the French Army and the man on whose decisions the fate not merely of France but of the world turns. The rise of General Joffre is one of the events which will be held to justify democracy. France's greatest soldier began life in the very humblest way, and secured preferment by sheer merit shown alike on the battlefield and in the office. There are no stories available of General Joffre's young days

which can be held to prove that someone or other, as is usually the case, foresaw that he was destined to greatness. Nor has there ever been anything about the man himself to suggest that he was ambitious; he is as far removed from the prancing Boulanger as the Poles from the Equator. He was selected for the office of War Lord of the Republic on the recommendation of General Pau, who was himself offered the post and with self-denial and patriotic insight preferred to stand aside in order that the rare qualities of General Joffre should be given full opportunity. He was almost entirely unknown at the time of his appointment, and the public asked, "Who is Joffre?" He was practically forgotten again by the man-in-the-street, and when the crisis came in August last tens of thousands in France and outside were still asking, "Who is Joffre?"

Twenty years earlier, in the French expedition to Timbuktu, he had performed a feat which, if he had been disposed to self-advertisement, might have made his name ring throughout France, and be for ever remembered. In the critical situation which followed the surprise, defeat, and death of General Bonnier, the command of the little French force fell to him, and with a mere remnant of the strength available to his unfortunate chief Joffre, instead of turning back, went straight ahead and took Timbuktu. Taciturnity is regarded as his salient characteristic, but the word carries with it associations which do not correctly describe the General's disinclination to talk. He is a student, a worker, and a thinker; he does not talk victories, but wins them, and when he has a remark to make it is something simple, direct and full of meaning, such as the now famous "nibbling at them" touch. "By his simplicity, by his modesty, he recalls to mind the great chieftains of Rome, at a time when the Republic was at the apogee of virile splendour," was one estimate of him. A sergeant who had served under "the man who never spoke"—an absurd exaggeration of his unreadiness to indulge the pernicious habit in these days alike of emperors and tub-thumpers—said, on learning that General Joffre was to be Commander-in-Chief of the French Army: "When Joffre is in command, there is no need to worry. Success is assured. That man Joffre is a veritable wolf-trap for the enemy."

The kindest of men, he has not an atom of weakness in his composition. Nepotism and favouritism have no hope where he is supreme. "Many," says Mr. Kahn, "are the heads that fell into the official basket under the blow of Joffre's axe," though their possessors were personal friends or shared his political beliefs. "Tenacity of purpose; daring when audacity seems to be a necessity; defiant because certain of himself and his men, and withal almost timid. This is General Joffre. . . . He is surrounded by men of great ability; and he has never been guilty of an endeavour to overshadow them, and, if he does overshadow them nevertheless, it is only because he is *the* great man." The thought that most strongly impresses itself upon the reader of this very interesting little study is that it was fortunate for Germany when she struck that

General Joffre had not had time to complete his organisation of the French Army for the very trial it now has to face. He foresaw the character of the next great war as he has foreseen much else. When an ex-deputy three or four years ago was told by a German in Dresden that France had neither discipline nor generals, he answered: "As a matter of fact, of all our French generals I know only one, but I know him well. That is Commander-in-Chief General Joffre. I advise you not to meddle with him." Germany may well wish to-day she had taken the advice. It is quite conceivable that she meddled with General Joffre, because she sized the man up and did not intend to wait until he had taken a leaf out of her book in the interests of France and made the French Army as ready for war as was that of Germany itself.

Russia—the Example

Russian Realities: Being Impressions Gathered During Some Recent Journeys in Russia. By JOHN HUBBACK. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

NOW that the thoughts and attention of so many English people are directed towards their Eastern ally, there is a danger that the inadequately informed writer or the one with a certain ability to romance and very little knowledge will rush into print to satisfy the increasing demand for further particulars of this gigantic country, in the past often unkindly and unjustly spoken of as barbarous. Mr. Stephen Graham has probably done as much as, if not more than, any author to give a clear, precise, and true picture of the Russian as he actually exists in his village—his kindness, his courtesy, his hospitality, and his deeply rooted religious faith. Other writers are now entering the field, and, although some will doubtless fall under the heading of the careless ones referred to, while others have still to win laurels equal to those of Mr. Graham, their books yet manage to impart a very good idea of things Russian and of the characteristics of the people.

Such a book is Mr. John Hubback's "Russian Realities." Dealing with parts of South Russia, the author records his experiences in various towns and villages on or near the banks of the Volga and in the Crimea. Consisting only of 270 pages, there is not space enough to go into great details, but the reader will gather a trustworthy impression of these districts, and of the lives of people in provinces not far removed from the graveyard containing the burial-places of English soldiers who fell sixty years ago.

It is not a little astonishing that the people of a country whose Baltic provinces border those of Germany and many other districts which have been so greatly under the influence of the Teuton should yet have maintained an individuality so distinct, characteristics so greatly in contrast with those of the Kaiser's subjects. It says much for the strength and tenacity of a race that, while submitting to business domination and drawing its monetary resources in the shape of wages from large German business houses, it should

yet remain distinct and not be absorbed in the power wielding the authority to say Come or Go. Yet contrast Mr. Hubback's descriptions with the exactness, the uniformity, the order of the average German:—

The disrepair noticeable as to doors and fences seems to be an attribute of the Russian, and even when a general straightening-up takes place it is apt to stop short of completeness. An imposing new stone wall may stand for months without the posts necessary for the large iron gate already visible on the premises. . . . So few people trouble themselves about fixed times for anything.

Of the art of Russia Mr. Hubback has not a very good opinion, while of the great delight of her people in music and dancing he says not a word, although it is common knowledge in England how far advanced her pupils are in song and ballet, while, according to Mr. Maurice Baring, "The singing of the Church choirs in Russia is, without comparison, the finest in the world. . . . The best choirs sing together like one voice."

In speaking of what is usually termed the backwardness of the peasant class, the author just touches upon what will probably account for a great deal of the primitive state of the moujiks, when further research is made into the annals of our ally—the great Tartar invasion of the thirteenth century. During these early times Russia was constantly holding in check a power which, but for her intervention, might have entirely overrun Western Europe; so that, instead of being blamed for being backward in her own civilisation—if to be natural, kind, and reverent is a backward state—she should be extolled for her outpost service, which efficiently held back the Tartars and allowed the countries to the west of her borders to develop in their own way.

The illustrations are good, and the map at the end of the book is very useful.

The Latest Tacitus

The Histories of Tacitus. An English Translation by GEORGE GILBERT RAMSAY. (Murray. 15s. net.)

IN the teeth of the very considerable difficulties presented by Tacitean Latin, Professor Ramsay has succeeded in giving us a really English translation of the histories without falling into any of the slang or modernisms which others have allowed to pass. The *Historiæ*, of interest to the student at all times, are peculiarly interesting at this moment when ideas of Empire and democracy are so much in the air, and Europe is at war. As Professor Ramsay says in an admirable introduction: "The year A.D. 69 was a year full of tragic and thrilling events, affecting every portion of the Empire; it was a year of four Emperors; a year which devastated Italy and inflicted untold calamity on the Roman people. It was a year big with the future destinies of Rome; seldom has history seen determined in so short a time issues so momentous for the future peace and happiness of mankind." The histories lose nothing in interest from pages which seem to bear directly on modern instances, and suggest again

that there is nothing new but the forgotten. We take the speech of Suetonius Paulinus advising delay which he thought would weaken the Vitellians, whilst of the Othonians he said: "They had wealth, public and private; they had untold money—a weapon more powerful than the sword in civil war." The mind goes at once to Mr. Lloyd George's "silver bullets." Or we take the reflections of Tacitus on love of power and we realise how eternal are the motive-springs of men clothed in brief authority: "Love of power is an ancient, and indeed inborn, passion of the human mind; it broke forth in full development with the greatness of our Empire. In our humble days equality was easily maintained; but when the whole world had been subdued, and the destruction of rival kings and cities opened up to men's desires the secure possession of wealth, then first blazed forth the contests between Patricians and Plebeians. At one time Tribunes were turbulent, at another Consuls overbearing; there were foretastes of civil war in the city and in the Forum. Then Gaius Marius, from the lowest of the plebs, and Lucius Sulla, most pitiless of nobles, vanquished liberty by force of arms and established tyranny in her place. After them came Pompey, a more masked, but not a better, master; and thereafter no prize was fought for but that of Empire. Legions composed of Roman citizens did not lay down their arms at Pharsalia and Philippi: much less would the armies of Otho and Vitellius have abandoned war of their own free will. The same divine wrath, the same human frenzy, the same criminal aims were driving them on to strife; and that these wars were ended as it were at a single stroke was due to the incapacity of the leaders." Professor Ramsay's Tacitus will be valued long after war has given place to peace, but we have gone through the volume now with the keener zest for the appositeness of so much in it, rendered as it is in English equally scholarly and simple. Such a passage as that just quoted might form the text for many reflections on the wars not only of Empires, but of classes.

Fiction

MR. COSMO HAMILTON set himself a difficult task when he sought to evolve a fairy tale out of what has come to be known as the "eternal triangle," and he handicapped himself still further when he named the result "The Miracle of Love" (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.); for of miracle there is none, and the suggested fairies are no more than the usual humans with the bump of benevolence fully developed. But the title chosen is an alluring one, and, after all, though the miracle be lacking, there is plenty of love as *pièce de résistance*, with other meats and a variety of flavourings sufficient to make the dish pleasant—occasionally, perhaps, unpleasant—to the taste of the epicure in fiction. An admirable sub-title would have been "A Study in Dukes and Duchesses," for the author boldly lays a trio of each under contribution, though, to be

strictly accurate, one of the ladies figures in a dual capacity, and she is the heroine in distress for whom the missing miracle could have done no more than was achieved by quite everyday means. She is the grey-eyed, tawny-haired Helena, daughter of a reprobate father who has practically sold her to a debauchee friend, the Duke of Harwich. He takes her to Paris for the honeymoon, but "Helena went away a girl, and by the grace of God came back a girl"; fortunately for her, her depraved husband was seized with paralysis which ended in death. Delicately, but quite plainly, the author describes the relations existing between the ill-assorted couple, the pure-minded, healthy English girl, and the Duke, broken in health, cursed with a taint of Orientalism in his blood. He was a degenerate throwback, and before the end of the honeymoon would willingly have taken "the greatly reduced summer-sales price of thirty shillings" for the wife for whom he had paid thirty thousand pounds. Soon after the marriage Helena encounters her affinity, Lord Clive Hurbert, who ultimately becomes Duke of Cheshire, at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover. It is a case of love at first sight, but though the rules and regulations of the upper ten are most delightfully ignored, the young couple otherwise preserve a healthy respect for Mrs. Grundy. Their struggle to keep straight on the line of duty forms the theme of the story, and virtue is duly rewarded at its close, thanks not to fairies, but to a dear, middle-aged couple whom Dickens might have created. Other characters hover more or less round these patient lovers, and in their way are every one entertaining, especially the Lady Emily Hurbert, Clive's aunt, whom the reader is sure to love. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's views on affairs in general, with the exception of the war, but including the "militants," form an interesting additional feature of the book, which should command a large circle of readers.

To write a novel with the hero's career starting at his babyhood, continuing through his school-days and ending as he approaches maturity, is not a particularly easy task. Mr. Eric Leadbitter, however, has accomplished it remarkably well in "Rain Before Seven" (George Allen and Unwin, 6s.), and in reading of Michael Lawson one feels that the author has taken infinite pains to present this character. Not that the story bears any indication that the delineation was a laborious task, but there are marks proving that no pains were spared, no trouble was too great to give to Michael the full measure of which the author deemed him worthy. Possessing a certain talent for music, and showing no particular ability for anything else, the young hero, on being expelled from school for a foolish rather than a wicked offence, finds a kind friend who finances him while he studies the art to which he has given his devotion. Being of a retiring disposition, the boy makes few friends, and even in time ceases to correspond with his own family as well as with his patron. Eventually thrown on his own resources, he manages, by abandoning all luxuries,

just to make a living—for a time. This part of the story is perhaps a little too much drawn out, and does not hold the reader's attention in the same way as do the first and last parts of the book. The whole account of the boy, however, is good; his various love affairs are consistent with his vacillating disposition; and if Mr. Leadbitter gives the reader the impression that he is viewing characters from a considerable distance, instead of being put on intimate terms with the persons of the story, the book on that account, thanks to the author's careful handling, does not lose its grip.

In "Tainted Gold" (Stanley Paul, 6s.), Mr. H. Noel Williams carries the reader with him at breakneck speed to a prolonged feast of the most extraordinary horrors and mysteries it is possible to cram into any six-shilling novel. There are corpses galore; the dead come to life again; there is a detective, and the tainted gold which everyone is after. Young Gerald Carthew is the unconscious heir to it, and in consequence his life, and the lives of not a few of his friends, are constantly in jeopardy. Those in search of thrills will find enough and to spare in Mr. Noel Williams' vivacious story, which never flags for a moment.

The Theatre

"The Panorama of Youth"

THERE would really sometimes seem to be a conspiracy of critics to belittle a play. At least, there is often a much nearer approach to unanimity among the gentlemen who "do" the theatres for the daily papers than among those who comment on books or pictures. The critics are generally agreed that Mr. Hartley Manners' "Comedy of Age" at the St. James's is a sort of brackish Pinero and water. It reminds them of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and they contrast it to the detriment of Mr. Hartley Manners. Sir George Alexander, we are told, does his best with it, etc., etc.

We see no real reason to endorse this view of the play. The resemblance in plot and purpose is undoubted, and Mr. Manners, we need not deny, is not Sir Arthur Pinero. But he has produced a very good, workmanlike comedy, with some perfectly delightful touches which appeal alternately to our sense of humour and our sentiment. Sir George Alexander as the elderly Sir Richard Gauntlett, who dyes his hair, wears stays, and assumes the airs of a young man because he is again in love, shows once more what a master he is; when at the end his hair assumes its rightful colour and he is obviously the elderly gentleman, he is hardly more natural than in the earlier scenes. It is just a wonderful impersonation. The play turns on the loves of Sir Richard Gauntlett for Mrs. Gordon-Trent (who has been divorced in unusual circumstances), and of Felicia Gauntlett, his daughter, for Geoffrey Annandale, Mrs. Gordon-Trent's son. If the plot is machine-

made, as we are told by the critics, the machinery is of a very high order, and the company uses it to the best advantage. Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Madge Titheradge, Mr. Owen Nares, Mr. Alfred Bishop, and Mr. Nigel Playfair get every ounce of good there is to be got out of their parts. The play strikes home for one reason if for no other. It has heart as well as brain. If it is not great work, it is intensely human and interesting, and it is magnificently acted.

"Oliver Twist"

IN times of peril the heart of the playgoer appears to turn to thoughts of Charles Dickens and melodrama. The revival of "Oliver Twist" by Mr. Comyns Carr, with Sir Herbert Tree's wonderful Fagin and the famous Bill Sikes of Mr. Lyn Harding, should satisfy this longing.

Never were villains so extremely wicked; never were good people so truly admirable; never, surely, has the pseudo-sentiment of the early Victorian period been so boldly set forth. We own to a great advantage over most of the audience on the 19th in that we had not seen the play before, nor read the novel since we were fourteen—now some years ago. This freshness of outlook left us particularly susceptible to the curiously old-fashioned manner of the play and to the vivid quality of the acting. Sir Herbert takes to himself the nature of the Cockney, cruel-hearted, almost impossible criminal with thorough artistry. He is not, perhaps, allowed to be much like a human being, but he certainly gives us his very last word of work and skill. Fagin may not be the kind of unpleasant trainer of thieves whom we can believe in, but, as Sir Herbert presents him, he is undoubtedly the Jew that Cruikshank drew—and the one which that artist eventually believed he had created.

In the world of stage-melodrama Miss Constance Collier's Nancy, Mr. Harding's Bill, Mr. Stanmore's Dodger, and Mr. Roy Byford's Bumble remain splendid companion-pictures for the remarkable Fagin. They are beyond praise in that particular world of art upon which they enter with such spirited intention. Miss Alma Murray is content to give us a charming old, almost Regency, lady—Miss Murray whom we remember so well as the vivid heroine of Browning's "Colombe's Birthday." That is a sad thing about Dickens—he inclines to reminiscences. There are many other excellent performances in the cast of twenty-two; we do not feel that Miss Mavis Yorke, who was so lively in "Where the Rainbow Ends," is very happy as Oliver, but Miss Jessie Winter is the most delightful Rose Maylie imaginable, and bears the whole weight of her artificial part with grace and beauty.

In art the older vogue is always the most widely popular—for perfectly sound sociological reasons—and therefore we have no doubt that "Oliver Twist" will fill His Majesty's to the brim for its present weeks of revival.

CORRESPONDENCE

MISTRAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Too often is it true that the globe-trotter goes everywhere, sees everything, and observes nothing. And seldom is the man with something to say as ready with words as he who has nothing. Imagine my pleasure, then, to meet one who had seen Frédéric Mistral, who felt and could describe the charm of Provence. It was a chance meeting in one of those Soho restaurants to which Englishmen go in search of French dishes; vain quest, for the Channel has a *raison d'être*, and a French dish on our side is rarely equal to a dish of the same name on the other.

An admirer of Frédéric Mistral, the mention of Provence at once brought his name to my lips; whereupon the globe-trotter absent-mindedly achieved a *gaffe* second only to the immortal "What are keats?"

"Mistral," he echoed. "It is a terrible wind."

I soon made the fact known to our friend that my interest lay in the poet, and inquired whether he knew personally the great singer of the South? No; though he, too, was interested somewhat in his writings.

"In Provence, Mistral is the uncrowned king of the country, a fine old fellow—one of the great men of last century. I can see him now with his wide-awake hat, dog, pipe, and longish, white 'Napoleon.' He is a little like Buffalo Bill in appearance, and, by the way, he has another link with America; Roosevelt is great on Mistral, and a letter of his is in the Museum, founded by the poet, at Arles. That's one more feather in Roosevelt's cap! It astonished and pleased me to know that the prophet and priest of the strenuous life should have found time to discover and acknowledge, in terms of characteristic energy, the famous Provençal. One great man hailing another is a grand sight. And Roosevelt is, take it from me, one of the 'safest' big men in the world, because in building a nation he remembers that he has a soul of his own, and he wants the nation to have one too. No man who does not love literature—not merely know it—can ever be truly called 'great'; he's not wise enough for the title."

An interesting globe-trotter this, possessing ideas and the gift of expressing them. He knew America, India, and Japan, and would fain have spoken of these countries, but I kept him to Provence, hoping for more intimate records of Mistral. The game was worth the candle, for he began to confess, and confession is always interesting.

"I learnt by heart one of the Provençal songs, and, if you like, I'll write down the words—you seem fairly an enthusiast! When I tell you the song is one of Mistral's own you'll be keener than ever." So it came about that he chanted the lines at the end of this article, impressing me with the music of the *langue d'Oc* as written by the poet. Between us we made the translation quoted.

"I wish you'd tell me what you think of Provence," I urged. My acquaintance was a man of leisure and good-nature, and it was not difficult to persuade him, although he remarked: "That's a large order. For one thing, though, you get none of this wretched fog down there in the Midi. The sun alone makes life worth living." It was good to hear of the sun again, for he had given London the cold shoulder for many weeks, and, outside the restaurant windows, groups of passers-by were dimly discernible in the yellow fog. But our friend liked London, and swore he would never compare her with Provence, to discredit her; not for a thousand places like Provence! Good luck to that globe-trotter. In frank, clear phrase his words banished the sight of the sinister-looking fog;

above us rose a deep blue Midi sky, and about us shone the everlasting sun. The hot sunshine that makes it prudent to shelter from the noon-day heat was with us for a spell, and around stretched the smooth plains of the Crau, the Alpilles rising in the distance. The haughty eyes of Roman grandeur gazed, with chastened regard, upon the classic ruins, where fought of old the Roman hosts among the rocks and gorges. Charlemagne smote Saracen upon these plains and mountains, whose very names are poems, Roque-Martine, Romanin, and Baux; and Maillane, where Mistral himself was born. Of Arles we thought, and of Avignon, the Roman theatre, the arena, and of Roland's tomb beneath the cypress trees on the river bank. We saw the life of the present day, brown arms and faces of gleaners, load on head, wending their way along the white road to Arles. We heard the snail-sellers crying their wares, fresh gathered from the fields—so they said. Out of our friend's past came the memory of cherry brandy in a modest but clean tavern far away. Had he not danced the "farandole" in a merry throng of youth and beauty? I think it was the picture of olive groves in sunlight, farmsteads hidden by poplars, love, and light, and laughter that suddenly caused our friend to feel the "gai-savoir" of the Midi.

"He who talks of wine without drinking is a fool for his pains!" he declared. And who would deny him a parting toast and God-speed on his next "look round this little earth?" He left a brightness in that Soho restaurant, and as he moved among the crowd without I realised more keenly than ever the privileges of the globe-trotter. This one had said little of Mistral; but out of his memory he had called up the atmosphere of the poet's land. All the world knows "Mireille," yet how few are aware of all that Mistral did for the land that gave him birth and inspiration! How he reformed the language, gave life to a new literature, and worked twenty years in the compilation of a Provençal dictionary! But those who have read can never forget the story of the youthful seven: Roumanille, Mistral, Tavan, Aubanel, Giéra, Brunet, and the gay Mathieu holding their council at Font-Ségugne to form the Félibrige Movement in the far-off days of May, 1854. Their oath of devotion to Poetry, Love, and Provence has been fulfilled, and the fame of Frédéric Mistral is the measure of their success, the token and crown of their faith. In the dark days of the Middle Ages, as we know, Provence had her poets, troubadours who sang of valour and chivalry in court and castle of old France. Then came the Renaissance and Malherbe, born in Provence, who became one of the founders of modern French literature. During the centuries the *langue d'Oc* declined until it came to be a more or less illiterate mode of speech. But the Seven Félibres stood between the past and the future, devoting their lives to the revival of a lost glory and the creation of a greater. Of their most famous member it was good to hear even so little; and here is the globe-trotter's poem:—

FIHO POULIDO

Porto sa verquiero au front.

Uno fiho de champ, pèr tant que fugue pauro,
N'aguènt que si vint ounglo e gardant sus lou piue
Soun troupeloun de fedo à la rigour de l'auro,
S'es bello, pòu agué dins l'astre soun pan kiue.

D'un segnour ufanous, en casso dins li Mauro,
La chato, un bon matin, aura pica dins l'iue:
E lou prince n'en fai sa princesso e sa Lauro,
Coume acò s'encapito i Milo-e-uno-Niue!

Se sabiés gaubeja tout ço que te rènd bello,
Lou riban de toun péu, la flour de ta capello
E lou dous paraulis que t'a messo en relèu,

Prouvenco, ta peréu, sènsò argènt, sènsò armado,
Rèn que pèr ta belour, rènsò que pèr èstre amado,
Estariès pèr toujour la rèino dóu soulèu.

The translation is as follows. (Mistral, often likened to Burns, expressed a similar spirit, and the language of "Bobbie" is a most suitable medium for conveying the words of the poet of Provence):

A BONNIE MAID

Carries her fortune in her face.

A country maid wha has nae wealth
Save twenty nails a' pink wi' health,
An' tends her sheep on stormy brae;
Gin she be fair,

The brightest star o' heaven may wear.

A mighty laird, perchance, at chase,
Will look into her bonnie face,
And as in mony an ancient lay

He'll tak for bride

Yon lassie o' the mountain-side.

Wi' beauty's arts that rend sae fair,
The flower in bosom, band in hair,
Your accents sweet beyond compare,

Ah, Provence!

Blest wi' naether wealth nor arms,
Nor aught of pow'r but beauty's charms,
Ye'll be for aye the Queen o' the Sun.

I am, Sir, Yours truly, HAROLD BUTTERWORTH.
3, Kensington Park Road, London, W.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND A "MAN OF LETTERS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It was with feelings of profound amazement that I, as a literary man and journalist, learned that Mr. Robert Ross, literary executor to the late Oscar Wilde, had been made the recipient of a testimonial and present of money from some three hundred more or less distinguished individuals who claim to be counted among his friends or at least his admirers. One would have thought that, in view of the manner in which he has exercised his privileges as executor to the Wilde estate, and especially in view of the evidence given and the comments made by the learned judges in two recent unsuccessful prosecutions in which Mr. Ross was the pursuer, that he is hardly the sort of person to deserve the sympathy, support and eulogy of reasonable people. Therefore I was especially gratified to read the very admirable leading article on the subject which appeared in your esteemed columns on April 10 under the heading, "The Prime Minister and a 'Man of Letters.'" When a man of letters is presented with a laudatory address and a gift of seven hundred pounds one certainly expects that he has done some really big and noble work; but THE ACADEMY shows quite clearly that Mr. Ross's literary performances amount to very little. I claim to have a knowledge of Mr. Ross's "literary work," and it has never seemed to me that he is noted for the so-called "justice and courage of his writings." Let us examine, for example, Mr. Ross's conduct in regard to Wilde's "De Profundis." It is now known that "De Profundis" as a whole, and including the unpublished portions, which are housed in the British Museum, is a discreditable, simpering, utterly insincere and altogether abominable piece of writing, and it is well that we should remember that the unpublished parts, which contain gross, foul and wicked libels upon persons at present living, were handed to the Museum authorities by

Mr. Robert Ross, whom Mr. Asquith and others seek to glorify. These portions of the MS. are not to be published until 1960, by which time the persons libelled in it will have passed away. Why was it not destroyed? The literary executor of Oscar Wilde prefers, in the first place, to publish the holy parts of the MS. about Love and Christ and Sorrow, and, in the second place, to reserve the other portions, which we are told are "not for this generation," for posterity. And posterity, I firmly believe, will judge that a man "long distinguished for the justice and courage of his writings" would not have acted after the manner of Mr. Robert Ross. I have seen so many Wilde prefaces written by Mr. Ross that it is not over-stepping the mark to say that for a good many years past he has been Wilde's chief fudge-man and boomster. For myself, I do not consider that certain works by Wilde are in any way desirable, and if it is necessary to protest against the canonisation of Oscar Wilde, it is just as necessary to protest, in the public interest or at least in the interest of letters, against this extraordinary laudation of Mr. Robert Ross.

When a man of Mr. Ross's literary reputation is given such an amazing testimonial it clearly shows that we live in sad and degenerate times. I note that Mr. Ross has not accepted the £700, but prefers the sum should be devoted to the foundation of a "Robert Ross" scholarship in the Slade School of Fine Art at University College, London. Personally, I would have preferred to have seen the money handed over to one of the war relief funds or given to some of the men of letters who badly need it.

Then, to look at the matter from another point of view, in your issue of April 10 I noted that you asked the Prime Minister, among others, to explain to the literary public upon what grounds it is asserted that Mr. Ross has "long been distinguished for the justice and courage of his writings," but so far he has had nothing to say, and the other gentlemen whom you asked for an explanation are equally silent. If Mr. Ross's reputation is so great it ought not to be difficult for the Prime Minister to give instances of the "justice and courage" of Mr. Ross's writings; but I take it that most of your readers will agree with me that Mr. Asquith, in ignoring your challenge, is practically admitting the impossibility of justifying his action in signing this ridiculous testimonial.

I am, your obedient servant,

W. SORLEY BROWN.

4th King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Galashiels, April 20, 1915.

The City

SHORT loans are in demand, and two months' bills have been readily discounted at 2½ per cent. Supplies will probably be augmented to some extent on Saturday, when £15,000,000 of Treasury Bills are paid off, but the extent depends upon the quantity of fresh bills which may be sold by the Government in the interval. Money is coming in to the Exchequer fairly well. Receipts from revenue to the end of last week were £16,485,000 against £11,464,968 for the same period last year, and Exchequer balances show an increase of £12,650,000 against £8,106,321 last year. On the Stock Exchange things have become very dull, apart from a certain improvement in Russian, Japanese, and Chinese stocks and the excitement which had been manufactured in the Copper market. The reaction in copper shares is welcome for the simple reason that so many people outside the professional ranks were getting the fever. There has also been a setback in Steel Commons and Canpacs. The

tendency to speculation has been induced mainly from New York, and the public must be warned not to fall into the trap which will certainly be provided now even more than at ordinary times. Only on Monday we heard loud regrets that certain copper shares had not been bought, and the usual rather desperate suggestion that they should be bought then, high as they were. The "tip" had gone round and the chances are had been taken too late as usual. Rubber shares are still looking up, with Malacca taking an easy lead. Reports now coming out daily make excellent reading for shareholders, who would not have been much surprised if the results of last year's working had meant considerable reduction in dividends. The younger producers all seem to have done well.

How war may bring partial compensation to industrial concerns is reflected in the report of the Kimberley Water Works Company, and the speech of the chairman at Wednesday's meeting. The consumption of the company's water was over 65 million gallons in excess of that of the previous year down to the end of July, 1914. The war involved the shutting down of the mines, with heavy loss naturally to the company. The military camps which sprang up in South Africa almost restored water consumption to normal, and on the whole year there was a shortage on 1913 of only 18,000,000 gallons, though this recovery was unfortunately to some extent discounted by the necessity of reducing charges in order to relieve local conditions. The net result was a working profit of £26,000 for the year and a five per cent. dividend.

The report of the Alliance Assurance Company shows that new life policies were issued for well over a million and a half sterling. The total life premiums received during the year were £1,173,135, and the life and annuity funds at the end of 1914 stood at the fine figure of £18,254,000, the total funds of the company amounting to very little short of £25,000,000. The average rate of interest earned was high at £4 6s. 8d. After paying a dividend of 12s. per share, the amount remaining to be carried forward on profit and loss account is £73,912 in excess of that of the previous year.

The directors of the Royal Exchange Assurance recommend the General Court to be held on the 28th instant to declare a further dividend of 6 per cent., free of income tax, making 10 per cent. for the year 1914.

KIMBERLEY WATER WORKS.

The 35th annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Kimberley Water Works Co., Ltd., was held on Wednesday, Mr. James Jackson, the chairman of the company, presiding.

The secretary (Mr. F. W. Archdeacon) having read the notice convening the meeting, and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, we meet to-day under circumstances unparalleled in the history of the world. We are fighting desperately, as were our forefathers a century ago, for our freedom and the very existence of our Empire against a tyranny of organised oppression before which the worst exploits of Napoleon pale.

If the dangers have been, and are still, great in Europe, in South Africa they have been little less so. German money, and German intrigue, encouraged and fostered a rebellion so serious that but for masterful handling the whole of South Africa might have been aflame and have been lost to the Mother Country, which, after the great war in Europe was over, would have had to start and reconquer the country if she could. It is almost impossible to imagine General Botha dealing with the Treaty of Vereenigen as a "Scrap of Paper," or being otherwise than loyal and true to his trust. It was thrice fortunate that he was at the head of affairs, for no one in South

Africa has ever enjoyed the confidence of Boer and Briton alike as he does. He recognised that the situation was desperately critical, and he rose nobly to the occasion.

The evils of the war are so terrible, and the losses it entails to ourselves and others so vast, that it is almost a shame to talk of any of its trifling compensations. As things have fallen out, however, our company has derived some advantage from the establishment of various military camps in and around Kimberley, in which were concentrated large numbers of men, horses and cattle, so that the demand for water materially helped in raising what might have been a meagre consumption of water in the second half of the year to respectable, if not normal, proportions. Mainly owing to the record sales of the months of January and February of nearly 95,000,000 gallons, we were in the fortunate position on the occurrence of the war of starting the second half year with an excess of 65,000,000 gallons over the corresponding period of 1913, which enabled us to end the year with the satisfactory figure of over 282,000,000 gallons, one of the highest yearly sales in the company's record.

I do not suppose in any corner of the Empire has the effect of this calamity been more marked or immediate than at Kimberley, where the prosperity of the community is so largely dependent on the single industry of diamond mining. It was believed that on August 1 a large stock of diamonds remained in the hands of the producers, and it was recognised that there could be no market for such articles of luxury when all the great nations of Europe were convulsed in war, so that the prompt action taken by the De Beers Company was in no way surprising. They closed down the mines at once.

There has been a good deal of adverse criticism on the action of De Beers, but after all they were the best judges of the position. It could serve no useful purpose to hold out false hopes to their employees by making light of the trouble, and they did what they considered necessary to relieve the situation. As a concession to meet the prevailing distress a temporary discount of 25 per cent. on all domestic consumption of water was made by this company on condition of prompt payment, and, for the time, salaries both in Kimberley and on this side have been reduced by 20 per cent., an abatement to which drafters' fees had also been subjected. The extremely gloomy and pessimistic view that was taken on the outbreak of the war on commerce and trade generally, and particularly of the diamond trade—diamonds being practically unsaleable eight months ago—gradually gave place to a much greater feeling of confidence when the fact became patent that the trade of this country, at any rate, far from being extinguished, continued active and in some instances most profitable. Our neutral friends, the Americans, seem to be profiting by the misfortunes that have overwhelmed much of the trade of Europe, and to be making money at a rate that might be expected to satisfy any reasonable ambition. They have also been extensive and prominent buyers of diamonds, and, if report speaks truly, they have even at this early period, after a total abstinence, begun to buy pretty freely. It is from them only that the first demand for diamonds on any large scale can be expected after the war is over. Once peace is restored and things have had time to settle down, there is every reason to confidently look forward to a career of renewed prosperity and welfare for this company, punctuated, perhaps, with the recurrence of the bonuses of the past two years, which, though short-lived, were so very welcome. I now beg to move the adoption of the report. (Applause.)

Mr. Robert Ford seconded the motion, and gave an interesting account of his recent visit to Kimberley. The motion was carried unanimously.

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Notes of the Week

Germany's New Effort

THOSE of us who are only able to judge of events at the front by the reports which authority vouchsafes have experienced more than one quickening of the pulse during the past week. Germany, stung no doubt by Neuve Chapelle and the loss of Hill 60, and taking advantage of Russia's inability to make headway through spring mud, has made a supreme effort to break the Allies' line north of Ypres. The battle was desperately contested, and if the British, French and Belgians have succeeded in turning the tables on the enemy, the event has proved that the German forces in spirit and in numbers are more formidable than some would have us believe. They have provided the most eloquent commentary on the urgent plea for more men and more munitions which Lord Kitchener and Sir John French have never ceased to make. At the same time they have given the British troops, which now number three-quarters of a million, a further opportunity of showing that they are in no way inferior to the first small but splendid body sent out. Above all in this great trial, where every man seems to have been a hero, came the exploit of the Canadians, who not only faced heavy odds at a serious disadvantage, but recaptured lost guns in a manner which recalls some of the finest episodes in our history. The example of the Canadians has electrified the whole Empire.

Amphibious Operations

Not only in the neighbourhood of Ypres have events been moving. The French, with an occasional set back, have scored further successes in Alsace, the German Fleet is said to have been cruising in the North Sea looking for the British Fleet—a report which is obviously mere pretence designed to please those in Germany who still share the Kaiser's faith in Von Tirpitz—and large forces have been landed on the Gallipoli

peninsula. This latter event has dispelled some of the fog of war. It explains the silence which it was believed covered disaster in the Dardanelles. The attempt of the Allies to force the straits by ships proved impracticable; amphibious operations alone can clear the way to Constantinople. The critics, with the advantage of events to back their view, say this ought to have been understood from the first. Possibly the affair is not altogether unconnected with the Venizelos trouble in Greece. It was hoped that Greece would come in at once, and her part may have been to provide the army for the Gallipoli peninsula. The King objected, and the Allies have had to find the army themselves. The job in hand is a big one, and opens up a fine field for the speculations of the amateur strategist.

The Methods of Barbarism

There is apparently no limit to the diabolical devices to which the Germans are prepared to resort. Asphyxiating gas was freely used to assist their latest effort, and its effects were momentarily disastrous. The expedient can only be described as quite worthy of the desperadoes who send out submarines to torpedo merchant vessels and fisher craft, and seize every opportunity to maltreat defenceless British prisoners. Lord Kitchener's condemnation of German methods is scathing. Germany, he said on Tuesday, has stooped to acts which will surely stain indelibly her military history, vieing as it does with the barbarous savagery of the Dervishes of the Sudan. German kultur has succeeded in placing Germany outside the pale of civilised nations.

If Germany had only Known!

Germany's miscalculations are pretty generally recognised by this time; she miscalculated the character of the Russian Government and the temper of the Russian people; she mistook the spirit of France and the capability of the French army; and she entirely misconstrued every local movement in that great congeries of peoples which goes to make up the British Empire. A writer in *Der Tag* makes free and full confession in a neat and comprehensive summary which it would be hard to improve upon:

We expected that India would rise when the first shot was fired in Europe, but thousands of Indians came to fight with the British against us. We thought the British Empire would be torn to pieces, but the Colonies appear to be united closer than ever with the Mother Country. We expected a triumphant rebellion in South Africa; it was nothing but a failure. We thought there would be trouble in Ireland, but instead, she sent her best soldiers against us. We anticipated that the "peace at any price" party would be dominant in England, but it melted away in the ardour to fight Germany. We regarded England as degenerate, yet she seems to be our principal enemy.

So much for the illusions fostered by the Treitschkes and the Bernhardis.

Doctors and Latin

The decision of the Liverpool University, following that of some of the other provincial universities, to

omit Latin as a necessary subject for the entrance examination for the medical curriculum will, no doubt, be looked on with regret by lovers of the ancient classics. But it has to be remembered that the examination itself was of a very rudimentary character, and it is very doubtful if any large number of medical practitioners who had merely managed to scrape through the preliminary test were thereby either enabled or encouraged to pursue their reading of the classic Latin authors. There is no reason to fear that the number of serious Latin scholars will be diminished in England by this relaxation. But if the medical curriculum is to be lightened by the exclusion of the ancient classics, there is the more reason for insisting on compensation being paid by a more serious study than hitherto of modern languages. Complaints have been constant during the war of the inability of our medical men and of our officers to express themselves in French or German. The war has indeed shown how important the study of living languages may be.

The Poets of Present-Day France

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

A GREAT war is like a chasm that divides two generations. It is a clean cut of separation. The age that follows must always be different from that which preceded. All the countries engaged in the present conflict are likely to experience this transformation in a striking degree. In England we may probably anticipate a greater virility, in Russia a higher ideal and realisation of social liberty, in France a clearer note of assurance and confidence. France during the past forty years has been in a condition of hesitancy and suspense; the earlier years were darkened by the depression and humiliation of one great struggle, the later have been touched by the coming shadow of the present conflict which was felt to be inevitable. Literature is ever a sensitive reflection of national conditions, but it should not be the slave of these conditions; and the genius, the unknown quantity, can always partially divorce himself from his age or else compel it to take colour from his inspirations. With regard to France it is difficult to say whether the literary school sometimes known as Decadent and sometimes as Symbolist was really a result of the disaster of 1870-1. It seems rather to have been an abnormal and somewhat unhealthy development from romanticism, which would probably have occurred in any case, and which was certain to pass though not without leaving permanent traces. In genius itself there appears to be no advance of type, though a constant development in modes of expression; the genius is quite as likely to be a reversion as a new departure, perhaps more likely. For these reasons we have to beware of the historical method in studying literature or art; and yet we cannot entirely neglect historical conditions in the consideration of the literature of our own or any preceding age.

Earlier in the nineteenth century French poetry, as with Victor Hugo, was triumphant and self-assertive; after the great defeat it became sobered and often sombre, visionary and often indefinite. It gloried in a kind of mysticism of the sensuous, a symbolism of the flesh; it severed itself from the common mirth and tears of human life, revelling in symbols of colour and sensation, of touch and sight and taste. Verlaine, Mallarmé, Heredia, de l'Isle Adam, Prudhomme, have passed after doing work of more or less enduring quality; the living French poets, touched by a prescience of the present struggle for national existence, have carried on their tradition with something of a new tone, an influence borrowed from the profound vitality of such Belgian forces as Verhaeren and Mockel and Maeterlinck. It is rather curious to think that two of the strongest present-day French poets are really Americans, though they have definitely embraced a Latin medium of utterance, instead of that which we with imperfect accuracy style Anglo-Saxon. Francis Vielé-Griffin, born in 1864, the son of General Vielé-Griffin, of New York, is a Socialist who found his true expression in French, not English; yet he has carried American and English influences with him into the language of his adoption. Though he hailed Mallarmé as "Master," he translated both Swinburne and Walt Whitman, and we have a distinct echo of Whitman in such a poem as "Behind My Father's House there Sang a Bird." The other French-American poet, Stuart Merrill, was born on Long Island in 1868, and was educated in Paris. His inspiration seems half French, half Belgian. Though he studied law in New York, literature has claimed him. From his first book, "Les Gammes," published in 1887, to "Une Voix de la Foule," which appeared in 1909, he has given the world poetry that has deepened and grown richer in its feeling and rhythm. He has played a double part—that of Socialistic organiser in America, that of man of letters in Paris; but while he carried his poetic idealism into his social schemes, he does not appear to have brought much Socialism into his poetry—at least, not of the aggressive and flamboyant order. But the foremost position among French poets of to-day cannot be claimed by either of these, high though they stand; it is rather the right of Henri de Regnier. It is not the first time that the name of Regnier has been distinguished in French literature, but there is nothing in common between the satirical canon of Chartres and the imaginative romanticist and vers-librist of the present day. Born in 1864, Regnier married a daughter of the poet Heredia, and thus linked himself to one who in some respects was his master; his wife herself is a distinguished writer. The title "fleshly," once cast in derision and reprobation at certain British authors, may be used without offence of Regnier; he is obsessed by the beauty of the human form, yet in a manner he spiritualises the sensual, and it cannot be said that he is gross. He resembles those high-minded painters of the nude who use their subject-matter as type and symbol. There are possible objections to such

use when employed too daringly; we must respect the shrinking of those to whom it suggests peril. But the beauty of Regnier's poetry cannot be denied. There is something of moral mysticism in the lyric loveliness of his "Man and the Siren," whose diction and metre remind us, chiefly by way of contrast, of Arnold's "Forsaken Merman." Verhaeren may be more virile, more varied, more rich in idea; but Verhaeren himself has never achieved a finer *tour-de-force* than this. In the ease of his style Regnier is a perfect artist. Yet we shall expect something different and a more robust inspiration in the literature of the coming new France.

Closer to Verhaeren because of his frank realism, and also because he loves to write of the Low Country, is Francois Jammes. He is drawn to the tropics also, by taste and by ancestral influence; he has that love of the Orient and of far alien solitudes which we find more often in French poets than in English, though the English have accomplished more globe-wandering. His writings are a strange blending of the joy of life with touches of hopeless pessimism—a typical product of our complicated civilisation, the pessimism of which, we believe, has received only a temporary justification. We, knowing the worst, can now look with hopefulness for that better condition which we expect to arise from a chaos of destruction; we are trusting that the hurricane of war shall purify the air for centuries to come, and that from strife may be born such a peace as the world has not yet known. In that day new voices will be ready to speak, telling of a larger vision and a surer optimism than any that at this moment can be ours. It is probable that the next decade will see a literary and artistic renaissance, wonderful and vital.

Several other names must not be omitted—names of poets whose work has not won world-wide recognition, yet distinct and individual voices of the prevalent Gallic mood in the final years before the great war. There is André Spire, who is too much possessed by the physical side of things, and to whom the body seems a greater reality than the soul. Though we need not reject all such poetry with indignant prudery, it often becomes false art even because of its monotony, leading to nothing but repeatedly travelled roads; it becomes as insipid and ultimately nauseating as a huge picture-gallery that contains nothing but nudes. There is a deal too much of this kind of thing in recent Continental poetry; it is a weakness from which English-speaking writers have in large measure been saved by a wholesome public opinion and by some lingering sur-

vivals of puritan influence. It is indeed a fatal moment when poets or artists begin to imagine that the naked body is the only worthy subject-matter; and those who would by no means exclude this as a source of inspiration will still claim for the spirit and for man's inward experiences a far higher place as prompting and pervading the noblest literature. Some of the women-poets specially are extremists in this sensuousness, in France as in Germany; and one of these, Renée Vivien, an American by birth, is positively untranslatable owing to her themes. The Countess de Noailles is more safe to approach, though she yields to similar tendencies at times; she gives us pictures of rural life which often remind us of Georges Sand when she contented herself with idyllic aspects. Passing again to the male writers, we have a striking example of modernism in Jules Romains, who was born in 1885, and whose work shows close kinship to the Belgian school of robust realism. He chooses such subjects as "The Barracks" and the "Metropolitain," the underground railway of Paris; but poetic realism can easily make the mistake frequently made by prose, of forgetting that though all subjects may be lawful, all are not expedient. Other Frenchmen, such as Paul Fort, seek license not only in their matter, but in their form; they either give us actual prose or their *vers-libre* ignores all conventions of metre or of punctuation. There are others of more formal beauty, such as Kahn and Mortier; better still, perhaps, were Samain and Moréas, but we are here considering only the living. For the most part, we have to say of these poets that they have written in an age which they found sterile of inspiration, a period of staleness; their style is usually better than anything that they have had to say, and much that they expressed beautifully was yet not worth the expression. A generation of indulgence and luxury, denuded of its faiths, wounded and anxious in its patriotism, realising little with vividness except the actualities of physical life, can hardly be an age of lofty utterance. We must look to the near future for some nobler growth. When there is something great to say those will arise who will say it greatly. Belgium had already been given a striking lead by Maeterlinck and Verhaeren; in France the lead has been lacking—there have been many of talent, but none supreme. We know that consummate genius will find its own message in any age, however dead; but talent of lesser order waits upon the impulse and prompting of the moment. Sometimes it is the hour that waits for the man; at this moment we may believe that there are men who are waiting for the hour.

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Cardinal Mercier

WHEN Cardinal Mercier, the Archbishop of Malines, last Christmas, by his daring pastoral challenged the right of Germany in Belgium to control the soul as well as the body of that unhappy country, he made famous for the world at large a name already familiar to scholars and philosophers. Too little is known, outside the elect, of this noble-spirited and very brilliant son of the Roman Church, and even to-day probably the great majority of people consider that his best title to the world's recognition is his readiness to face the mighty displeasure of the War Lords of Europe, who have added the chagrin of defeat to the gracelessness of an overweening self-confidence. The truth is Cardinal Mercier is one of the greatest of living men, and will leave the impress of his personality and his brain on Europe for many a day to come. We welcome heartily a tiny book in which his philosophy and his work at Louvain and Malines are briefly described.* As it is no more than a pamphlet, it may too easily be passed over as of little account. It is, as a matter of fact, a gem, worth more to those who have the remotest regard for original work and thought than many big volumes. Cardinal Mercier is in his sixty-fourth year, and it is thirty-eight years since he became Professor of Philosophy at the Little Seminary at Malines. Five years later he inaugurated the Chair of Thomistic Philosophy at the University of Louvain. Another nine years and he became head of the Higher Institute of Philosophy. He was consecrated Archbishop in 1907, and it would be difficult to say whether his work at the university or in the archiepiscopate has been the greater.

It was in 1879 that Pope Leo XIII urged the special study of the philosophy of St. Thomas as a counter-active of the modern tendency to create new schools which could lay no claim to the wisdom and authority of the past. In the Abbé Mercier, as he then was, the Pontiff found at once the most faithful and the ablest of his Thomistic followers. He studied natural science and modern philosophy with equal assiduity. Facts, organic and inorganic, had to be mastered if a real philosophy were to be established. "Philosophy does not go ahead of the sciences, but follows them to synthesise their results under the guidance of the first principles of human knowledge." His plans soon outgrew the possibility of any individual mastery. A school of specialists had to be created, and scientists and metaphysicians were brought together to collate their observations and the results of their labours. Over them all the Abbé was the veritable presiding genius. His manuals were to his Institute all that his pastorals have been to his See and to Belgium since. His pastoral on patriotism infuriated the Germans because it was as simple as profound in its denunciation of the pestilential pretensions of the Nietzsches and the Treitschkes who apotheosise the State without regard to right or order which the State

* *Cardinal Mercier.* (London: R. and T. Washbourne. 6d. net.)

should serve. To get at the facts as to men's lives and needs he has been as unsparing of himself as he was to get at the truths to which science and philosophy alone would point the way. There was inexpressible meaning in the words he used at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the restoration of Louvain University just six years ago, and there seems even more meaning to-day: "In the position in which God has placed me I hear the ever-ascending cries and groans of that insatiable multitude of souls going in quest of the bread of truth." Cardinal Mercier's influence over the thoughts of men is easily intelligible, and in precise proportion as he has the courage to tell all men what he believes have the spoilers of Belgium good reason to gag him.

Our Imperturbability

DANTE was a very wise and great philosopher. He established a whole system of ethics in which the principle of right and wrong was based on the assumption that every vice is a virtue carried to an unlawful extreme. It is an interesting theory to work out, and may be applied to the present war with illuminating results in more than one direction. We have done it repeatedly to the Enemy until all their virtues have taken on the most vicious hues; by turning the searchlight on ourselves we may discover some corresponding and interesting illustrations of the principle. One of the most characteristic and useful of British virtues is that of imperturbability. It shines in the trenches, it is the genius of the battlefield, it radiates heroism and an extraordinary competency in the hospital, under shell-fire, in circumstances of appalling emergency and stress.

It differentiates the Briton from all his cousins on the Continent, this power of restraint over his emotions, of coolness in the face of danger, of *sangfroid* in circumstances of extreme irritation. In it he seems to come nearer to the immobility of the East, to that curious, unceasing calm of watchfulness which veils a volcanic power of passion, with this great difference—that, while in the Oriental these slumbering fires may break into active violence at any provocation, in the Englishman the quiet of the surface goes far down into the elemental nature of the man—to his depths he detests scenes and emotionalism and any outward display of the feelings which govern this life. In the Chinese this calm is too often that of treachery; in the Briton it is the quiet of an ingrained cheerfulness and confidence in himself and his destiny.

The spirit which takes men whistling into the zone of fire, to the call of duty or the rescue of their fellows, is no forced courage; the cheerfulness that carries them smiling through the monotony of the trenches, through operations and amputations, is no surface stoicism; the humour that can play merrily round the death-dealing machines of war is no strained cynicism: it is the result of an outlook on life that is one of the Britisher's greatest assets on the road to success.

Rightly we laud it on the battlefield, this calm, unmoved front, strong and unshaken in the face of immense odds, incalculable discomforts, hardships, worries. It is eminently British. But here in England, outside the reach of danger, living in comfort while thousands whom we have given as hostages to fortune are yielding up life, or limbs, health and future, as our proxies, such an attitude of imperturbability seems to sit less well on those who wear it. Days come, days pass, the routine of life swings round with the sun, men eat and drink, and work and play, much as if war were not.

Authority has assumed its most imperturbable mask. There are to be no thrills, no rejoicings, no lamentations. All the personal quality is to be omitted from the news allowed; that touch which goes straight to the heart like the genius of the poet and awakens an instant response in enthusiasm and personal devotion, cannot exist. The driest of matter is dealt out to us weeks after a victory or a defeat. It is but the shroud of a corpse long dead—no living vital contact with the spirit, the terror, the heroism of war.

From time to time there is a protest against the attitude of the nation. The spell which has frozen its leaders has the whole people in its grip. Where is the enthusiasm, the devotion, that marked the commencement of the war? Is it merely that the nation has resumed its normal attitude of unbroken coolness, or that people are indifferent to the course, the outcome, of the greatest fight of which the world has ever been the arena? To those behind the scenes, weighted with the same sense of responsibility of danger and of watchfulness as the soldier on the battlefield, such an attitude is natural: they have no time for sorrow or for applause, no emotion to waste on any non-essentials—they are in it and of it, calm in the face of emergency.

But to those outside, to the stay-at-homes, the civilians, those for whom the men at the front are fighting and dying, quite another attitude is permissible. Picture the difference at a football match—there on the field is the same imperturbability, the grim, absorbed attention to the game alike in players, in referees, and officials; but in the onlookers, those for whom this sport is made, what a contrast! Excitement, enthusiasm, groans, yells and applause—an interest that appears utterly out of proportion to its source. Breathlessly every move is followed, each step canvassed, frantically each partisan is cheered, each opponent hooted who scores a goal.

The same men in this the greatest game that has ever been played out before mortal eyes take but a languid interest. They hesitate to be players; they are not even enthusiastic onlookers. And why?

In football they understand the game; it is in their blood, their money is in it. War as it is being played to-day is a game of secrecy, incomprehensible to the uneducated spectator—it has none of the thrill, the glamour and romance of bygone years. On the battlefield it is a long, slow game of waiting; at home it is accompanied by reserve that is impenetrable. There are

still men in their thousands who do not enlist, men and women in their tens of thousands who do not work for their country as they might. And why? Because they do not understand. The right means are not taken for their enlightenment, the right methods not employed to rouse their enthusiasm.

Those ages which have prosecuted war most effectually have always been the picturesque and romantic ages. The Crusaders, the Elizabethan commanders, the ancient Roman generals knew the value of Emotionalism. The panoply of war, its great processions, the Cross upheld, the banners and hymns, the ritual of knighthood and crusade brought to its ranks followers in their thousands—stirred whole countries to unplumbed depths, roused an enthusiasm that spread its infection to tender girls and little children.

The Roman general, on setting forth, sacrificed to all his gods, put himself with splendid ceremony beneath the protection of his Deity and his city; on his return, with triumphant procession he displayed the fruits of victory. These were not mere artistic impulses, nor were they pride of war—they were part of a well-ordered scientific scheme of life.

In war the destiny of the nation is in the hands of its people, and unless the people rise to an understanding of their responsibility and of their individual greatness as Saviours of the Empire the outlook is an unpromising one.

Ritual teaches men great truths by means of pictures. The ritual of war has lapsed. With the khaki of practicability has entered in the spirit of duty, uninspired by an Ideal. The need of to-day is a revival of the picturesque, the human, enthralling side of war. Let emotion take for a brief spell the place of the severely rational and scientific side which is presented to us.

Let us have processions, rejoicings, solemn requiems in all churches for the fallen, banners and garlands for those who go forth. The heart of the nation is veiled in this imperturbable exterior which has been forced upon it. No great cause has ever triumphed unless the heart has given play to its powers of love and hatred, of enthusiasm which storms all barriers.

Some of us are forced to be onlookers. Let us be enthusiasts. There is a time for all things: a time for emotion, a time for imperturbability, a time for suppression—a time for the loosing of human impulses and passions. Of the latter is the day in which we live.

Bidding at Royal Auction

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

IN a previous article* I dealt with the subject of the original declaration of the dealer. The two main principles therein deduced were that the bid should not be above the strength of the hand—that is to say that the dealer should be prepared to make good his contract if called upon to do so, and, second, that every precaution should be observed not to mislead

* Mr. Taunton Williams' article appeared in THE ACADEMY, April 3.

one's partner. The second condition applies with equal force to the subsequent bidding, especially in the case of the second player. How frequently is the fact that the dealer has passed made the excuse for a rash declaration. The silence of the dealer, of course, has its value. It indicates, for one thing, that he holds no pronounced strength, but this does not necessarily mean that the hand is worthless. It may contain well the elements of a weak no-trumper. Temperament is an important factor in Bridge, and many players possess just that degree of caution which upsets the calculations of the over-confident. In the absence of an original bid, the same rule applies to the second hand; he should be guided solely by the value of the cards he holds. He should call up to his full strength, but not above it. If he can justify a bid of two tricks, so much the better; he may shut out his left-hand adversary, and at the same time indicate his capacity to his partner. Some experts advocate a thin declaration by second hand for the latter reason, but I do not agree, inasmuch as the information is as likely to be misleading as useful.

The case is slightly altered when the dealer has made a bid, especially a suit declaration. There is the risk of his being left in with a one-suit declaration of his own choosing. It is here that a little risk may be taken and the bidding forced up. A light one-no-trump, especially if there is protection in the dealer's suit, is the most effective reply, but there should be some warrant for it, nevertheless. Failing this, a suit call of any pretensions is advisable. In this instance, length may be taken to compensate for the absence of the top honours of the suit, so essential to an original declaration. The bid is understood to be a forcing one. Second player, however, should always bear in mind the possibility of defeating the dealer's declaration. If he sits over him with strength in the dealer's suit, he may do better by holding his tongue. He should certainly not double a one-trick contract, or even two tricks, particularly in the cheaper suits, as one of the adversaries, in nine cases out of ten, will resort to another suit. It is also a mistake frequently to overcall with diamonds or clubs a one-no-trump declaration from the dealer. A primary consideration in Royal Auction is to win the game, not to secure 14 or 12 points below the line. If second hand has considerable strength in one of the lower suits, he is under no obligation to inform his partner of the fact, as the first lead will come from himself; on the other hand, by admitting that strength he may warn the opposing side and turn them to a suit call which may render his strength valueless. Let us suppose that second player holds the ace, king, to six diamonds; this suit would obviously be dealer's weakness in a no-trump bid. At love-all and with general strength declared on his right, second hand has the remotest chance of making the five tricks in diamonds required for game, even if he is left to attempt the task. It is obviously better for him, therefore, to "sit tight" in the hope that he can establish his diamonds in opposition.

Dealer's partner, or third hand, has responsibilities denied to his two predecessors in the bidding. On the one hand, he is bound, if he can, to support the original declaration, and on the other, if he cannot, to save his partner from disaster. The general principle is that the partner's bid should not be overcalled unless there is a sufficient reason. For example, there would be no object in bidding hearts over one's partner's spades simply because one held good cards in the former. Only when we can afford no support at all in the suit declared should the warning be given; then the onus of continuing is on the dealer's shoulders. A common fault is for third hand to call no-trumps over a partner's spade or heart bid, just because he holds three aces. There is no magic about no-trumps in Royal Auction. The levelling up of the trick values has taken away all its former superiority, and infinitely more games are won with suit declarations. Those aces would be quite as useful with a suit for trumps, and the risk would be avoided of the adversaries establishing length in another suit. Conversely, if the original call is one-no-trump, and third hand has decided strength in spades or hearts, he should raise the bid to two in that suit and then abide by his partner's next decision. With utter weakness, it is futile for third hand to take the dealer out of a no-trump declaration; the latter should be left to do the best he can with his own hand. Another important thing to remember is not to put one's partner up without possessing the probability of the average three tricks; with an ace and nothing more in the hand it is better to pass.

Fourth hand is in a more favoured position than the other three. He has gained certain information about all the other hands. He has learned either what his partner's strength consists of, or that he is unable to make a declaration. The one risk is in deciding whether a bid is a sound one or has been made for the purpose of forcing up the other side, and, unless marked support can be given, it is as well to leave the option of continuing it to second hand on the turn coming to him again. After the first round, however, the position of fourth hand has no distinctive significance, and what I have said about the other players will apply to him.

The War and Finance, by W. W. Wall (Chapman and Hall, 5s. net), is a very able review of the financial conditions brought about by the war. Mr. Wall thinks that the paper money issued has proved of such service that when the war is over it should be continued. Gold is no longer able to meet the demands which the expansion of commerce and of credit has made upon it. Mr. Wall will be read with advantage even by the financial expert who does not share his views, and he writes in a comfortingly optimistic vein, confident that good rather than evil will be the outcome of present troubles.

REVIEWS

Shakespeare and the Morse Code

Back to Shakespeare. By HERBERT MORSE. (Kegan Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

MANY really beautiful pages appear in this latest attempt to tell a dull and unobservant world something about Shakespeare and his work: they are quotations from "the greatest genius in his way that the world has ever seen or is perhaps ever likely to see." Many rather portentous, wholly obvious, and poorly expressed pages are also in evidence: they are Mr. Morse's own. Shakespeare, interpreted by the Morse Code, loses nothing, for the simple reason that he is allowed often and at length to deliver his own message: the dot and dash may be up to date, but they are not the symbols Shakespeare used.

Mr. Morse takes himself *au grand sérieux* and doubtless o' nights sleeps soundly in his literary bed with never a bad dream that he has wandered into realms beyond his understanding. He has certainly been an industrious student of Shakespeare, and in that he seems to be confident he is not as the majority of other men are. If we were not of "the charmed circle" which happens to have discovered Shakespeare we might be disposed to make obeisance before and our acknowledgments to Mr. Herbert Morse, and to resolve forthwith, under his guidance, to emancipate ourselves at once from "the very large class of highly educated men who hardly know a line of the writings of the greatest of their fellow-countrymen." One of Shakespeare's qualifications as a writer, it appears, is that he is "never unduly verbose on the one hand, or unduly argumentative on the other." In that he was the very opposite of Mr. Morse. Future generations, we are told, are going to look back in amazement on the neglect of Shakespeare in schools and universities, and they will ask themselves why, we are assured, in a sentence which it has rather taken our breath away even to read. It is both "unduly verbose" and "unduly argumentative." It is composed of 132 words or thereabouts and is followed up with a rough diamond in thought and syntax to this effect:

"The big guns of the classical conclave may boom and thunder as they will, and exalt and expatiate on the literary wonders of all time, but it is more than doubtful—regarded, of course, from the standpoint of literature alone, and apart from any information and knowledge of the ancient world that they may impart—that if 'Shakespeare' were obliterated at the expense of the rest, the world would be the richer for the exchange."

We hope some of "the big guns of the classical conclave" will make an effort to understand what this means and, having found out, will realise that they have boomed and thundered in a wrong cause. We take it for certain that the sentence is meant to crush the classical artillery which has taken up its position

on the Homeric heights. But it is not really the classical scholars who have strayed. Whilst they have gone to Homer, Britons generally have gone to the balderdash of the modern Press without a thought of "the greatest of their countrymen." Hence Mr. Morse cries, like the gallant captain of letters he is, "Back to Shakespeare from much of the sordid, shallow and paltry literature of the day is every bit as essential to the well-being and health of the individual mind as back to the country from the squalor and contraction of town life is to the physique of the frequently worn-out, broken, and disordered bodies of many of our town populations."

It is with a sense of relief we learn, on the authority of Mr. Morse, that "Shakespeare is never towney; he is central, it is true, but his circle has an all-embracing and almost infinite circumference"—another gem which we do not attempt for a moment to appraise. It proclaims itself, heavily coated though it be with the crudest of Mother Earth. Mr. Morse, with becoming diffidence, suggests that he has no intention of embarking on rivalry with Professor Dowden. Professor Dowden would certainly have found it hard to emulate Mr. Morse. In his preliminary observations Mr. Morse says that those who write a book stand to lose both cash and credit. He has faced the ordeal, and we begin to realise what a literary gambler he is before we have read a dozen of his pages. He likens authorship to fishing: both have their compensations, doubtless; it is, however, a little tedious to have to watch either on occasions. This is one of the occasions. The onlooker finds his compensations in the present instance in the admirable selections from Shakespeare which are sandwiched between Mr. Morse's own turgid and ill-conceived commonplaces. In a week which has been given over to Shakespeare study and Shakespeare talk we know not whether to laugh or cry over Mr. Morse. His admiration for "the greatest genius the world has ever known"—the insistent note is his—is so genuine that perhaps we should do neither; he means well, though he does at times remind us of a hobbledohoy introducing a king to subjects who are not in even momentary doubt as to the monarch's identity.

In Billet and Camp

The Amateur Army. By PATRICK MACGILL. (Herbert Jenkins. 1s. net.)

THE advantages of possessing a sense of humour were never more obvious than at the present time, when beneath all the events of daily life runs a sense of gravity and often of tragedy. In a country packed with soldiers, we can never lose sight of the central fact that their business is to defend the land—that their very presence and numbers signify danger at our doors; but, in spite of this, the saving grace persists which impels us to go about our work with eyes open for the comedy, the relief of amusing incident and trivial circumstance, that prevents seriousness lapsing into gloom. The soldier, as a rule, does not appear par-

particularly impressed by the tremendous business on hand. In camp or billet, the little things of the moment inspire him to terse comment or flow of language—according to his temperament—rather than the great things for which all his life is now a preparation; a lost sock, a short ration, are matters of immediate and pressing importance. This aspect of military training is well brought out in Rifleman Mac-Gill's capital book, also the democratic nature of the New Army, where, at a concert, the colonel will sing a song written by a man in the ranks of his own battalion.

Beyond the general humour and the small incidents of life in billets, however, the book gives an excellent description of the work of preparation—the night marches, the practice at entrenching, the ceaseless endeavour to make every section and every man ready for actual fighting when the time comes. Again and again the rumour went round that the regiment was ordered to the front, and one weary evening, when the men had just completed "a ten-hour divisional field-exercise," they thought the great hour had arrived. From a typewritten sheet the officer read out full instructions. Every man was to be equipped, even to his identity-disc, and the battalion was to hold itself in readiness to entrain. Surely it was the "real thing" at last! Landladies wept; sweethearts were kissed; farewells were said. At four o'clock in the morning five or six regiments were on the move; ambulance-parties and Red Cross lorries took up their positions:—

Ammunition was given out from the powder magazine; each man was handed 150 rounds of ball cartridge. At eight o'clock, when the wintry dawn was breaking and the fog lifting, we entered the station. Hundreds of the inhabitants of the town came to see us off and cheer us on the long way to Tipperary; and Tipperary meant Berlin. One of the inhabitants, a kindly woman who is loved by the soldiers of my company, to whom she is very good, came to the station as we were leaving, and presented a pair of mittens to each of fifty men. The train started on its journey, puffed a feeble cloud of smoke into the air, and suddenly came to a dead stop. Heads appeared at the windows, and voices inquired if the engine-driver had taken the wrong turning to Berlin. The train shunted back into the station, and we all went back to our billets again, but not before our officers informed us that we had done the work of entraining very smartly, and when the real call did come we should lose no time on the journey to an unknown destination.

This was fine practice, though annoying to eager men, and much sarcasm from the civil population was their lot. But the call came at last; the regiments entrained and departed for "somewhere in France," perhaps, and there the book ends. It is entertaining and instructive, and all those who are interested in the life of the great Army which has come into existence since August should read it, for it is better than any technical manual in its pictures of actual regimental work and play.

Quiet Adventures

The Record of Nicholas Freydon: An Autobiography.
(Constable and Co. 6s.)

If it be true that in every man's life lies hidden the material for one good book, it is luckily none the less true that most men have neither time, nor inclination, nor ability to write their story successfully. So many special qualities are needed to set down the progress of a career in any effective sense: discrimination, that significant events may be noted and trivialities discarded; a feeling for proportion, that periods and influences may be justly related to one another; taste, that ugly facts may be shown truly yet without offence; above all, self-criticism, that the whole may show some sort of design, as a heap of iron filings grows beautiful at the controlling approach of the magnet. Few men—few writers, even—possess all these necessary things, and we are therefore the more pleased, after reading this very real and impressive "autobiography," to set on record that, whoever the anonymous author may be, he has these gifts and uses them well.

The story is a simple one. "Nicholas Freydon," born in England, goes to Australia with his father, as a boy, the two seeking their fortune together. The father dies; the boy roughs it at an orphanage and in odd jobs for a few years, learning shorthand in his spare time owing to the chance remark of an artist who had sketched him. He reaches Sydney, becomes a clerk and then a reporter; but England pulls hard, and he comes to London at last to start his manhood as a free-lance journalist. Then the real adventures begin—sufferings in plenty and scarce joys—till after twenty-five years, a middle-aged, broken-spirited man, yet fairly well off financially, he hears the call of Australia, the voices of the wild, free, open life, and makes his last voyage—to enjoy a few peaceful years, alone in a cottage, writing or reading or thinking, and to die.

The book is the story of deepening disillusionment, of hopes frustrated, of a love cruelly throttled by fate's hand at the moment of apparent fruition. The desperate struggles of journalism, alone amid squalid surroundings of the most abject description, with poor food and small encouragement, injured the man's body; the mistaken marriage with his landlady's daughter, who turned out to be a dipsomaniac, and then, after her death, the sudden ending, by an accident, to the one real love-affair of his life, scarred his soul; so that his faculty of self-criticism becomes vitiated by undue pessimism, exaggerated introspection. He succeeds; he is welcomed as a member of the staff of a leading paper; but youth has passed, and life brings him no contentment, no "way out." A dash of recklessness, a touch of comradeship with his fellows, and he might have been a happy man in spite of his memories. He strikes the reader, in short, as a little bloodless and bleak and solemn.

To give the impression that there is no humour in the book, or that it is depressing, would, however, be a great mistake. Its very air of truth makes it hard to

set it down before the end is reached, and the character-drawing is at times superb. The grave friendliness between father and son when they made their home in a deserted, stranded ship in a bay of the New South Wales coast is beautifully conveyed; the life at the orphanage; the society of Sydney; the arrival in London, where at an hotel near Fenchurch Street Station Freydon attained notoriety as "the genelmun as orduder bawth"; the delicate, exquisite hints of a fresh love thrilling his soul on the last journey back to Australia—a love which he deliberately surrendered when it was within his grasp lest his gloomy, kindly self should hamper another's joyous life—all these things, and scores of others, form an inseparable part of the charm of the volume. The style is irreproachable—dignified without being stilted or affected, clear and straightforward—and the brief notes by the "editor," whoever he may be, do not destroy the effect of truth. The "human document" has been sadly overdone of late years, but in this case, inclined though we may be to detect any superfluous gloss and insincerity, there is no lessening of satisfaction as the complex tangle of life winds and unwinds before us. "Nicholas Freydon" should take its place with other books of the same class as an exceptionally valuable contribution to the literature of humanity, as distinguished from the literature of artifice.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham and Bernal Diaz

Life of Bernal Diaz del Costillo. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM again uses, as his canvas, historical biography. We welcome his new volume on Bernal Diaz. The background is a favourite one with him, as he needs but a Spaniard and a horse to entertain us for hours—except when he repeats himself, as he does on several occasions in this volume. He epitomises the life of his subject from the "History of the Conquest of New Spain," written by Diaz when he retired in his old age to a Government appointment in Guatemala. As a common soldier of fortune Diaz must be considered the ideal: loyal, brave, and, what is more important to a commander in a campaign of "peaceful penetration," not in the least self-seeking. This was remarkable among the Spanish adventurers, whose quest became gold first and sovereignty afterwards. Perhaps they realised that Madrid, like the modern kings of commerce, looked for "results."

Few men are so happy in their biographers as Diaz in Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who keeps him in his place; he does not become a misjudged and unappreciated general in disguise, who needed but opportunity to become the peer of Cortes, but his place is the one so rarely filled—the perfect subordinate. Promotion came, too slowly even for the reader, but there is never a grumble.

It is not the portrait of Diaz proper that alone concerns us; it is the author's opinion of men and things. His art of setting to-day and yesterday in juxtaposition shines here as in all his previous books. It is difficult not to approve of his values, so charmingly does he set them out. Epigrams ensnare us when logic cannot convince; but so pleasant is the method of presentment we rebel not. We feel Mr. Graham should justify himself and that he should collate and publish his views ordered into a system of philosophy. "Present and Past" might be its title, though Mr. Graham would probably prefer "Future," and in a preface justify himself by proving that the things that have been, and are no longer, will be; persuading us in the book itself that the reason of things which to him ennobled the past, though non-existent at the time and inconsidered now, will in the future become part of our thoughts; our lives and actions will be so influenced that we shall re-enter the age of chivalry, and when we go forth into unknown lands as the Conquistadors did of old, and Rhodes did in later days, we shall ask them, the aborigines or the oldest settlers, to lead us back from Western civilisation. Mr. Graham must not omit to set out clearly the proper *casi bellorum*, for without suitable cavalry engagements we feel that he would quickly disown his disciples. It would be a guide to moderns who view progress as the premier virtue and the past as a series of broken rungs in the ladder we have to climb. If Mr. Graham is careless of this suggestion we must threaten him that, if he leaves the work undone, book-makers will come after him and, gleaning from many sources, give us volumes in portrayal of him and his opinions in a much less efficient way than he has treated Bernal Diaz—or perhaps he has a happier fate in store, of remaining unexploited by publishers but eagerly sought in the lists and on the shelves of the second-hand booksellers.

Fiction

SHALL the female form divine be bewitchingly draped in the *dernier cri de la mode*, the most alluring of vernal creations, or, boldly ignoring the latest fashion, disguise its lines of beauty beneath obsolete frocks of an ante-bellum spring, was the momentous question agitating the feminine breast. Sloane Street, as represented by "Mrs. Barnet, *Robes*" (John Lane, 6s.), with an eye to "business as usual," would no doubt have solved the difficulty by quoting the Cibberian apothegm, "As good be out of the world as out of the fashion." Mrs. C. S. Peel, in the work mentioned, has progressed from millinery of sorts to high-class dressmaking, but her second excursion behind the scenes of woman's earthly paradise does not seem to us so felicitous as her first. For the modiste and her ways form but a background to the story, and are scarcely sufficiently in evidence to justify the title. A little more "shop," as in the author's earlier entertaining work, "The Hat Shop," would not have been amiss, as it will be naturally ex-

pected. Chiffons apart, "Mrs. Barnet, *Robes*" is a novel of insight, remarkable in originality. It contrasts the careers of two half-sisters; Gladys, the elder, is a love-child with a devoted but sensible mother; Anthea, the lawful and neurotic daughter of a great house, has grown up a stranger to maternal love and care, her unnatural parent having conceived an aversion to her at her birth. A time comes when Jean, the mother, softens towards the child she has so long slighted, but too late. Anthea, through years of neglect, has developed an unreasoning will of her own; so the now grown woman rejects the belated motherly sympathy and, after falling in love with a married man, kills herself. Gladys, on the other hand, is happy and prosperous, earns a comfortable income as a fashion-plate artist, sets her mother up in Sloane Street, hence the "*Robes*"; marries the man of her choice, and, like the fairy-tale heroine, lives in blissfulness ever after. But we would there had been more shop, as Zola gave us in "*Au Bonheur des Dames*."

The Theatre

"Advertisement."

THE boldest, the most debonair and free, intellectually speaking, of our younger playwrights is surely Mr. Macdonald Hastings. He is dashing, imaginative, clever in a thousand ways, and he simply insists on the weakness of his good qualities. In "Advertisement" he perhaps set out to tilt at a rather boastful branch of commerce, and give us an amusing and finely satiric play. As he proceeds, his hero, Luke Sufan, develops into a Jew with a Christian wife, and problems spring up on all sides ready to choke the main theme.

It is a just piece of work, no doubt, to drape your motif in a veil of arabesque, but to crush half a dozen different schemes of plot into one four-act play is, to say the least of it, not to make for popularity. This is the method of Mr. Hastings, and his manner seems to suggest that we may take it or leave it as we like. For our part, we should take it and enjoy just as much as we cared for, and let the rest go. Everyone should see "Advertisement," for it provides Mr. Sydney Valentine with one of the biggest chances of his professional life, and as Sufan, made by advertisement and fraud, remade by misfortune and the religion of his race, he gives us of his best, and holds us deeply interested in his personality until almost the end, when we admit to feeling a little fatigued. But in the meantime, through four long acts, he and the fine company which supports him have given us a vast amount of entertainment. Can one ask more? If so, there is the charm of Miss Braithwaite, the quiet art of Miss O'Malley, and half a dozen character studies which alone will profoundly interest the more worldly playgoer. If there be faults in the work of Mr. Hastings, they are the result of too abounding a richness of ideas, too little of the critical spirit.

"Wild Thyme."

THIS title is not quite so happy as that of the play by three French authors from which the well-known lady who writes as George Egerton has taken it. There is inspiration about "*La Belle Aventure*," and, we suppose, sentimentality in the present name. Anyhow, the story of how Miss Ellaline Terriss, as Hélène, runs away with Mr. Seymour Hicks, as Audre, just before her arranged marriage with the amusing Mr. Sothern, as Valentine, is clearly enough set forth and charmingly complicated by the conduct of Hélène's wonderful old grandmother—a character made both strong and beautiful by Miss Mary Rorke. The scenes are pleasant and gay; the fun is often a little wicked; the sentiment, if sweet, by no means overdone. There are dozens of bright and attractive ladies in minor parts and splendid dresses; there is Miss Vane Featherston as a conventional *comtesse* mother, and Mr. Beauchamp as a nice and not very original papa. There are flowers and music and pretty ideas and laughter.

"Quinney's"

IT seems to us that Mr. Frederick Harrison has solved at the Haymarket the difficult question of pleasing war-time audiences. "Quinney's," the four-act comedy by Mr. Vachell, is just far enough removed from reality to catch the present taste. It is true we are presented to characters rather than to real people. But what does that matter when actual personages are on all hands so trying, and creatures of the imagination and of the stage can be made so sympathetic, so amusing, so neatly adjusted to the necessities of their environment? As Joseph Quinney, the gloriously successful plain dealer in antiques, whose sight is failing him, Mr. Henry Ainley has a part after his own heart. Love of his daughter Posy (Miss Hemingway); love of his wife Susan (Miss Sydney Fairbrother); love of his interesting business in Soho Square; the Yorkshire belief in himself and the accent modulated to perfection; the failing sight, the courage, honesty, cunning, simplicity, and sentiment—all these things help to make up a wonderful part for Mr. Ainley, whom we have closely watched for years, as he developed from the handsomest stage lover into the subtle character actor. This alone would make "Quinney's" a success with all lovers of the stage; but apart from the people we have mentioned, each of the other actors in the comedy is excellent. Mr. Poulton gives us a remarkable picture of a Bond Street dealer who is inclined to take advantage of his friends, and Mr. Godfrey Tearle has never been better than as Quinney's young foreman James, in love, of course, with Posy and beloved by Mabel, the typist, who tries to win him by a suggested lie or two and fails. Miss Malone makes Mabel very lifelike, and adds just the necessary note of contrast. Author, actors, producers, and several dealers in antiques, whose names appear modestly on the programme, are to be congratulated. Those who have

read the novel of the same name will find "Quinney's" at the Haymarket far more enjoyable.

"Fine Birds in a Cage"

THE short comedies of Miss G. E. Jennings always appear to be admirably acted. That is the result of her art generally, but in the present case it is the outcome of her skill wedded to the cleverness of Miss Ellis Jeffreys as the Duchess of Wiltshire, of Mr. Tearle as Bert, a workman, and Mr. Barker as Horace, the lift-man on an "Underground" lift that has ceased to work in the middle of a shaft. The dialogue is very charming and satirical, the action quick, the characterisation even more broad and of the theatre than that of Mr. Vachell. It is sure, as is the longer comedy which precedes it at the Haymarket, to be very successful.

EGAN MEW.

Bach at the Queen's Hall

ONE is led to wonder, sometimes, at the vagaries of concert givers. Here was a concert of chamber music given in an enormous hall with the prices so arranged that the audience was packed tight in a semi-circle some forty or fifty yards from the performers with a vast empty space between. Had nobody the power to come to the front and ask the public to come forward and fill the empty seats? To do so would have made all the difference to the performers, the orchestra, and the public themselves. As it was the concert was a memorable event; for the first time we heard Bach played, not to perfection perhaps, but with something like a true understanding of what he had to say. M. Verbrugghen is to be congratulated alike on the courage which prompted him to discard the modern traditions of concert givers and on the considerable results he obtained. More especially is he to be congratulated on the excellent quality of his wood wind. Perhaps nine oboes were too many—he seems to have thought that as Bach used one oboe for three violins he would have used nine for twenty-seven—five would have been plenty, four better still. Moreover, the piccolo-violin was overweighted in some of its ensemble parts by the number of double-basses—but these were details. If one looks back a few years to the time when harpsichord music was played on iron grand pianos, one feels that solid progress has been made in the musical education of the public. We were pleased to see that in the reading of the score M. Verbrugghen has gone back to ancient models, and though we found that his *tempi* were in some cases too fast to allow the solo instruments time to get their best effects, yet these adherences to tradition were few and far between. He has a great future before him—Bach is the test of the music lover, and the man who can play him well has little to learn. The concerto in C minor for two harpsichords was a great success, and though the concerto in F did not win for itself immediate popularity, the fault lay in its novelty and in the unfavourable conditions for hearing it, rather than in the orchestra or the soloist.

MOTORING

WHATEVER measure of truth there may be in the allegations of slackness made so freely of late in various quarters with regard to workers in factories generally, it is certain that they do not and cannot apply to the men engaged in the motor industry. Here the response to the national demands has been all that could be desired. Our technical contemporary, *The Autocar*, estimates that if a census could be taken of the whole of the motor industry it would be found that at least 80 per cent. of its entire output and energies is being devoted to the manufacture of war material in one form or another. In some cases the percentage is much higher.

In the course of a speech at the seventh annual dinner of the Napier Supervision Staff, Mr. H. T. Vane, the managing director of the company, who presided, stated that the Napier Works are now engaged almost exclusively upon Government work, in the manufacture of cars, lorries, and ambulances, and in other work of an exceptional nature for the War Office. He referred with gratification to the fact that the Napier company had been so long associated with special work for the British Government, and for this reason he had every confidence that his present staff would continue to conform loyally to the traditions of the firm. In truth, the history of this great engineering concern, which is now rendering such splendid service to the cause of the Allies, is one of unusual interest. Established as far back as the reign of George III, it has been the pioneer in many important branches of work both for our own Government and those of France, Russia, Spain, and Egypt. The firm, which is now famous as the makers of the premier six-cylinder car, installed the first steam-engine in Woolwich Arsenal in 1841, and was the first to make machines for the manufacture of bullets. Guns for use in the Crimea; gun-finishing machinery for Spain; bullet-making machines for France and Egypt—all these were manufactured and supplied in large quantities by Messrs. Napier between 1847 and 1857. Further, English postage stamps were printed by Messrs. De la Rue with Napier machines. Automatic weighing machines for the Bank of England and the British Mint, banknote printing machinery for the Bank of England and the Imperial Russian Bank, minting and coining machines for all the principal banks of the world, have emanated from the Napier works and necessarily afforded unique experience in the construction of the most delicate and microscopically exact mechanism. Doubtless this experience enabled the company to maintain its position in the forefront of automobilism and made the Napier a household word among motorists.

In consequence of the War, the Royal Literary Fund will not hold its Dinner this year. We trust that this exceptional break in an annual celebration will not cause any lessening in the amount of the contributions received by this deserving institution.

The City

THE amount of money waiting to take up first-class securities is shown by the instant success at par of the new Victorian Government $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan for £2,250,000, and this in the week when £2,000,000 have to be found to meet the call on the Canadian loan. The event is sure to bring other Colonial Governments into the market for cash, the only restriction being the extent to which the Imperial Treasury are prepared to authorise the issues. The daily sales of Treasury Bills under the new system are on the increase. Last week £15,000,000 was paid off, but applications amounted to £23,326,000.

On the Stock Exchange there has been no movement of special interest. Russian municipal issues have been in some demand, as have Japanese $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. Oil shares have been in less request, though Burmah have risen to $4\frac{3}{8}$. Rubbers went rather against holders, when they were not absolutely stagnant, with the exception of Linggis, whose dividend increased by 5 per cent. was a favourable factor. The increase, however, was due to the larger amount brought in last year and not to the extra earnings. Rubber prospects are regarded as very bright, and the results now being announced should go far to justify some measure of optimism as to the future of the industry. The decision of the Royal Mail to pass its dividend was an unwelcome surprise to those interested in shipping, and the reason for it is not apparently generally understood. Messrs. Waring and Gillow's report shows a profit of £41,763, which, after various charges have been met, enables the directors to pay interest on the First Mortgage debentures, to make the necessary addition to the sinking fund, and to carry forward £9,430 against the £4,213 brought in.

In the circumstances of the last half of the year the Royal Exchange Assurance Co. is to be congratulated on not merely holding its own, but recording an actual advance during 1914 in the Life department. The total net premium income shows an increase of £7,164, whilst the total income increased by £10,593. The life assurance fund amounts to £3,710,243. In the Fire department the net premiums for the year amounted to £856,037, which, with interest, gave a total income of £861,115. The losses, after providing for all claims known to have occurred on or before December 31, amounted to £503,048. The fire fund, after transferring £33,578 to the profit and loss account, amounts to £392,415. The net premiums in the Marine department amounted to £359,008, which, with interest, gave a total income of £362,931. The losses paid in respect of 1914 and previous years amounted to £248,457. After all allowances made for depreciation and war losses, the balance of profit and loss account amounts to £503,909. The total dividend for the year is 10 per cent.

CORRESPONDENCE

ANGLISE. (A.D. 1800.)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the completest of our English Wordbooks you read: "Anglize, *v.* Obs. rare = Anglicize, Anglify. 1655 Fuller *Ch. Hist.* III, xii. 31 These Norman Lords . . with English wives, became so perfectly Anglized." To this solitary specimen THE ACADEMY may add: "and under the Anglised name of Wiseman commenced man of fashion."

These words occur on p. 106 of "Frederic Latimer; or,

the History of a Young Man of Fashion. Cork: Printed by J. Connor, Circulating Library, Chatterton's Buildings. 1801."

Robert Watt, in Vol. IV of *Bibliotheca Britannica*, says that the first edition of this Oxonian novel appeared in 3 volumes, in 1800, and cost half-a-guinea.

The Catalog of the British Museum ascribes it to 1799, perhaps referring to the first volume; but does not name the author. If Halkett and Lang are right, he was J. G. Le Maistre; whose initials appear, as Mr. G. F. Barwick has pointed out to me, in the Index only. Oxford is mentioned on 19 separate pages; Shakespear on p. 167; Gretna Green p. 176; and page 168 contains this sentence: "A known oppositionist, with equal inconsistency, assumed the part of Nero, and was perfectly at home in ordering the heads of his subjects to be cut off." Its moral is: "Incur no debts; neither play cards for, nor borrow, money!" J. G. Le Maistre also wrote "Rough, a sketch of modern Paris" (London: 1803.)

May it be that *The Court Convert*, noted on p. 158 of number 2235 of THE ACADEMY, was the work of the Revd. Mr. John Pomfret, who found more favour with Samuel Johnson than "with all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense"? In stanza IX of his *Dies Novissima* he wrote: "Mean time the lambent Prodigies on high." The Dictionary of National Biography tells us that he died at Maulden, in 1702; and was born in 1667, at Luton.

In my letter about the name *Solent*, on p. 254 of No. 2241, read *etymon*, not *Aymon*; "Queens," not "Queen's." There is no need, no authority, for the use of the apostrophe in that singular possessive case, any more than in *mens = des hommes*. "Queens" is one syllable, though *Queeness* made two. An apostrophe has no sound. It appeals to the eye only.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

Oxford, Feast of Saint Alphege, 1915.

BOOKS RECEIVED

WAR BOOKS.

- The Pan-German Crime: Impressions and Investigations in Belgium during the German Occupation.* By Paul van Houtte. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.)
Seeing It Through: How Britain Answered the Call. By A. St. John Adcock. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.)
The War Men-Agerie. By St. John Hamund. Illustrated by W. H. Cobb. (Grant Richards. 1s. net.)
The French Official Review of the First Six Months of the War. As issued by Reuter's Agency. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Back to Shakespeare.* By Herbert Morse. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. 6s. net.)
The Fauna of British India, including Burma: Mollusca. By H. B. Preston, F.Z.S. (Taylor and Francis.)
German Culture, Past and Present. By E. B. Bax. (G. Allen and Unwin 4s. 6d. net.)
Militarism versus Feminism: An Inquiry and a Policy. (G. Allen and Unwin. 6d. net.)
The Amateur Army. By Patrick Macgill. (H. Jenkins. 1s. net.)
A Martyr's Servant: The Tale of John Kent, A.D. 1553-1563. By A. S. Cripps. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- Bird Notes and News*, No. 5; *Quarterly Review*; *The Atlantic Monthly*; *Cornhill*.

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Notes of the Week

The War and German Reports

HERE has been a recrudescence of submarine activity, and neutral ships have been sunk as ruthlessly as British. America is so angry that some papers in New York are asking whether Germany is anxious to force the United States into war. The submarines have suffered, two being sent to the bottom by British destroyers in one smart little action. The misreading of a message made it appear that the German fleet was off the Belgian coast. Dunkirk was shelled, but, as it turned out, not from the sea. The shells came from the long-range naval guns at Nieuport. On both fronts Germany is claiming victories: the British have had to adjust their line outside Ypres as the result of the German use of asphyxiating gases; it is a purely strategic move. In the Vosges the Germans announce that they have retaken Hartmannsweilershoff, but the French undoubtedly hold the summit. The really significant item is that the French have been bombarding the outer forts of Metz. On the East the Germans report sweeping successes against Russia in Galicia and an invasion in the north as far as Riga. Petrograd is unmoved and the reports, judged by the Russian account of the fierce fighting, are doubtless of the usual German official order. In the Dardanelles, where there is real if costly progress, the Australian and New Zealand troops seem to have covered themselves with hardly less glory than the Canadians at the second battle of Ypres.

Finance, Drink, and Supplies

Mr. Lloyd George puts the war deficiency for six months at the good round sum of £516,000,000, and for twelve months at £862,000,000. The present average daily cost is £2,100,000. This extraordinary outlay will be met in larger part by loans, in lesser out of revenue. Increased returns from exceptional duties put upon wine, spirits, and beer were not to be looked for. Prices would become prohibitive. Criticisms of the Chan-

cellor's assertion that drink among the working classes is a worse enemy than Germany herself have been so sharp and so general that the new taxes have been postponed—wisely as we think. In certain districts it is no doubt true that excessive drinking has involved serious shortage in the outturn of munitions. Admiral Jellicoe himself has been led to protest that supplies are kept back by the selfish indulgence of some workers. Unfortunately general charges cover the good as well as the bad. If true, Mr. Lloyd George's statements would justify prohibition; if partly true, then surely the evil could be met by local prohibition. The problem is so difficult, that even those who seldom see eye to eye with Mr. Lloyd George cannot but sympathise with him in his effort to find a solution.

Germany's Love for France

Germany's new-found tenderness for France is a subtlety which even those who have not had the advantage of a full course of Kultur will easily see through. As Mr. Alexander Gray in a brochure, "The Upright Sheaf" (Methuen, 6d. net), points out, the country which has hitherto regarded the Republic as the hereditary enemy and disturber of Europe's peace suddenly clothes France with something of the purity of Sir Galahad. The latest form of German solicitude has about it a touch of positive pathos. "Who knows if the French will ever succeed, without our help, in getting their English friends out of Calais again?" Dr. Paasche, the well-known German National Liberal, asks this solemn question in a speech which also reminds the world that Germany is fighting for the freedom of the seas. Once again we can only lament Germany's deficient sense of humour. To such as Dr. Paasche the line taken by a member of the Austrian House of Peers in opposition to the German theory of England's perfidy will seem mere stupidity. Without the intervention of England, says the Austrian peer, it is clear as sunlight that France would have lost everything, Germany's pledges notwithstanding.

The Belgians' Dire Need

Mr. John Galsworthy sends out an appeal on behalf of the starving Belgians which cannot be too widely heard. A million and a half of these unhappy people are at this moment in extremest destitution, and before next harvest time at least another million will be dependent for life itself on charity. To state the necessity should be to ensure response. Civilisation, chivalry, self-interest, all demand that the Belgians be helped, and the organisation exists to ensure that whatever is sent on their behalf is safeguarded from German appropriation. One penny in the pound of every man's income in England would be more than ample to save these millions of Belgians from the direst fate. "Pity ungilded feeds no starving bodies," says Mr. Galsworthy. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. Shirley Benn, M.P., Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

To Re-Constitute Louvain

The decision of the Governors of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, to show practical sympathy

with the authorities of the University of Louvain by offering as the nucleus of a new library a gift of books to be selected from their stock of duplicates, will be eagerly supported. A list of the works forming the first instalment of the gift, and numbering upwards of two hundred volumes, was drawn up to accompany the offer, when it was made to the authorities of the University, through the medium of Professor Dr. A. Carnoy, who, in accepting, wrote: "These volumes will actually be amongst the very first ones, which have been effectually given to the future University Library in Louvain." Doubtless there are other libraries and institutions, as well as private individuals, who would welcome the opportunity of helping in the proposed reconstruction of the devastated library. The John Rylands Governors undertake to receive and to be responsible for the custody of any suitable works which may be entrusted to them. There must be many libraries with duplicates which could be spared, or even single copies which it would be a boon to make over to Louvain.

The Future of Constantinople.

BY J. ELLIS BARKER.

AT a moment when the Allies are attacking the Dardanelles and the Asiatic shore opposite by land and sea the future of Constantinople becomes a topic of immediate interest.

The nations have fought for the control of Constantinople and the Narrows which connect the Black Sea and the Mediterranean since the earliest ages. The mythical expedition of the ancient Greeks against Colchis to bring back the Golden Fleece and the expedition of the Greeks against Troy, described by Homer, were probably the earliest attempts to secure control of the wonderful sea gates which dominate the Black Sea. Ever since Constantinople has been fought for between the Eastern and Western nations.

Constantinople, situated in a most beautiful position and in a most attractive clime, has from the earliest times appealed to the imagination and the covetousness of statesmen and poets, of thinkers and soldiers. In 1807 Napoleon I. met the Czar Alexander I. on a float on the River Niemen, and proposed the partition of the world between France and Russia. However, when the Czar demanded Constantinople as part of the Russian share Napoleon exclaimed: "No! Who holds Constantinople rules the world!" Men are apt to repeat uncritically the sententious phrases which great men have uttered. The belief that the control of Constantinople carried with it the domination of the world has ever since haunted British statesmen and politicians and has led to a century of misunderstandings between Russia and Great Britain.

A glance at the map shows that Constantinople does not dominate the world. It does not even dominate the Mediterranean. It merely dominates the Black Sea. If it were true that the possession of Constantinople would carry with it the domination of the world the

former owners of Constantinople ought to have exercised such dominion. In reality, Constantinople, notwithstanding its commanding position, has hitherto been rather a source of weakness than of strength to its various owners. Russia requires the control of the Narrows, but the possession of Constantinople would scarcely increase her strength.

Constantinople and the Narrows appear small on the map, but they occupy a very extensive position. The distance from the opening of the Dardanelles to the outlet of the Bosphorus is about two hundred miles. Constantinople and the two Narrows dominate the entrance to the Black Sea, but that position itself is dominated in turn by the Balkan Peninsula. Constantinople, with the two channels which lead to the Sea of Marmora, needs a very large garrison for defence against an attack by sea and land. If Constantinople and the Narrows should be held by Russia, that country would be compelled to maintain there permanently an immense garrison. As the position of Constantinople is separated from Russia by Asiatic Turkey on the one side and by Roumania and Bulgaria on the other, the connection of Constantinople with Russia could only be by water and would be somewhat precarious. If Russia maintained at Constantinople a garrison of only 100,000 men she would weaken her main army by that number. Russia is at present almost invulnerable because her capitals lie far inland. By acquiring Constantinople, Russia would become more vulnerable than she has been heretofore, for she would have to defend Constantinople with all her might against all comers.

To most thinking Russians it is clear that Constantinople would rather be a liability than an asset to their country. Nevertheless, they wish to acquire it more for economic than for strategical reasons. While the possession of Constantinople is of doubtful advantage from the military point of view, it is of very great importance to Russia for economic reasons. European Russia is a gigantic land-locked country. Owing to its poverty railways are scarce. As practically all European Russia is an earthy plain there is no stone for making roads. Hence, the so-called roads of Russia are mostly tracks which become deep morasses in wet weather. Owing to the geographical position and the configuration of the country, Russia has to rely for the transport of goods largely on water. Her great agricultural districts lie in the south and in the centre of European Russia, and her gigantic rivers, the Don, the Dnieper, and the Dniester, flow into the Black Sea. The Volga flows southward into the Caspian, but it approaches the Don at Tzaritzin within a few miles, and a connection between the two rivers will before long be made. For Russia's exports and imports her southern rivers and the Black Sea are most important. Russia's chief exports consist of wheat and other agricultural products. How large the Russian Black Sea trade is may be seen from the fact that Russia exports on an average from the Black Sea as much wheat per year as do the United States and Canada combined.

For the economic and intellectual development of Russia free and easy access to the sea and to the lands

beyond is most essential. Hence, Russian statesmen have always dreaded the possibility of Constantinople falling into the hands of a strong Power able to cut off Russia's foreign trade either at the Bosphorus or the Dardanelles.

Turkey has blocked Russia's foreign trade and has thereby inflicted great damage not merely on Russia's agriculture, but on the whole body economic of that country. Hence, the Russian nation has demanded through its representatives in the Duma that the Government should secure Constantinople and the Straits for Russia. Perhaps it might be best in the abstract to internationalise the Straits in some form or other. However, experience has shown that an important strategical point can neither be safely entrusted to a weak Power nor can it be held by several States in common. A condominium, whenever and wherever tried, has proved a failure and a danger to the peace of the world.

The Worker and his Money

ROUND about the time when Mr. Lloyd George was polishing his platitude concerning the country's third enemy a Cabinet colleague of his was doubtless conning some statistics with which in due and proper season he was to astonish the few left among us old-fashioned enough to read the published reports of proceedings in Parliament. For Mr. Hobhouse—who, by the way, is Postmaster-General—was able to announce the other day that the worker is actually saving money, conduct, indeed, so alien to Bacchanalian propensities—especially when adequately developed in a wage-earner—that the increase of some three millions sterling deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank during the March quarter ought to have been regarded as a brilliant essay in fiction by a singularly unimaginative servant of the Crown. During the present year of grace we have that section of our population known as the working-classes banking approximately a quarter of a million of money more every week than they have done in the days when peace brooded over the world and Mr. Angell told us war was an impossibility, or something nearly as absurd. Were it not for the fact that even Mr. George has discovered he had muddled his percentages to achieve his too-sweeping assertions the humble prayer that sobriety in the use of intoxicants might be for ever banished from this land in order that prosperity might reign would be now stunning the ears of High Heaven.

The ultimate destination of these millions saved by workers offers fascinating themes for speculation. No doubt the inevitable working of the law of supply and demand, in conjunction with the series of industrial and commercial crises that must follow on the restoration of peace, will result in what, from the purely ownership of wealth aspect, may be regarded as inevitable—namely, the disintegration of these useful little piles. This, of course, is on the assumption that socio-

logically things will be as they were before the war, and even the most cautious speculator as to the future must acknowledge that this is a very large assumption. It is not improbable, for example, that even before the war is over we shall be furnished with cases by those newly rich of the feeding of pigs on pineapples, to apply an old saw to a modern instance. On the other hand, we may witness the effect, so long delayed in the case of the large majority, of that education so lavishly bestowed with such seeming little purpose upon that portion of the community it was once customary to describe as the lower orders. Money, besides being the root of all evil, possesses the curious property of acting as a cement upon otherwise loosely combined character, and this is especially the case when the money, representing in modern eyes an appreciable amount, has been actually earned. Again, it acts on the average man even if, from the standpoint of those who really understand what education is, he is only removed a degree or so from the illiterate, as a fine-mesh sieve in the matter of ideas. With money in his possession a very considerable percentage of our workers may be trusted to view life as a whole from an entirely fresh angle, possibly in many instances from a number of new angles. Money, or, rather, its ownership, unquestionably will rid him of many curious and crude ideas and ideals, and even its speedy loss would never leave him the man he was before his capitalistic era.

This war must bring about many changes which only war could render possible. Into the altered social fabric that will be evolved it will be interesting to discover the part that will fall to the lot of the no longer impecunious worker. Belonging, as for the most part he does, to what is usually described as the aristocracy of labour, possessing intelligence generally above the average of his class, he will speedily discover that the niches assigned him by mid-Victorian use and wont are not good for him. Industrialism is no longer the field for the small man's energies, nor is retail shop-keeping, as a general rule, an outlet suitable for the remunerative employment of his capital. If, however, he would allow the common sense which impressed upon him the desirability of saving the wages which exceeded his actual needs still freer play he might carry the lessons of his co-operative society successes into the practical politics of his daily existence, and recognising that in the larger spheres of international commerce and finance it is desirable to have with him as partners those whom in the immediate past his leaders taught him to sneer at as "capitalists" British industry and commerce might be reconstituted on an impregnable basis. For it must not be forgotten that there are hundreds of thousands of Britons learning new lessons, which far transcend any it has been the lot of their forbears to learn, in the battlefields of Europe, of Asia and Africa, and these men will come back determined to put these lessons to practical use in their civilian lives. With them the rest of us must co-operate, and in such co-operation the worker, whatever his task at home has been, must bear his part.

Signs of the Times

LITTLE things at times give rise to long trains of thought. There has been published the new and second edition of a small book* dealing with matters that have recently been forced upon our attention from several other quarters—namely, the garden and the cooking pot, their relationship and the art pertaining to both. The war has put before us new aspects of many old acquaintances. Our never-wearying friend, the theorist, has come forward with ideas on all subjects, from the proper conduct of the forces in France to the growing of French beans and radishes in our window boxes instead of the fragrant mignonette and glowing geraniums of yesteryear. Popular dailies are offering "fabulous prizes" for the most gigantic war marrows grown in the most diminutive backyards; the seed-sellers advise us to plant acres of turnips which we cordially dislike, and to supplant hollyhocks with Indian maize, which, however succulent a dish on its native heath, refuses, in our uncongenial climate, to arrive at a fit and toothsome maturity.

In the multitude of advisers there is more than danger of confusion, and it is a relief to come across a little book which combines in such sprightly fashion the most practical methods of outdoor and culinary production of vegetables homely and less well known. In the ordinary garden it is the element which is usually and curiously lacking, this rapport between the man at the helm outside and the woman who presides over the kitchen. Too often the vegetables appear to be grown entirely for his pleasure, without regard to numbers, proportion, or personal inclinations, while as frequently the English cook rarely troubles to see what is at her disposal in the beds, outside of the inevitable green stuff which supplements the boiled potatoes. There are other influences at work besides books and newspapers to remedy this deplorable state of affairs. In taking to our hearts the homeless people of another nation we have given a great impetus to the extension of the vegetable list. Scattered broadcast over the country are cottages inhabited temporarily by Belgians who are anxious, if other work be denied to them, to show what may be accomplished within the precincts of an ordinary cottage garden. Already curiosity and interest is aroused in the surrounding villagers. Different methods of planting, values of seeds, of herbs and plants are being eagerly discussed in broken English and the dialects of many home counties. The seed is sown, and, if the countryman be difficult of persuasion to any point of view but his own, it seems likely that the summer will give ocular demonstration of the quality of rival methods, and put things beyond the reach of argument.

Nor does it end here. In many localities there are classes being held for the cooking of those vegetables when grown, conducted by Belgian teachers. Their use time alone can prove, but the war will not have been

* *The Gardener and the Cook*. (Re-issued by Messrs. Constable. 1s. net.)

all loss if it teaches the ordinary housewife the economy, the wholesome savoury quality of vegetable fare, instead of the unending bits of bacon and bread and jam or margarine, on which growing families subsist year in and year out.

The chief objection to this class of fare in which the garden figures so predominantly is the amount of cooking it involves. Unwittingly the little book brings this into strong relief, and so proves the most conclusive argument against its own practical success, seeing that as a nation the English detest cooking. To them it is a necessity, obvious but painful, and to be got over with the utmost speed and decision; to the Frenchwoman, like the heroine in the garden annals, it is a fine art, worthy of the study, the attention of a lifetime.

He would be a great philanthropist who in this prosaic land of ours would endow a college for the study of the poetry of the culinary art. It is likely that such a course would lead the students away from the portals of the slaughterhouse to the precincts of the garden. Little romance has ever hung round the butcher's shop, and few have sung or painted its charms, though its brutality was once and for ever immortalised by the Caracchi; but the painters of still life, the inimitable Dutchmen of their great period, have proved conclusively the beauty that lies in the humble cabbage, in the savoury leek or onion, "the lily of the kitchen," to say nothing of the glory of purple and amber grapes, warm from the sun and luscious in their ripe and glowing bloom.

No one will deny poetry to the garden, and around the herb bed many a chaplet—pearls of verse—has been woven, many a tender and sentimental interest attached to its sweet-scented denizens. It is but a step to link this sentiment to the kitchen where all such fair growths are converted into food for the poet, for even he must have fuel wherewith to sustain the divine fire of inspiration! Some such feeling this little book, slight as it is, manages to convey to its readers. It lifts the act and necessity of feeding, earthly and gross though it may be, into range with the imaginative arts in which we take delight.

In the realms of fancy the ethereal and entirely blissful being is he who wanders at will in elysian fields, and, when the claims of appetite press, satisfies them by culling from the trees fragrant fruits and drinking at crystal fountains. It is not such a far cry as it appears to the well-kept vegetable garden and the kitchen where daintiness goes hand in hand with practical service, from there to the flower-garnished table supplied by a constant variety of fruit and vegetable, supplemented by just as much animal food as is necessary for unflagging energy in these strenuous times.

It is the variety which tells. In nothing more than in the cook-pot is it the salt of life. Variety of food and of ways of cooking it are the essentials of Continental cooking, and are becoming more generally recognised at home. One half of our population suffers in gouty and dyspeptic tendencies, in dental troubles, for the restricted diet and unlimited meat food of its

forefathers; the other half is laying up similar sufferings for generations yet to come. In the meanwhile the catalogues of the seedsmen year by year contain the names of new fruits, new vegetables—imported or developed—fresh herbs for the use of the housewife. It is to be presumed that many of these find their way into the garden, but few are to be met with on the tables even of the wealthy. One wonders whether the fault lies with the gardener or the cook. On second thoughts we would suggest an amendment—that the college which still remains to be founded should study as sister arts the romance of the garden and the kitchen.

A Good War Novel

IT is evident that our novelists are acting on the maxim "Business as usual" with commendable enthusiasm. Already a whole batch of brand-new "war" novels has made its appearance. Others, completed too early, have been hastily provided with "war endings"; while even serious artists have yielded to their publishers' persuasions and given their new books war titles. Since the papers which go in for literary gossip have been full for weeks past of anecdotes concerning novelists, male and female, who have proceeded across the Channel, the crop of topical fictions resulting from their experiences, which is likely to appear when the war is over, should put even the Daily Press to shame. The general character of the advance batch of war novels inclines one, it must be confessed, to view the approaching deluge with serious misgivings. The drivelling character of the majority of its competitors will at least serve to throw into relief the originality and sub-acid humour of Mr. Bohun Lynch's new story.* The very first sentences have a hint of mockery and a certain harshness of flavour that make them act like a literary tonic:—

"War is the ultimate triumph of the commonplace. All those things—deadly seriousness, deadly convention, and their offspring—have suddenly become more fearfully important than anything else on earth. Respectability, lack of imagination, solidity, stolidity, British this and British that—these are the crowning and indispensable qualities."

The story is told in the first person by an artist called George Roan, and relates the circumstances which led first of all to his refraining from enlisting, and finally to his tardy acceptance of Lord Kitchener's invitation. What causes him to hang back, and so to lay himself open to the attacks of white feather enthusiasts, is the fact that he has an "unofficial" entanglement. The whole episode is so natural, so unavowable, and so human that one feels the author must have gone to life itself for his idea. Nancy Binfield, George Roan's mistress, though she is rather an unreal figure, is still sufficiently attractive to enable us to understand his unwillingness to let her starve. The situation is, indeed, poignant and moving; and the whole effect of the outbreak of war on a man of

temperament and character, who has someone dependent on him, is brilliantly described. The pathetically inadequate cause of Roan's ultimate enlistment, the pang of wounded vanity which makes him end by leaving Nancy to shift for herself, is also admirably natural and well contrived. No mere outline of the plot of this novel can, however, give any indication of the richness of the humour and satire which are its most valuable qualities. Mr. Lynch's strong point is undoubtedly dialogue, and the conversations of his characters fairly bristle with good things. As a psychologist, though the teller of the story is well represented for us, Mr. Lynch is not so successful. The heroine, Nancy Binfield, is amusing and charming, but we can never quite believe in her or tolerate her Cockney accent. On the whole, she does not live, though her first introduction to the reader—when she succumbs to a bilious attack brought on by "an indiscretion of diet"—is altogether delightful, and raises hopes which are never quite fulfilled. Mr. Lynch, like so many clever writers, is quick at picking out human weaknesses, and is an admirable hater. He often gives the impression, however, of being rather a "surface" observer, or, at any rate, of being unable to see his characters in their entirety, the good with the bad. It is, perhaps, for this reason that the most successful character sketches in "Unofficial" are, on the whole, the unpleasant ones. Aunt Emily, who visits her wounded nephew in hospital and sits saying, "Isn't he brave?" or "That dreadful Kaiser!" until the poor man nearly expires with boredom, is a biting study; and so in their way are Mr. Victor Leathersell, the newspaper proprietor, and Binfield, the unsavoury poet who was Nancy's errant husband. The immaturities of "Unofficial" are more those of appreciation and sympathy than of style. Mr. Lynch can observe acutely, particularly men's meaner qualities, but he does not yet achieve the toleration which makes for real insight. He is inclined to judge hastily, and he often overlooks the inevitable complexity of all humans. If he notices some little snobbery or personal vanity in any of the characters he is engaged in drawing, he is inclined to pounce on this and exaggerate it till it occupies his whole attention. He does not seem to realise that the man who drags lords into his conversation may also be an excellent son to his mother.

These, however, are blemishes which will soon disappear from Mr. Lynch's work, particularly if he maintains his present rate of progression. Those who remember his former book, "Cake," will be delighted by the increased depth and maturity of "Unofficial." Its biting satire shows up all the false sentiment, shoddy thinking, and general claptrap which the war has occasioned; and it is in mocking at humbug and insincerity that Mr. Lynch shows himself at his very best.

Judged by whatever standard, "Unofficial" is an achievement to be proud of, but its appearance at the present moment lends it double value. The book marks a distinct advance on Mr. Lynch's previous efforts, both in style and in conception, while a thread

* *Unofficial*. By BOHUN LYNCH. (Martin Secker. 6s.)

of real poetry runs through it which shows itself in several beautiful descriptive passages for which nothing in his earlier work had prepared us. This poetic note culminates and reaches its highest level in the sentences which bring the story to a close. Here the author sums up his whole argument, showing us, in a final lyrical outburst, the utter triviality of warfare and the deathless permanence of beauty:—

"The lovely voice rose in the stillness, rose and died away. And then I knew that romance endured, that beauty was imperishable, and that nothing—not war, nor pestilence, nor encircling death prevailed: nothing was left but colour, colour and vague form, and rapturous song."

REVIEWS

Sven Hedin, Pro-German

With the German Armies in the West. By SVEN HEDIN. (London: John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. JOHN LANE'S publisher's note to this effort of Dr. Sven Hedin's to whitewash Germany is not an apology for its issue, as it should be, but a not very convincing explanation of his reasons for becoming Dr. Hedin's impresario. There is, perhaps, one reason, which Mr. Lane does not give, but we do not mention it because we are concerned only with the reasons he advances. He thinks it well that we should be given the opportunity of understanding the sort of organisation and character against which we have been fighting for nine months past, as though anyone were in doubt on the subject. We should be duly impressed with this advantage if Dr. Sven Hedin's every page did not bear the stamp of official Germany. What he says is precisely what Germany wishes us to believe. For what other purpose does Dr. Hedin or anyone else imagine that a free pass was given him to go where he liked and see everything as far as possible in or behind the German lines? Mr. Lane makes at least one logical slip when he says that, as Bernhardt, Treitschke, and others have been freely published in this country, there is no reason why Sven Hedin should be withheld. There is, of course, all the difference in the world between the two cases. To read Bernhardt, for instance, is to get a real insight into the motives of the enemy. He enables us to understand what and for what we fight. Sven Hedin, on the other hand, comes forward as the third party, prepared to pledge himself to speak truth, and to show, out of the fullness of his knowledge and the completeness of his impartiality, that Great Britain has been led into a ghastly blunder. A good many people will be prepared to accept the statements of Sven Hedin who would not accept similar statements from a German. That he speaks truth of things and events he witnessed, we do not for a moment doubt. But what he saw was what it was desired he should see, and what, in fact, he himself wished to see.

To read this book aright, to understand its hidden purpose, we must keep ever in mind that Dr. Hedin has a profound mistrust of Russia. We get the clue to his real sentiments only when we have followed him through 300 pages of his book; they come out in the discussion with M. Cossart, the Notaire of Bapaume, who was, of course, strenuously anti-German. Says Dr. Hedin: "If Germany was crushed, I maintained, Russia would push forward to the Atlantic, and this could only be done over Swedish soil—across the Scandinavian peninsula, up there in the North. Therefore, for the sake of my country, I *could not* but wish for Germany's victory—a complete victory." If so naïve a confession appeared on the first page of this book instead of on page 304 the whole atmosphere of the volume would be clarified and intelligible to English readers. It proclaims the partiality of the witness, and it also explains the fears which Germany has endeavoured to exploit, though her success has not been so great as might have been anticipated. Then Dr. Hedin has been the recipient of gracious attention at the hands of the Kaiser, and Dr. Hedin is both human and Swedish. He gives a perfectly idyllic picture of the mighty monarch, next whom he sat at lunch; he became so absorbed in the Kaiser's words and personality that he went from the table actually hungry. We are free to confess that even in normal times the picture of the Kaiser would strike us as a little precious: "A fascinating and compelling personality, an urbane and courteous man of the world . . . a man whose quick intuition and superb powers of description reveal the observer and the artist, whose wise speech betrays the statesman, whose kindly manner betokens humility and sympathy, and whose military commanding voice indicates the master accustomed to be obeyed. Happy is the people which especially in troubled times possesses such a leader, a chieftain round whom all gather in confidence and whose ability no one doubts." The testimonial will possibly not be without its value to the head of the Hohenzollerns at this crisis in the fortunes of his house. We congratulate Dr. Sven Hedin on his recuperative powers; he evidently found the ordeal precedent to the arrival of the Kaiser at the Imperial luncheon table somewhat trying, but it was only a case of anticipation wronging reality. "Any feeling of timidity one may have had whilst waiting for the most powerful and most remarkable man in the world vanished completely, once the Emperor, after a more than hearty handshake and a cheerful welcome, began to speak."

Such unblushing toadyism may do something in certain quarters to exalt the Kaiser; it will assuredly redound to the reputation of Sven Hedin whose sense and courage have never hitherto been in question. Particularly touching is his assurance of the Kaiser's interest in and respect for France; how bitter we have grieved over the necessity imposed of bringing France once more to her knees, as the advisers intended in August last. Judged by the standards which Blue Books and White Books and official records have revealed of Germany's peculiar

volent intentions towards France, Dr. Sven Hedin's account of the Emperor's views is screamingly funny—or must we accept as an alternative that this “most powerful and most remarkable man in the world” was merely a creature in the hands of his overweening bureaucracy? Equally absurd is the picture he draws of the chivalrous and humane attitude of Germany towards her enemies, an attitude which rather makes one wonder why Dr. Sven Hedin should entreat his German friends in Bapaume to show M. Cossart “a fraction of the kindness they have shown to me.”

Dr. Sven Hedin's tone is anti-British throughout; as hard words break no bones, so friendly sentiments fail of effect when embedded in a boggy mass of hostility. His lectures to Great Britain are childish; his references to British soldiers are offensive; and his apprehensions as to the employment of British Indians in a European war leave us cold. The book is a proof of the inability even of men like Sven Hedin, who has seen the British Empire, to understand the spirit of the Empire, either in its Government or its subjects, white-skinned or dark. The book is one which will only be read with advantage by the public in proportion as the reader is informed of facts and capable of gauging the value of those relied on by its author for establishing his pro-German case.

With the Fighting Legions

Field Notes from the Russian Front. By STANLEY WASHBURN. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 6s. net.)

At the Front with Three Armies. By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE. (Andrew Melrose. 6s. net.)

THE lot of the war correspondent in the present campaigns is not a particularly enviable one. Not officially recognised, and with all his dispatches severely censored, this unfortunate person, whose newspaper impatiently waits for reports of battles, details of engagements, or descriptions of events in the fighting zone, has no alternative but to make the best of a bad job, trusting to personality and luck to bring him through a trying ordeal.

Mr. Stanley Washburn's Notes, while not attempting in any way to give minute accounts of the fighting on the Eastern frontier, nevertheless convey a very clear idea of what is happening in the vast field occupied by Russia and her Austro-German enemies. As he many times points out, the eyes of England, and probably America, are so directly focussed on the long line of trench warfare in France and Belgium that the enormous task the Czar's troops have in Poland, East Prussia, and Galicia is sometimes overlooked. For these troops, composed of various races, the *Times* correspondent has nothing but praise. Russians, Little Russians, Caucasians, Cossacks, some “most extraordinary creatures from some of the Russian dominions in Turkestan,” all combine in allegiance to the Czar and in fighting for the general cause—the ousting of the German intruder.

A very pretty incident took place before the Winter Palace at Petrograd when war was declared:—

More than 100,000 people of all classes and of all ranks standing for hours in the blazing sun before the building within which is their monarch. Quietly and orderly they wait, without hysteria and with the patience so characteristic of their race. At last the Czar, moved by the magnitude of the demonstration, appears upon the balcony overlooking the square. Instantly the entire throng sinks upon its knees and with absolute spontaneity sings the deep-throated anthem of the Russian race. For perhaps the first time since Napoleon's invasion of Russia the people and their Czar were one, and the strength that unity spreads in a nation stirred throughout the empire, from the far fringes of the Pacific littoral to the German frontier.

Although with the Russian staff, and naturally in sympathy with England's Allies, Mr. Washburn does not in any way belittle the strength or speak lightly of the endurance of the enemy, and, what is very pleasant to hear, he assures his readers that the atrocities perpetrated by the Kaiser's troops in France and Belgium have not been repeated in Eastern towns and villages. He has also a good word for the behaviour of the enemies' forces, the only point upon which he lays stress being the dissatisfaction of the Austrian officers and men with their German dictators.

Of the terrible devastation caused by the frightful machinery of warfare the author draws a vivid picture. To have an opportunity of traversing ground a few hours or a day after a terrible battle has been waged reveals to the observer the full horror of the present barbaric method of settling disputes. Peasants searching among the ruins of their homes, cattle straying over the ashes of what once were their sheds, are sufficiently pathetic glimpses to give pause to a thinking people, but when, after the battle of Ivongrod, “dead horses, bits of men, blue uniforms, shattered transports, overturned gun-carriages, bones, broken skulls, and grisly bits of humanity” strewed every acre of the ground, the sight must be one that a spectator can never forget, while the reader feels that those responsible for the war, if they have the slightest particle of humanity in them, must shrink from a picture so different from the eager crowds, cheering madly, when the Kaiser gave his address to the enthusiastic citizens from the balcony of his Imperial Palace in Berlin.

Mr. Washburn ends with a dispatch dated from Warsaw in January. Much has happened since then; other battles have been fought, many more lives sacrificed; but the story the writer tells is sufficient to show the good organisation of the Russian army, their determination to succeed, and their deep and earnest faith in their God and their Czar.

Following very closely the lines of “Field Notes from the Russian Front” comes Mr. Fortescue's book giving short sketches of events as far as he was allowed to view them from the Belgian, French, and German bases. Although a correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, his passport as an American citizen enabled

him to approach nearer to matters German than would have been possible to a citizen of the Allies; but, like all members of the unfortunate band of war correspondents, he complains bitterly of the censorship of their persevering efforts.

While claiming to write from the point of view of a neutral, and from a military standpoint greatly admiring the thoroughness of the Germans in all their actions, it is not difficult to see that the sympathies of Mr. Fortescue are with the Allies. He has many criticisms to offer with regard to the tactics of the various armies in the field; on the other hand, he fixes upon the strong points of each force: the wonderful German organisation, the superiority of the French artillery, the pluck in the face of fearful odds of the Belgian and the tenacity of the British soldier. The shelling of Reims Cathedral and the wanton destruction of Belgian property come in for severe condemnation, although Mr. Fortescue states that he personally could not find evidence of the many cruelties said to have been committed by the German troops during the invasion of Belgium. This statement is qualified, however, by the fact that the same facilities were not afforded to private investigators as were accorded to the Belgian Committee whose work it was to take up this matter. If any further assurance is needed the book testifies to the intense hatred of the Germans for the British and the difference in treatment meted out to our unfortunate prisoners and those from the French army.

A Companion to "Who's Who"

Twenty Years of My Life. By DOUGLAS SLADEN.
Illustrated by YOSHIO MARKINO. (Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE chief impression left upon readers who know the work of Mr. Douglas Sladen by this chronicle is that it ought to have been much more interesting, given the author's opportunities. He has tried to do too much, possibly, and the result is that he has constructed in the main an excellent catalogue of the people of note he has met in his wanderings and in his London life, with paragraphic particulars about them and here and there an anecdote, an item of curious information, or a good story. There are scores of paragraphs after this manner:

William de Morgan, the other novelist who achieved his first book success so late in life, was never at Addison Mansions, but I had the honour of meeting him at a much more interesting place—the little *atelier*, somewhere in the Kilburn district, where he made the famous lustre tiles by which he was known before he took to literature. George Joy, the artist who painted the famous picture of Gordon meeting his death at Khartoum, took me to see De Morgan, knowing how enthusiastic I was over the famous Mazzara Vase, and the other pieces preserved in Sicily of the old Sicilian Arab lustre ware.

"Famous" is used three times in these two sentences.

So many things and people are "famous"; so many writers are "one of the finest novelists of the day"; so many of the items are merely information, that at least half the book might well be recast and arranged alphabetically—it would then be very handy for reference, and readers could skip the paragraphs which did not interest them. Mrs. Woods, daughter of Professor Andrew Bradley, is "one of the best novelists of the day," and, in Mr. Sladen's opinion, "the best of all poetesses in the English language . . . in poetry she has the gifts of both Brownings." There is a lack of proportion here, and elsewhere; also we find a little carelessness, as in the title of "Paul Kelvin" for "Paul Kever," Jerome's novel; "*mauvaise haute*"; and in such a sentence as this: "She has often done the *Saturday Westminster* and written many nature sketches"—we refrain from giving the lady's name! The illustrations, being by Mr. Markino, are, of course, charming in their colour, but he can hardly do himself justice when his themes are "The Dining-Room at 32, Addison Mansions, in which most of my books were written," "The Moorish Room at 32, Addison Mansions," "The Roof Garden of 32, Addison Mansions," and so on. His outline portraits of a dozen well-known authors are more successful.

The really good parts of the book are the first five chapters—which the author advises those readers more interested in his reminiscences than in his life to miss—dealing with his travels; the story of his connection with the Authors' Club, the Savage Club, and other centres of literary and artistic activity; and the account, with several amusing anecdotes, of "Who's Who," with which bulky museum of celebrities Mr. Sladen has been closely associated. On a prominent "authoress" refusing to fill up her form he wrote to tell her that he would be compelled to fill it up for her:

She showed no concern about this until I sent her a proof of the biography, in which I made her out ten years older than she really was, and said that I meant to insert the biography in that form unless there was anything she wished to correct. She then corrected it, and added so much that it would have taken the whole column if I had inserted all she sent.

The many pages treating of noted authors are, of course, full of "bits" that will entertain readers who like personal details, and there is gossip about all the clubs and their members in unlimited quantity; but the effect, as we have suggested, is very scrappy when continued for so long. At "32, Addison Mansions" most people who have made a name in the literary world seem to have paid a visit, and the "At Homes" must have been merry and exhilarating gatherings for years. Possibly this volume would appeal to us more consistently had its author restrained his impulse to set down every name he could remember, and enlarged, with a more careful style, upon a few of those who honoured him with their friendship, and a few, again, of those whom he was able so capably to assist in their first ventures.

Fiction

It is a far cry from "The Viper of Milan" to "Mr. Washington" (Methuen, 6s.), but Miss Marjorie Bowen's talents easily cover the distance. It is a little difficult to make up one's mind whether the interest which undoubtedly she commands in her new novel is due to its central figure or to the romance which she has woven about it. In any case, her success is certain: Washington, Braddock, Martha Washington, Benedict Arnold, Hamilton, Cornwallis, and the rest all make excellent figures in a story which is admirably told, and keeps sufficiently close to accepted history to leave the impression that the whole thing is a veracious chronicle. The novel will perhaps be more pleasing to American readers than to British, inasmuch as it conveys the idea that the rebels had all right and reason on their side and that the British were incredibly pretentious and wrong-headed. On the other hand, it shows what is no doubt true, that the obnoxious taxes were only the occasion of a revolt inevitable sooner or later. America was ripe for independence directly the French menace had been removed by the conquest of Canada. Miss Bowen has achieved such success as a story-teller that it is time she began to look a little to her style. The young lady's tendency to over-emphasis should be carefully watched, the meaning of words should be considered; for instance, "destined" is used when "intended" is meant; "compared to" recurs so often that we are inclined to become meticulous in our criticism; and the split infinitives are so irritating that even those among us who do not necessarily regard the infinitive as one and indivisible must protest. "To any longer curb" and "to any longer stand upright" are among the worst samples.

There is an old saw to the effect that two heads are better than one, and the truth of the saying is exemplified in "Where there are Women," by Marguerite and Armiger Barclay (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.). For the impartial reader will unhesitatingly admit that it would have been a veritable *tour de force* for any unaided male mind to have produced this delightfully improbable Anglo-Indian romance, with its tortuous plot and thrilling situations which for extravagance can give points to the efforts of those earlier romancers beloved of our youth. So Daisy-Baba comes to the assistance of her Sahib, and the result of their collaboration is fittingly dedicated to two children of the Far East, Yaseen and Suliman, who it is to be hoped will not look too closely into the mouth of their gift horse. But such a record of deeds of derring-do, of hairbreadth scapes, is worthy of a wider circle of readers, and Mr. Fisher Unwin offers it at the usual price to a public jaded with stories of war, sexual problems, and tales of mean streets. The title is an alluring one, but we must warn the young man of whom the poet sings at this season of the year that "Where there are women there is always talk. . . . Where there are women there is always enmity. . . . Where women are gathered together there is trouble,"

for thus spake Kathbela, the Queen, and Narain, the Babu. Captious critics with the Gradgrind soul may consider this joint effort an utterly impossible story, may further qualify the authors' style as slipshod, and so dismiss the volume with faint praise. But those who seek only to be entertained will be wisely blind to its faults, and we venture to predict that it will be widely read for the sake of the diversion it provides for the not too fastidious reader.

It is not always that a woman's glory is her hair, especially in childhood's days, when the richest auburn is more often than not derided by youthful companions. Little Kate Whirl, the heroine of "Red Hair," by Robert Halifax (Methuen and Co., 6s.), is the possessor of flaming locks which would have won the heart of an old master, but which in these degenerate days subject her to such unmerciful chaff that she suffers agonies and becomes almost morbidly sensitive and reckless—to such an extent that she welcomes the advances of a dipsomaniac, Archie Lanphier, who, apart from a craving for strong liquor, possesses the art of fascinating an unsophisticated maiden. To this pathetic tragedy of hair and drink the author has added some subsidiary sketches, brimful of humour. His denizens of the meaner streets of Islington talk in his pages as they talk in real life, especially when airing their views on affairs in general over the fences of their back gardens. It is these light touches that will make "Red Hair" successful, and not the more ambitious sentimental thread that forms the warp of the story.

May

"THIS is the Virgin's month," the breeze
Has whispered to the dreaming trees;
And eager are they and astir
To put on whitest robes for her.

The brotherhood of elms now make
Triumphal arches for her sake;
Laburnums swing their golden bells,
And poplars stand her sentinels.

The chestnut knows her coming—he
Worshippeth in his bravery;
Others attire them in their best,
He makes a shrine with candles dressed.

This is the Virgin's month, when gay
The trees as children are, but they
Can never move from where they grow,
Never in glad procession go.

THOMAS SHARP.

Shorter Notices

Nature-Poetry

In the best and simplest sense the "Songs from the Clay," Mr. James Stephens' latest volume (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.) are nature-poetry. Again and again they return to the stars, the moon, the sea, the wind, the clouds, in pretty rhyming; and sometimes the reader feels that the verses are rather too pretty, too simple. With a true poet, however, we must not be too critical; if he pleases by his singing, and here and there wakes answering music in the soul, he has accomplished much. Some of these most taking lyrics are marred by curious perversities, such as the use of the word "the" as a rhyme, or the introduction of the uncouth word "walloped" into an otherwise beautiful conception called "The Nodding Stars." There is a quite wonderful poem, entitled "The Tramp's Dream," which reminds one of a certain story by Mr. Wells, "A Vision of Judgment." The Judge appears before assembled humanity:

... And as He walked in fire
Those million, million muzzles lifted higher,
Stared at Him, grinned in fury, toned a yelp,
A vast malignant query, "Did you help?"
And at the sound the jangled spaces threw
Echo to echo, thunders bit and flew
Through deeper thunders, into such a bay
The Judge stood frightened, turned, and stole away.

When Mr. Stephens has a fine central idea, his work is strengthened tenfold—the too obviously simple, in rhyme and theme, is his snare.

A Fair Enthusiast

Were Father Benson alive it is practically certain that he would be the first to smile at the extravagant eulogy bestowed on his memory by Miss Olive Katharine Parr in "An Appreciation" (Hutchinson and Co., 3s. 6d. net). Very little information with regard to Father Hugh can be gathered from this well-meaning little volume; that he shone as priest, author, and poet beyond the shining of ordinary mortals is insisted upon again and again by his fair commentator, but anyone reading this short account without previously being familiar with a fuller record, such as "Hugh," by A. C. Benson, reviewed in these columns a week or two ago, would be very little the wiser as to the actual part played by Archbishop Benson's son in the Church or the world of letters. Many passages, conveying little but the rhapsody of the writer, are to be found throughout the book. The following is a specimen of one of them:

Our friend loved weaving, and I love to draw the closest analogy between this alluring art and his own life as it was woven by the Master Weaver.

Or again:

From the year 1907 to the end was the most fruitful period of this beautiful life. During those seven great years his productiveness was superhuman.

Time will probably allot to Monseignor Benson his just proportion of literary fame, but he can surely have no more enthusiastic admirer than the writer of this short notice—the lady to whom, before his entry into the Roman Church, he was given as a penance: for her sins she had to include in her prayers the supposition that three Anglican priests might be received into the Roman community. Father Benson was one

The Theatre

"To-night's the Night"

THE Gaiety is reborn with a quite amusing salad of old French farce, lively new lyrics, easy-going comedy, jokes that are jolly, and a company that gives us of its very best. Mr. James Blakeley is full of fun, Mr. George Grossmith is immensely popular; *all* the ladies are gifted, young and beautiful, and determined to give the audience a good time. There is perfect sympathy between this and the other side of what used to be called the footlights, and there is a charming heroine, new to me, at least, Miss Haidée de Rance. Mr. Thompson has written the book, Mr. Paul Rubens the music and other things, and Mr. Greenbank and some others, I fancy—but it does not matter—give us charming lyrics. "To-Night's the Night" has been seen in America and also here under other names, and is just as old and fresh as the young laughter it creates.

Pioneer Players

LIKE all the performances given by this Society, "Exchange," by M. Paul Claudel, in an English version by Dr. Rowland Thurnam, is curious, bold, and free. Most of my neighbours appeared to have read the play and approached it with just the right spirit. But for the outsider, like myself, there had been printed a little explanation of how great M. Claudel's dramas were and a few words on the right attitude of the audience. "Exchange" is a wonderfully indirect affair and its four personages are by no means engaging as we see them with our free eyes. Martha, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, is twenty-five and has married a boy of physical beauty, Louis, Mr. Eric Sroan. Thomas Pollexfen, Mr. Turnbull, who is always called by his full name in impassioned moments, is married to or living with an actress, Léchy Elberon, Miss Auriol Lee. When this lady makes love to Louis and wins him we are expected, however free our spirit, to sympathise with Martha, who explains in many fine lines the many fine things she has done or will do for the boy, who is about six years younger than herself. Louis prefers Léchy first, and then death, and he is the only person who is right. Martha was a country-bred bore who to please her own nature married a wild boy and then talked about her claims and proved very peevish when he wearied of her. This is very conventional, the one thing that M. Claudel, according to M. Georges Duhamel, does not exactly wish to be. But there are a thousand beauties in the play and some acute philosophy on the brutality of love, and, above all, there is the simple glory of the setting arranged by Miss Edith Craig. "America—the East Coast" is the scene, and how divinely beautiful that wide place may be in the starry night no others than those who saw "Exchange" on Sunday evening will ever know.

EGAN MEW.

The Royal Academy

IN the exhibition of the Royal Academy this year the best pictures are better than usual; and as for the rest, what does it matter in a collection composed of some two thousand more or less accomplished works of art if some are really bad?

For us, the outstanding personages of the year are Sargent, Orpen, Lavery, and some names which will not be generally mentioned—Mr. Elwell with his finely decorative "Old Stable"; "The Dreamers," or, much better, the wholly attractive "Garden," of Mr. Archibald Barnes; "Swimming," of Mrs. Knight; M. Leopold Pilichowski's "Festival in a Synagogue in Poland"; Miss Walford, fortunate in her sitter, with the picture which she calls "Aminta Busy"; and quite a host of others, such as Mr. Stott, with his beautifully conceived and sensitively carried-out "Entombment," or the dozens of not greatly advertised but admirable portrait-painters.

Then, Mr. Mostyn has a most beautiful "Garden of Peace" and a dramatic and less permanent "Flight"—full of women hurrying from a burning, tragic city. Personally, if one had any money, there are two pictures one would like sent home—Mr. Barnes's "Garden" and Mr. Spenlove Spenlove's "Belgium: The lowly born to share a nation's woe." This last is certainly the most inspired of the very many war pictures on view, some of which, such as Mr. Lavery's "London Hospital: The Wounded," a splendidly clever achievement, are worthy of so vast a topic. But the utter tragedy and quiet beauty of the interior of the Belgian church, with its three pathetic figures, rivets the imagination and holds the spirit in awe. After this gracious work one sees the multitude of canvases a little dimly, although Mr. Moira's bold "July Day" is fraught with fine colour, and Mr. Cyrus Cuneo calls us to gaiety with his delicious "Cigarette."

We are always hearing that Mr. Sargent will paint no more portraits. He has two, one of which is a splendid "Lord Curzon of Kedleston." But the gifted artist revels most completely in his Tyrolese subjects, of which there are several. "The Crucifix," one feels sure, he loved to paint, and more especially "The Interior," where he is most highly successful. Although so different, Mr. Sargent suggests Mr. Orpen, whose three portraits, "Miss Kitty Carstairs," "The Marquess of Headford," and the Marchioness, are all works which will delight future generations as well as our own. Seldom has the artist's mastery and cunning been so vividly displayed. I think the man the best painted; most people, at the private view, voted for the two ladies. Mr. Lavery has a wonderful picture of "The Queen" which will make posterity think that her Majesty's other painters were somewhat unsympathetic personages.

A picture more or less of the moment is that showing the meeting of King George and King Albert at a place near Dunkirk. The portraits, including that of the Prince of Wales, are excellent; the arrangement of the figures is good, the general effect respectable rather

than alluring. But Mr. Sims gives us that charming quality in some of his elusive, delicate work—"Syria and Pattatos," the decorative "Basket of Flowers," with its lively loves and "Pastoral." So, you see, there is plenty to engage interest this year at Burlington House—even without the fine sculpture, the miniatures, and many other things. EGAN MEW.

MOTORING

AMERICANS are finding Australia a good and growing market for the automobile. Since 1909 the value of their car exports to the island continent amounts to more than £1,600,000, indicating a wonderful proportionate increase over the figures for 1908, which amounted only to £12,125. Last year the American manufacturers exported to Australia 2,587 cars, valued at £446,694, as compared with 1,873, valued at £365,538, in 1913—an increase of 22 per cent. This shows that the low-priced car is gaining a strong footing in Australia, and should turn the attention of our own makers to the production of cars of a similar type. The fact is that the prosperous farmer there is finding the motor of great value to him in many ways. The distances which separate many of the holdings from the centres of population, the local markets, and the places from which the products are exported are quickly and cheaply covered by the motors, and they are put to a variety of practical uses.

In the interests of touring motorists the Automobile Association has made arrangements for patrolling certain beats from which the patrols were withdrawn on the outbreak of war, and further new stretches of road will probably be taken over later in the season, as occasion demands. The recent extensions cover several roads in the West of England, the Eastern Counties, the Midlands, and the Home Counties.

A short time ago the Association supplied 32 large reflex signs to the authorities of Phoenix Park, Dublin. These have now been erected on all the entrance gates, and are serving a most useful purpose by warning motorists when the gates are closed, and thus preventing a form of accident which until recently was surprisingly frequent.

The City

BUSINESS generally can only be described as dull. The City, indeed, is in chastened mood, and the only person who can regard affairs at all cheerfully in the circumstances is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The sale of Treasury Bills under the new system seems to be growing in popularity each week. During the six days up to Saturday last 18½ millions were applied for—in other words, at the rate of over three millions a day. As the war expenditure is only some two-thirds of that amount the Chancellor of the Exchequer is being kept well in funds for the moment, at all events. For the general depression, uncertainty first as to what was happening on the Eastern front, and second as to what the

Budget would cover, has to some extent no doubt been responsible. Russia's perfectly frank and intelligible statement of the position in Galicia, and Mr. Lloyd George's financial survey have done something to relieve the tension.

On the Stock Exchange there has been no sort of life in any market. Almost everything has been marked down, with Canadian Pacifics taking an easy lead in the slump. Whether this is due to German selling in New York or to genuine fears as to the ability of the Company to maintain its dividend there is nothing to show. Canadian Pacifics are, however, by no means the only stock which has experienced a set-back in New York, and too much importance should not be attributed to what is probably only a spasmodic movement, hardly warranted by the proved earning capacity and the economical administration of the company. In Home Rails "Heavy" shares have recorded some dealings, but at lower prices. Oils lend no bright spot in the general markets, and even Rubbers refuse to look up, notwithstanding the really excellent reports which appear almost daily. Brewery shares were not unduly depressed by forecasts of Budget proposals, and have not improved now that the prospect has been cleared somewhat.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet's profits are down from £430,987 to £91,441. It has been a very bad year and the directors have had to take £200,000 from the reserve. But they are not unhelpful. They regard conditions throughout the year as quite abnormal, due to trade depression in South America, aggravated in the latter half by the war. Matters have improved so far as the company is concerned since January, and the directors are confident as to the future.

Interest seems to have been taken last week in the increase of capital by a little-known insurance company, the City Equitable Fire. The object of this increase is said to be to enable the company to capture some portion of the large reinsurance business hitherto done with Germany. In the past this particular business was regarded as unremunerative by most British offices, and it would be interesting to know how the City Equitable Fire proposes to improve its character. When the war is over reinsurance will find its way along the line of least resistance as of old, and what guarantee has the company that business secured in war time will be retained in peace? Reinsurance presents many knotty problems for British insurance men. Can the City Equitable hope to solve them where others have failed? "Sufficient for the day is the prosperity thereof" may perhaps be its motto. There is certainly plenty of good reinsurance business going just now.

CORRESPONDENCE

POETS OF PRESENT-DAY FRANCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The note of criticism struck in your article on "Poets of Present-Day France" is the one for which some of us have vainly listened in quarters that affect literary discrimination, but whose guide is fashion flourishing and gilded. Are you not afraid of being unpopular, for, sir, you are undoubtedly old-fashioned? Latter-day men of letters have improved upon your slow and painful process of seeking beauty in literature; a very simple way have these gentlemen, and a short one. Without wishing to do them injustice, I would suggest that their method is something like this: Discover a maker of verse, label him "great," advertise his name, and stand aside to catch the critics' praise; then jointly advertise both

praised and praiser. Fame will be kind, and if her laurels be not gilded, she, too, must be unpopular; indeed, the same old hag that made the masters die before she deigned to notice them, in the days when art grew in adversity. Now art grows by advertisement, but scarcely attains maturity, for, like Du Perrier's daughter:

"Et rose, elle a vecu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin."

This is the difference, however: that the rose is often merely a weed, although the critics fail to observe the fact, but seldom seeing a rose. Permit me to return to your article in order to notice your appreciation of the poems of Albert Samain. You expressly exclude this poet from those of whom you say: "Their style is usually better than anything that they have had to say, and much that they expressed beautifully was yet not worth the expression." I am glad you exclude Samain, for to me and to many of my French friends "much that he expressed beautifully" was certainly "worth the expression." I think we should go far to find anything more delicately expressed and true to Nature than:

"Puis tout sombre et s'enfonce en la grande unité,
Le ciel enténébré rejoint la plaine immense . . .
Ecoute! Un grand soupir traverse le silence . . .
Et voici que le cœur du jour s'est arrêté!"

It is unnecessary to point out that this quotation is from "Soir sur la Plaine," or to expatiate upon the vivid suggestion of the mystery and *movement* of a changing natural scene. The poet is, for the moment, the mirror focussing the aspect, and the vibrant medium, of Nature's evening hour; he makes us see and feel, even as he, the majesty and sadness thereof. Then, in the line that immediately follows:

"Et mon âme a frémi de se sentir trop seule." . . . he touches the chord, surely but with artistic restraint, that would thrill all humans in such a scene and at such an hour. To those who seek emotion finely and truly expressed one would commend Samain as head and shoulders above the many modern French poets of whom some "critics" prate.

I thank you for calling the attention of English readers to his qualities, even so briefly as you did, for in emphasising the truth about present-day French poets you do a service to France and to all of those who admire her wonderful literature. It is a pity our "critics" do not prime themselves with some of the older writers, taking a strong dose of Molière's healthy ridicule, so that they might with surer judgment appraise poetic values as distinct from commercial.

It is a far cry to old Tristan l'Hermite, but why not be gladdened by his brilliant line:

"Les songes de l'eau qui sommeille,"
and other lines of others of the earlier writers, to say nothing of the nineteenth-century men, rather than waste time and stultify taste by pounding away at the public in praise of petty poesies of no importance?

Trusting THE ACADEMY will shortly find time to purge English literature of current dross by similar sane and just criticism,

I am, sir,

Yours truly,

HAROLD BUTTERWORTH.

3, Kensington Park Road, W.

May 1, 1915.

OUR LIMBLESS SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A great number of sailors and soldiers serving at the war have already been disabled by loss of limbs, and there will be many more before the war is ended. These

men are now being discharged from hospitals and returning to their homes or friends with their wounds recently healed, and without adequate arrangements being made for their future care and comfort, and it is pitiable to hear some of them begging to be told how they are to make a fresh start in life. The country owes it to these gallant men that proper provision should be made for them, that they should be cared for until they have fully recovered their strength and nerve, and learned how to use their new limbs, so as to become capable of taking up employment again in the form best suited to each individual. This cannot be done in existing hospitals.

In order to deal with this pressing difficulty, and as the result of a letter we recently addressed to the Press, a committee has been formed with the gracious approval of H.M. the Queen and with the sanction of the Directors-General of the Navy and Army Medical Services, and steps will be taken immediately to establish one or more Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals (including an officers' branch) where these poor fellows may be concentrated, and where they can get fitted and accustomed to their artificial limbs under the best possible conditions—with the advice and assistance of several eminent orthopaedic surgeons who have generously offered their services in support of the scheme. Application is being made to the Committee of the Prince of Wales' Fund for a grant to assist us in carrying out this special work, and we feel sure that an ever-generous public will also readily respond to our appeal and contribute towards the fund necessary to deal with this most urgent problem. All communications and donations should be addressed to C. H. Kenderdine, Esq., St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W. (marked "Auxiliary Hospital").

Yours obediently,

KATHLEEN FALMOUTH,
M. E. GWYNNE HOLFORD.

April 30, 1915.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "SOLENT."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—There are two solutions given in Canon Taylor's "Names and their Histories" of the etymology of "Solent": (1) From Celtic *sul-want*, i.e., "the struggle of the *sul*" (the salt-water or incoming tide). In "Sol-way" the first syllable has the same signification; (2) from *sul-gwent*, i.e., "the sea of Gwent," Gwent probably denoting Hampshire.

I am afraid Mr. E. S. Dodgson's derivation from Greek *σωλήν*, a pipe or channel, though ingenious, cannot be sustained by reference to early Latin or Saxon writers. Bede supposes a Latin derivation, and calls this arm of the sea, Solvente, the "sea where two ocean currents meet and conflict." The final *t* is almost certainly not excrement, as in "margent" and "tyrant," but part of the original form, as in "Derwent," "Tranent," etc. To derive Solent from *σωλήν* would be about as serious a mistake as to trace the North American river name Potomac to Greek *ποταμός*, a river.

April 30.

I am, sir, etc.,
N. W. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- The Wizard of the Turf.* By Nat Gould. (John Long. 6s.)
The Snake Garden. By Amy J. Baker. (John Long. 6s.)
Unofficial. By Bohun Lynch. (Martin Secker. 6s.)
Co-Directors. By Una L. Silberrad. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

- The Teeth of the Tiger.* By Maurice Leblanc. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
The Miracle of Love. By Cosmo Hamilton. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
The Mysterious Three. By William le Queux. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
The Kiss, and Other Stories. By Anton Tchekhoff. Translated from the Russian by R. E. C. Long. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
Her Measure. By Curtis Yorke. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
A Lady of Russia. By Robert Bowman. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)
Kitchener's Chaps. By A. Neil Lyons. (John Lane. 1s. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- History of the War.* Vol. III. By John Buchan. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)
Juliette Drouet's Love-Letters to Victor Hugo. Edited with a Biography of Juliette Drouet by Louis Guimbaud. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
A Short History of Belgium and Holland. By Alexander Young. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)
A History of Persia. By Lieut.-Col. P. M. Sykes, C.M.G., C.I.E. With Maps and Illustrations. Two Vols. (Macmillan and Co. 50s. net.)

VERSE.

- Straight and Crooked.* By J. H. Cousins. (Grant Richards. 1s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Three Little Dramas: Alladine and Palomides; Interior; The Death of Tintagiles.* By M. Maeterlinck. (Duckworth and Co. 2s.)
Plays: The Black Maskers; The Life of Man; The Sabin Women. By Leonid Andreyeff. Translated from the Russian by C. L. Meader and F. N. Scott. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
Foundations of National Greatness: A Scheme of Study. By Wm. Chas. Braithwaite, B.A., LL.B. (National Adult School Union. 1s. net.)
The Development and Properties of Raw Cotton. By W. L. Balls, M.A. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)
Individuality. By C. F. Annesley Voysey. (Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. net.)
Quaker Women. By M. R. Brailsford. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
War, Progress, and the End of History: Including a Short Story of the Anti-Christ. Three Discussions by Vladimir Soloviev. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.)
Clear Waters: Troutng Days and Troutng Ways in Wales, the West Country, and the Scottish Borderland. By A. G. Bradley. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
Twenty Years of My Life. By Douglas Sladen. Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. (Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
The Romance of a Favourite. By Frédéric Loliée. A Reissue. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
Rambles in Arcadia. By Arthur Grant. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
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Notes of the Week

The Two Fronts

THE war will begin in May," Lord Kitchener was reported to have said months ago. The events of the week go far to suggest that he prophesied with knowledge. Germany's new activity and immense strength on the Ypres-La Bassée-Arras front have been promptly and vigorously countered by the French, and real progress has been made after severe and costly fighting. German positions of immense importance have either been captured or placed in jeopardy by the French movements of the past week, helped by the punishment which the British have inflicted whenever the Germans have attacked. On the West front the enemy is getting much the worst of it, however strenuously the German *communiqués* may seek to disguise the fact. On the East, unfortunately, they have had the advantage, and the Russians have been forced to retreat at certain points. It is, however, quite clear from the detailed Russian reports that the German triumph has not been as sweeping as Berlin would have the world believe. The Russians have retired to new positions, but not in disorder, and they have given as heavy punishment as they have received. The Germans will probably soon find that they have proclaimed their overwhelming victory prematurely. Their object is doubtless mainly to impress neutrals. Italy is on the very verge of war, and any day during the week Europe has been prepared to hear that she had taken the plunge. Germany has used every means to keep her out, and the Kaiser had Italy in mind as well as Greece when he telegraphed to his sister, the Queen of the Hellenes, "Woe to those who still dare to draw the sword against me!"

The "Lusitania" Crime

All history may be searched in vain for a crime greater than the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Properly

to characterise the enormity of this latest achievement of Kultur is impossible. Civilisation is aghast. Even the advocates of leniency now see that an end must be made for ever of Prussian power. Whilst this generation lasts, some even urge that Germany should be treated as a pariah among the nations. She has placed herself outside the pale by a succession of horrors which have culminated in the sending of 1,500 innocent men, women, and children to their doom in the Atlantic. Nothing need be added to the verdict of the Irish jury which brands the submarine officers, the Emperor and the Government under whom they acted, as wilful and wholesale murderers. Germany's regrets that American citizens were among the victims merely emphasise the deliberate savagery. In the face of this diabolical affront it is for the United States to act as they think their interests and their honour demand. President Wilson, in a sickly mood of transcendentalism, says, "There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight." It is not the sort of thing Prussia understands; we misjudge the American people if they understand it either for long, and Mr. Wilson shows his appreciation of their temper when he warns us not to confound his statement with the policy which may ultimately be decided on.

The Exponent of Hate

Beside the *Lusitania* horror all else seems to pale. It effectually stamps Germany as capable of every villainy with which she has been charged. British patience is at last exhausted, and every German in this country, who has enjoyed freedom to our own peril, has become the object of bitter popular resentment. Relations of any sort with the compatriots of men who employ submarines to sink unarmed liners, who send Zeppelins to drop bombs on unfortified towns, who fight with poisonous gases and ill-treat a particular section of their captives, are out of the question. United States officials who have been investigating the condition of the British prisoners in Germany report that on the whole they are well treated; it can only be said that the report is in flat contradiction of innumerable complaints contained in prisoners' letters. Yet we find it difficult to believe that Germany would pay so great a tribute to public opinion as to prepare the way for the American inquiries. Much more likely would she be to show of what she is capable as an exponent of the gospel of hate. According to the sworn testimony of two Dutch journalists, the Bavarian regiments, acting under orders, have made a practice of killing their British prisoners. There appears no reason to doubt the story which the British Minister at the Hague has forwarded to Sir Edward Grey. The day must come—not the day of which Germany has dreamed and talked—when, as Lord Crewe says, she will be held to account to the uttermost farthing.

Empire Service

Every account of the recent fighting in the Dardanelles and in the second battle of Ypres goes to prove the great debt the Empire owes to the contingents from

the Dominions. Nothing could be finer than the work of the Australians and New Zealanders in the almost desperate, inevitably costly, but wholly successful operations in the Gallipoli Peninsula; it is worthy to rank with the magnificent stand of the Canadians to the north of Ypres. In South Africa, General Botha has done fine service against difficulties which we know from private correspondence seemed insuperable to some observers. Nor must we forget that Sir John French has on more than one occasion paid cordial tributes to the devotion and efficiency of the Indians who have gone through a winter in the European trenches. Proud as we are of the Territorials and the newly created forces at home, who have proved their mettle at Neuve Chapelle and Hill 60, we have even more cause for pride in and gratitude to the splendid sons of the outer marches who have come over to help us.

Sir Hugh Lane

Among the *Lusitania* victims was Sir Hugh P. Lane, director of the National Gallery of Ireland and of the Municipal Art Gallery, Dublin. He was famous as an expert critic and connoisseur, and Ireland will feel his loss deeply. He was young—not yet forty—but into his span of years he had already crowded the work of many an older man. The sphere of art in South Africa owes him much, for he inaugurated in 1911 the Johannesburg Gallery, and collected for Mr. Michaelis the Dutch and Flemish collection presented to Cape Town—the finest of its size and kind in the world. His acuteness in discovering masterpieces was almost uncanny, and his “luck”—which, after all, was but extraordinary knowledge and skill—was proverbial in this respect. But, perhaps more than all, those who knew him will miss his genial and lovable personality, his modesty, and his unfailing loyalty to friends. Such men can ill be spared, from whatever point of view we regard them.

Plagiarist Prussia

Is there nothing original in modern Prussia, the latest examples of frightfulness excepted? “The Hymn of Hate,” at least, we thought was her own, but a correspondent of the *Morning Post* shows that even here she has appropriated and adapted:

The famous “Hymn of Hate” is nothing but a bold plagiarism. Georg Herweg, the stubborn German revolutionary of seventy years ago, was the author of this “Hymn of Hate,” and addressed it to Prussia (whence he was expelled) and the Prussian tyranny of 1841. In its original form it read: “We all have only one common foe—Prussia.” Ernst Lissauer, who several months ago published in *Jugend* the “Hymn of Hate” which has at present such a vogue in Germany, simply substituted England for Prussia in Herweg’s earlier lucubration. *Sic Historia nascitur!*

Prussia, having brought Germany to heel, shows her capacity for making other people’s goods her own by hurling against her enemies the “Hymn of Hate” originally directed at herself. It is a neat example of Prussian resource.

Aftermaths—I

CONSTANTINOPLE AND BELGIUM

WHILE the man in the street takes respectful note of the Prime Minister’s remark about the twittering of sparrows in a storm and Lord Kitchener’s pronouncement about when the war will begin, it becomes increasingly evident to him that a psychological moment of destiny is within measurable distance. That which will constitute the technical termination of the war may yet be far ahead, but the air is clearing rapidly, and the final issue now admits of no doubt. Turkey, her bows stove in by wanton collision with the Allied Powers, is in dramatic fashion settling down into the blue waters of oblivion. She resembles an obsolete Chinese junk manned by pirates. England and France, at great risk to themselves, have given her a friendly tow out of danger more than once. Their recompense is now seen to be that, while one half of her piratical crew have assailed their saviours of other days, the rest are setting about to scuttle the ship of their own State. The unknown writer of decadence to whom we owe the Book of Ecclesiastes uses pregnant phrases descriptive of a situation familiar in the economy of his day as in ours to Oriental courts: “Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king, who knoweth not to be admonished. Out of prison he cometh to reign.” Turkey has for a hundred years been the Sick Man of Europe. Consultations around what was confidently expected would prove to be her death-bed have been frequent. The ink of Foreign Offices has been spilt over her without stint. Times and again she has rallied, until, in an evil hour, she listened to the blandishment of the Teuton Delilah. Wherever those siren notes have fallen on receptive ears they

“but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor.”

The master-stroke of the Czar’s proclamation in the early stages of the war has potentially created a kingdom of Poland, largely to be carved out of the vitals of Austria-Hungary. Hungary herself, probably next after Belgium, has suffered most cruelly of any State from the brutal callousness of the Teuton conspirators. Between the Hungarian and British folks there has been immemorably an exceptional warmth of cordiality. English travellers to that beautiful country have been wont to return with delightful memories of lavish hospitality, deeper than lip-homage. His artistic charm, his dower of idealism, has rendered the Hungarian *persona grata* with us. For a race possessing such unique qualities of head and heart to have to suffer the abomination of desolation under which he now groans appears a cruel retribution for the hour of madness which possessed her leaders last July. That the blow which has brought about this nadir of her fortunes should have been struck by a statesman of her own nationality adds to the poignancy of the situation. Hungary has been miserably duped and is sick to death

of the shameless duplicity which is consummating her ruin. "Give us independence, a king and government of our own choosing, and to hell with the Austrian." That is in effect her cry. The Austrian Empire resembles a pyramid of alien races cemented together in their own blood. By a strange perversity, her history has been a chain of tyranny and wrong. Internationally she has never struck an honest blow, never failed to strike a foul blow. If Germany has any spasm of militarism left in her after the war is over, one thing is abundantly clear. She will then turn upon her former ally to wrest German provinces from her. Certain outstanding mountain peaks are beginning to loom out of the fog of war. The Turkish Empire is slipping into the limbo of dead anarchy; a Kingdom of Poland, under the tutelage of the Russian Empire, is emerging; an independent Kingdom of Hungary is about to be inaugurated.

The immediate purpose of this article is to put forward a plea, which the writer believes to be novel, for a reconsideration of the problem of the future fate of the historic nexus of land fronting Europe and Asia. What Power is to dominate Constantinople and the Straits, when the guns have done their work? Turkish dominance is an anachronism which has been an unconscionable time a-dying. Sixty years ago, England and France lavished lives and treasure to prevent Russia from reaching this, the secular goal of her ambition. According to the late Lord Salisbury's historic phrase, we then "put our money on the wrong horse." The conditions of international safety to be imposed on the future custodian of the Straits would appear to be (1) that their waters must be open to the trade and commerce of the world, without let or hindrance; (2) that no fortification of either shore, no laying of mines or warlike constructions, be permitted; (3) that whoever controls the Straits should do so under a mandate of the Powers and as their delegate; (4) that, while regarded as territorial waters, a scheme of collective authority and control by the Powers be organised. In a word, the Power who holds the Straits must be the caretaker of Europe. The unique splendour of the Byzantine Empire cannot be revived in the twentieth century. The territory allocated to the Straits will probably be hemmed in on both continents by other States. It will resemble the eye of a custodian watching the body in which it is set.

The thesis which we put forward "with bated breath and whispered humbleness" is this. Belgium is the State to which Europe to-day owes its deliverance from the unbridled brutality of German aggression. At the

sacrifice of everything, save her soul, she held the Teuton jackals at bay until the Allies, who were taken unawares and at disadvantage, had time to mass their means of resistance. Belgium saved Europe from "club law." Collective Europe owes her a debt of gratitude beyond words or mere material recompense. Let collective Europe present her with the gold medal of their corporate society. Let victorious Europe, banded in one, deliberately forgo individual ambition and plant Belgium, under international guarantee, as custodian of the Golden Horn. Belgium is a civilised Power. The cruel martyrdom through which she has passed will render her for many generations a Power of spiritual instinct and vision. Her people are intensely industrious, expert in the arts of government. It would surely be a fitting sequel to her unmerited wrongs to place her in this position of prime honour and regal outlook.

A. E. CAREY.

Gabriele D'Annunzio

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

WHEN the Italian Government selected Gabriele D'Annunzio to deliver the oration at the unveiling of the memorial to Garibaldi's heroes last week, it was universally felt that the selection could not have been bettered. D'Annunzio is not only a man of fervid, glowing eloquence; he is an impassioned patriot, and his detestation of the former Austrian dominance is intense. However much in principle we may deprecate violent international hatreds as fatal to the truest progress of humanity, this is a time in which such antagonisms have been thrust prominently to the fore, and intense racial prejudices have come aggressively within the sphere of "practical politics." Regret it as we may, the brotherhood of man, at least in its political aspect, is painfully at a discount. The great Italian novelist and poet is not the man to speak smooth words at a time when national memories and ideals are alert. His Dalmatian origin on the mother's side may further quicken his feelings with regard to the present crisis. But it is in a literary rather than a political sense that we would here briefly consider the man and his work, with an attempt to appreciate the high place that he takes among living European men of letters.

D'Annunzio stands in the forefront, with such writers as Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Anatole France, and a few others. Between Maeterlinck and himself there

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is a notable gulf of distinction. Maeterlinck, though he is an artist, is also always a teacher; D'Annunzio does not teach at all unless it be unconsciously. His is by no means a complex nature. He has the frank sensuousness of the warm-blooded Latin; his sole purpose is to deal with sensuous and material beauty—taking the type itself rather than the thing that it may be supposed to symbolise. Sometimes he deserts external loveliness for that which is physically and spiritually ugly; but realism and naturalism do not sit well upon him, in spite of the power with which he endows them. Setting aside his verse, which is not his finest work, he is really a lyrist in prose, a poet of style, a singer of the raptures that come through the indulged and glorified senses. He is always emotional, though weak in the dramatic faculty. At times his language passes from the clear simplicity that is lyrical to the more complicated passion of orchestration; many instruments are at his control, but they subserve the single emotion; they all sustain the rhapsody of the senses rather than of the spirit. Perhaps it would be more fair to say that with him body and soul are so closely at one that he does not recognise the distinction.

With most of us it is difficult to draw the limits; with him it appears impossible. He has the emotional fire of the South; in his work we do not realise a struggle of the soul to escape from its physical conditions. The passions that he serves are love, jealousy, hatred, an ardent delight in every outward beauty; he has little to do with the higher idealism that craves the unseen, the mysticism that in moments of trance can see heaven opened. He has no conception of the Beatific Vision, his concern is with things that can be seen and handled and heard; he lingers among sights and sounds and perfumes, the joys of physical contact—joys which a sterner philosophy condemns as capable of satiating but never of satisfying. If we compare him with Tolstoy or Ibsen, with Goethe or even with Balzac, we see at once his limitations, the inferiority of the region that he dominates with his glowing art. He never quite touches the rarer sanctities of human life; he never quite breaks away from the substance to the spiritual. He is what his genius has made him, and that genius does not carry him to the holy places. In his view life must be made an art; it must be lived beautifully. Its highest possible beauty, that of the unselfish, hardly comes within his vision at all; he deals with the natural, not that which comes from grim effort. Art for art's sake and beauty for beauty's are usually entirely though often unconsciously selfish; it may be the innocent selfishness of a child, whose egotism is necessarily his first manifestation of individuality. The Southern nature often has this childish manifestation of selfhood; it is candid, naïve, genial, and well-meaning, not generally adapted for stern spiritual struggle. It leads to many kindly actions, but seldom to the great renunciation. In D'Annunzio's writings we see that it can also lead to actual horrors and crimes of self-seeking; it cannot only stain itself with mire but with blood. Unlike Dante, who, Southern though he was, found peace in

his realisation of the divine through the earthly type, D'Annunzio's heroes never find anything like peace in the glorifying of their own desires. It is here that the author becomes, not consciously, nor perhaps even willingly, a moral teacher. In general we may say that his intention is non-moral, though some will not unnaturally tax him with absolute immorality. They only see what is fleshly, gross, material; but the lessons are there if we choose to draw them. Being an artist and nothing more, he does not point them out to us. One of his best-known novels, "*Il Trionfo della Morte*," shows us the triumph of death over a love that is never truly love at all, merely a sensual attachment with spiritual sanction. It ends in suicide coupled with murder. In another book, "*L'Innocente*," the killing of a babe is exalted to a central position in the plot, as a vindication of the hero's jealous egotism—a detestable picture drawn with marvellous skill and beauty. What need to emphasise morals when they cry out so loudly? If a reader cannot discern between the lines, he had better not touch such books as these. It must be noted that the author does not commend, though he does not censure, the crimes of his characters. We can hardly call that immoral writing which luridly displays the hideous results of sheer selfishness. An immoral work is that which tries to make vice pleasing or heroic; in these books we see always the discontent, the unsatisfied thirst, the restless, fevered craving; sometimes also the horror, the inevitable tragedy, the black, hopeless consequence. If the writer identifies himself with that which he reveals, he is ruthless in his self-revelation, sparing nothing, condoning nothing; his pictures would serve for the texts of sermons. There is always the glow and glitter of a wonderfully beautiful style, the flow of an eloquence that is often pure poetry, enriched with colour, passion, and lyrical ecstasy; beneath is the presentment of a conception of life that can only lead to failure or to crime.

D'Annunzio is an idealist, but he only idealises the seen and the heard; he never elicits the unseen, the unheard, that are the inspiration of the true mystic. He draws his reading of life from the physical fact, not from spiritual strivings and desirings. He can beautify whatever he touches of the things that are tangible—the glory of woodland and hill, the majesty of running water, the scent of flowers, the taste of delicious fruits, the song of hidden birds; he can find all these emotions in music, which becomes to him an intensity of sensuous luxury. "*Il Fuoco*" is one long rhapsody on the articulate arts, music, and poetry, but of both in their impassioned aspects, their heat and flame. Very much in these books is the exquisite expression of moods that are perfectly individual and sincere, but the moods are generally coloured by external influences, including the influences of other minds. Sometimes it is Ibsen or Nietzsche, alien yet powerful forces; sometimes, as in the ruthless description of physical ailments that defaces "*Il Trionfo*," it is Zola; sometimes, with rather startling effect, it is Tolstoy. These are all proofs that D'Annunzio can

be profoundly moved by things that are foreign to his own nature, though he fails to assimilate them; we can welcome and respect the susceptibility. But the true D'Annunzio is always profoundly concerned with the human body, the human passion; his ideal of life is that it must be beautiful in outline and sound and colour. The underlying moral is never told; we have to find it for ourselves—in other words, to bring it with us. It is not for us to condemn him if he appears satisfied with less than will satisfy us, if his ultimate vision of happiness appears to us only the portal. There has been no Puritanism in his background, no Hebraic wrestlings of the soul; there is only Hellenism filtered through the still more sunny atmosphere of Italy—a Latin joy of life that seems to have forgotten Dante.

The home of Gabriele D'Annunzio is at Florence. He was born at Pescara in 1864, and was first educated at the Tuscan College of Prato, passing later to the University of Rome. His age was but fifteen when he issued his first volume of verse. It brought him some reputation, and before long he was doing journalistic work on the staff of the Roman *Tribuna*. His long list of publications includes many poems and some dramas; but though inherently poetical in his prose, poetry is not his true medium, and his plays are impassioned without being dramatic. As Mr. Arthur Symonds has said, "In his verse, even more than in his prose, he is precise, clear in detail, hard in outline; often artificial, but artificial in the direction of fantastically defined form; always bound to the visible shapes of reality, even when he seems to choose and arrange them with the most lawless freedom." He is really the idealist of sensation; but sensation at its best is only an avenue, a window; it may point out far horizons, but it does not lead us towards them. It was France that first introduced his novels to a wider than an Italian public, and naturally the French enthusiasm was great; for D'Annunzio did what French novelists were attempting, with a richer colour, a fiercer passion. In England and America the reception of these writings was tempered with doubt; in some quarters there was loudly expressed dislike, even abhorrence. We can make a cooler estimate now, and judge the writer more fairly in the light of his own aims. Of the plays, the more notable are "La Gioconda," "La Città Morte" (produced for Sarah Bernhardt), "Francesca da Rimini," and the mystery-play that deals with the martyrdom of San Sebastian, presented in Paris in 1911. It was in this same year that the Vatican placed his fiction on the Index. But D'Annunzio is not dramatic; he is simply emotional, which is entirely different; the plays, with much beauty, cannot be called dramas. He brings emotions and passions on the stage, but not human beings. There is much loveliness of imagery, much fire of rhetoric; but the action never grips or convinces, and the characterisation is weak. In a less degree this is true of the novels also; their persons are embodied passions rather than characters. Scarcely one among them can be realised, still less loved; they do not live to us. Per-

haps the women are particularly poor. Their creator has by no means entered into the newer aspects of feminism; in his eyes the woman was created for the man. We have to remember that modern feminism has been almost entirely a product of the Northern peoples, and of America; it is not at home under Southern skies. Neither is there anything of the futurist in D'Annunzio's art; he does not cut himself adrift from the past; the principle of beauty that he worships has at least this merit, that it is as old as the human race. In his own way he worships it sincerely and devotedly, bestowing a wonderful wealth of phrase and colour and music on the things that are externally fascinating; and if he hardly perceives what we understand as the moral and the spiritual, we have to confess that, though this may be his misfortune, it is probably not his fault. At the present moment it is natural that his sympathies should be whole-heartedly with the Latin and Slav ideals, rather than with those of aggressive Teutonism. His ardent patriotism has found repeated expression, especially in his verse, such as "La Canzone di Garibaldi." Of his literary eminence there can be no question; as to the wholesomeness of his work there is room for difference of opinion.

The Future of the Musical Futurists

BY D. C. PARKER.

NOTICE that Leo Ornstein has been attracting some attention in the United States. This reminds me of the Futurists. Someone will probably rediscover the Futurists when the war is over. Europe is so busy with the present that the future has to look after itself. It is rather hard to define a Futurist—I am speaking only of music, of course. Is Ornstein a Futurist; or must we go to Pratella for a good example; and what about Schönberg? When I think of some of the young musicians whom the public regards as Futurists I feel that the proper definition would be a man for whom there is no future, were it not that this would include Brahms. If you have your tomorrow to-day you cannot expect to have your tomorrow to-morrow. To recognise this one must be reasonable, and unreasonableness is the head and front of Futurism. The trouble about many of these unconventionalists is that they are so hopelessly old-fashioned. Many a sage of the classic age lived two or three centuries ahead of the time in which he drew his breath. The genius always marches in front of the mob. He lives according to London time while humanity sets its clocks by New York. The Futurist, like the poor man, is always with us. The so-called musical Futurist is a kind of Peter Pan who refuses to grow up. It is only children who are really Futurists. But I cannot see that art benefits by a creed which calls Monday Saturday.

It must not be thought that this is a plea for any kind of artistic obscurantism. I am deeply interested in all the modern movements. And I deplore the

attitude of those who say of the music of men like Schönberg: "I don't understand it, but it is very ugly." How can you tell that a work is ugly if you do not understand it? As a plain matter of fact, there is far too much hostile criticism of men who threaten to upset the comfortable notions nursed by the academic mind. To treat all the latest writers as though they were so many jokes simply because they represent something new is to repeat the tragic mistake of the anti-Wagnerians.

What I really want to point out at the present time is the need for discrimination. Brief reflection will show that the only modernism worth counting for a moment is based upon the past. That is why, in ten years, Bach will still be more modern than Pratella. Musicians who say that what was written before the day of Beethoven is "all rot" simply write themselves down as fools as emphatically as the pedagogue who holds that all post-Schumann activity is of no value. The man who stands on the mountain peak and gazes towards the rising dawn awaits the day with greater zest if he love the glorious things of yesterday. But to return to the musical Futurist; we must not condemn him out of ignorance. For, if we grant that his compositions are anarchistic, we must remember that out of complexity simplicity is born, that out of chaos the new law and order emerge. That is why I urge the student to cast off all the scholastic impedimenta which cause him to regard the emancipated composer as an enemy. I would rather that half a dozen of our young composers risked the chance of eternal damnation by an indulgence in a too great exuberance than that they rested content with the promise of a niche in the paradise of the reactionaries.

The Horse in Warfare

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC and others have hazarded the opinion that a deficiency of horses will prove to be one of the deciding factors in the downfall of Germany. For whatever changes take place in general warfare, the combatant who is to win success must always maintain a good supply of horses. The use of armoured motors and the adoption of motor-transport might at first seem to obviate much of the difficulty, as might the employment of aircraft in reconnoitring. But for all these purposes the horse is still pressed into service alternatively, and the necessity of employing mounted men is always urgent. The fact has great historical interest, for the horse has been associated with man in his warfare ever since the prehistoric period.

There is, however, one astonishing difference in custom which deserves notice. The earliest domesticated horses of which we have indisputable evidence—one must for this occasion leave out of the reckoning the disputed cases of domestication which go back to the French Cave Period—were employed not for riding, but for purposes of draught. As the humorist has put it,

primitive man often used his heels to escape from the heels of the horse. When he had tamed the animal he harnessed him for drawing loads. The interpretation of this bare fact implies that the horse, when used in battle, was at first attached to chariots. For chariot-fighting the honest creature was very suitable. Contrariwise, when we look at the records of ancient Greece, we are not surprised to find, as Mr. Gladstone long ago pointed out, that riding a horse was a rare and curious exhibition of skill. The writings of Homer yield but a single and casual instance. Even at Marathon, it will be remembered, cavalry was used only by the Persians, not by the Greeks. The very act of mounting was a feat of some importance. The horseman, ignorant of stirrups, probably mounted his steed by vaulting with a pole or spear, or by stepping from the back of a slave. References to the war-chariot appear in the early writers of many countries. The ancient Irish manuscripts known as the *Dinnsenchas* contain allusions to horse-chariots. The Irish warriors therein described, whether we deem them real or mythical—and, at any rate, they idealise the current beliefs—all fight from chariots; there were no riders on horseback.

Pausing for a moment, we must sternly cast aside all conceptions gathered, perhaps, from imaginative pictures, respecting the great size of these horses. To compare the mediæval black war-horse, which itself fell considerably below the present animal in its dimensions, with the creature which was yoked to British or Grecian chariots is like comparing a Life-Guardsman with a recruit who just reaches the minimum requirement. To be candid, the early battle-horses were not much larger than fair-sized cobs. At a period not greatly anterior to the Saxon Conquest the domestic horses, whether descended from the Mongolian wild horse of the Steppes of Asia, or from some other progenitor in Northern Africa, had been little superior in size to the Shetland pony. Small, flat-nosed, shaggy specimens must have been those animals which drew the British chariots with which Cæsar has made us acquainted from the standpoint of literature.

During the Early Iron Age—that is, the age which immediately preceded and finally merged into the historic period—it was a common custom to sacrifice and inter the horse, with its chariot and harness, in the grave of the deceased owner. From these mute memorials—horse-bones, chariot-wheels, brasses, bridle-bits, and buckles—we have learned much. Having "outlasted the drums and tramlings of three conquests," as Sir Thomas Browne has it, the relics are at last dug up, and tell us the story which had been concealed. Over and over again have these chariot-burials been recorded from the barrows of the Yorkshire Wolds by Canon Greenwell and the late Mr. J. R. Mortimer. In a more sparing manner finds have been made in other parts of the country. Like evidence has been furnished by Saxon burial-mounds and by Scandinavian graves of the Saxon period. The spectacle of the chief's skeleton lying alongside that of his steed calls forth a very

particular emotion of sympathy. For all down the centuries the custom has been observed, though often in an attenuated form. A convenient notebook yields instances, coming down to our own day, in which the horse was shot and buried with its master. So recently as 1886, when Queen Victoria's huntsman was buried in Sunningdale Churchyard, Berkshire, his best-loved horse was shot and its ears were placed in his coffin. Usually, however, we notice but a slight vestige of the custom—the living animal led to the grave of its late owner. At the funeral of King Edward VII the monarch's favourite horse appeared in the procession, being led by a groom behind the body of its former master.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham, in his life of Bernal Diaz, reviewed in *THE ACADEMY* a fortnight ago, has many references to the horses who aided Cortes in the conquest of New Spain. The animal created a sensation among the Mexicans, who knew nothing of him, and the Indians at first believed the horse and his rider were one body. Diaz, in his account of the marchings and fightings, devotes nearly as much attention to the characters and qualities of the horses as to the men, and "after God," he says in one place, "we owed the conquest to them." Mr. Cunninghame Graham himself loves a horse even better than he loves an old-time Spaniard. "Horses I have owned," he says, but pulls himself up abruptly as though astride a restive equine thought, "but, *basta*, that way anecdotage lies." Many references might be culled from biography and history showing the affection of soldiers for their horses—an affection not obliterated by the death of the animal. The Emperor Augustus, if Pliny is to be believed, erected a tomb to his horse, and Germanicus Cæsar composed a poem suited to the occasion. The Duke of Wellington's horse, Copenhagen, was buried with military honours at Strathfieldsaye, and was commemorated by a suitable epitaph. A still more beautiful custom is now being taught to us by our Russian Allies. Such is their love for the animal that their war liturgy contains a special petition for the horses: "And for those also, O Lord, the humble beasts, who, with us, bear the burden and heat of the day, and offer their guiltless lives for the well-being of their countries, we supplicate Thy great tenderness of heart. For Thou hast promised to save both man and beast, and great is Thy loving kindness. Lord have mercy!" The whole petition is nobly touching in its merciful sentiments, and might well be copied by other nations.

A Famous Regiment

The London Scottish Regiment, which crossed to France on September 15 last, and on October 30 earned fresh fame by its splendid stand at Messines against a tremendous onslaught, is the subject of a very able illustrated article in *Scottish Country Life* for May. The article should be read by all who desire to understand the inception and progress of this fine regiment.

REVIEWS

An Empire in its Decadence

A History of Persia. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL P. M. SYKES, C.M.G., C.I.E. Two Vols. (Macmillan and Co. 1915. 50s. net.)

WHEN Lord Curzon of Kedleston wrote his monumental work on Persia and the Persian Question in 1892, which was avowedly political, though a good deal of history was to be found in its pages, he declared that "the field of Persian history, as a whole, is one that still calls for the enterprise of some English student, combining the rare gifts of familiarity with Oriental tongues, historical knowledge, and classical erudition." This is the field that Colonel Sykes, being possessed of the prescribed qualifications, has now occupied; he has enjoyed, moreover, the great advantage of twenty-one years' residence and travel in Persia. A century has elapsed since Sir John Malcolm's standard history of Persia was published; knowledge has advanced with the decipherment of cuneiform inscriptions, ruins have been explored, and many writers have contributed their investigations. Colonel Sykes has studied every source of information. As an experienced author he has made his book thoroughly complete in every direction. The numerous illustrations, some in colours, of the scenery, buildings, ruins, sculptures, and great men, give an additional charm to the work; the maps are of special interest and value, being the very best and newest, reproduced by special permission. One of them shows the Empire at its greatest size, after the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great, when it extended from Macedonia to the Panjab. Colonel Sykes has traced the history of the various kingdoms, such as Elam, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Macedonia, of which the territories have at some time or other been included in the Persian Empire. Though they have passed away, their connection with Persia remains on record to some extent.

The history of Ancient Persia may be divided, broadly, into periods—the fabulous, the poetical, and the historical. The first of these deals with Avesta mythology and Indo-Iranian legend. The traditions are collected in the Gathas of the Zendavesta, and the *Shahnama* of Firdausi, completed in 1010. Persia reveres its legendary heroes to this day. The next period covers the Achæmenian (Kaianian) Empire, including the great names and deeds of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes; the Macedonian domination, the Seleucids, the Ascanian Empire of the Parthians, and the earlier collisions with Rome. It contains some facts and much fiction. For the Sasanian dynasty, beginning with Ardeshir and ending with Yezdigird, from the third to the seventh centuries, history is more trustworthy. The Roman wars were frequent: White Huns and Turks invaded the country: the dynasty perished on the irruption of Islam. Mediæval Persia included the Arab Caliphate, the Omayyad Caliphs of Damascus,

the Abbasid Caliphs of Baghdad, the sack of Baghdad—one of the most momentous events of history—by Hulagu the Mongol, Tamerlane, and several short-lived dynasties. Modern Persia began from 1499 with the Safawi dynasty, including Shah Abbas the Great, until the ascendancy of Nadir Shah, who was assassinated in 1747. The present ruling family of the Kajars dates only from 1795. In 1561 Sir Anthony Jenkinson visited the Court of Persia as an envoy from Queen Elizabeth, but was driven from the Royal Presence. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, during the reign of Shah Abbas, the English first established commercial settlements in Persia, and in 1622 co-operated with the Shah in expelling the Portuguese from Ormuz.

The geographical situation of Persia has made it the "highway of the nations": it has been invaded from every side. The Russians have established an ascendancy in the Northern Provinces. England, through Lord Lansdowne in 1903, has warned off all other Powers from establishing a naval base in the Persian Gulf. Much has happened since 1906, the year at which Colonel Sykes ends with the grant of a Constitution. The keenly criticised Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907 has established English and Russian spheres of influence, separated by a neutral zone. The late Shah was deposed in 1909 by the Revolutionary Party of Nationalists, when the present ruler succeeded as a boy of twelve or thirteen. The future of Persia is an anxious problem. British interests in the country are concerned with its trade, with the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and the proximity of Persia to India. If Russia will be content with an outlet in Constantinople and Asia Minor to the Mediterranean, she might be induced to forgo her financial and commercial grip on Persia, which is a poor country of only ten million inhabitants, extensive deserts, and inferior cultivation. The basic difficulties of Persia have been, as its history shows, its position on the map of Asia, the absolutism of the monarchs, the national vanity and dependence on its past glories, the lack of business qualities, the perpetual want of money. These are the main features and the lesson of the story excellently told by Colonel Sykes. Regeneration of the country would be possible if Persia would accept the loan, advice, and administration of selected British officers for a limited period. If national pride demurs to accepting this course the country must work out its own salvation—or ruin. The prospect is not hopeful. The country must somehow be protected against Turkish attacks instigated by Germany.

Frederic and Joseph

Frederic the Great and Kaiser Joseph. By HAROLD TEMPERLEY. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

MANY people affect to see in the present circumstances much of the spirit of the cynic philosopher of Sans Souci. The German Emperor is especially proud of Frederic who kept his powder dry. Such a study, however, as Mr. Temperley lays before us in his

leisurely manner will do much to convince the casual reader of the wide difference between the character and circumstances of the stormy eighteenth century days of Frederic and the subtle period of peace and preparation of which William II has taken such horrible advantage. Although the years here considered have already been pretty well exploited, Mr. Temperley goes more deeply and seriously into the past history of the Courts of Prussia and Vienna than many writers on the Europe of 140 years ago.

His most valuable discoveries are the unpublished dispatches from Berlin and Vienna of the years 1776-79—momentous enough to these leaders of men and their willing followers, years which affected almost the whole of Europe and the trend of thought for a hundred years to follow. The author is very anxious to make the reader understand that his book was written "some years before the war" like the connection of Bret Harte's hero with General Grant. But he need not insist, for this matter is quite clear from within, and gives the whole work rather an old-fashioned air. But for those who wish to prove that the German of to-day is the child of Frederic, or for those who are glad to be able, among the welter of things, to gain some sense of historic proportion, Mr. Temperley's careful and fluent work will prove of great interest. As to the characters of his two heroes, they are drawn with considerable skill, and leave on our minds a vivid and welcome impression of the acute and witty nephew of George II of England and the beloved and hated son of Marie Theresa. We see again Frederic's view of Joseph; Joseph's ideas on the King of Prussia and his characterisation of Catherine the Great, who, of course, constantly entered into their affairs and troubles. The whole world of the period dealt with is before us, no authority of importance unquoted, no deduction from historic circumstance which is not clearly set forth. Most people, journalists certainly, are polishing up their Frederic just now, and Mr. Temperley's book, unintentionally certainly, is of the moment. One little omission there is. So full a book on Frederic the Great and Joseph of Austria gives a most pleasing opportunity for the reproduction of eighteenth century pictures, such as the Prussian, at least, loved, but the author contents himself with some half-dozen faint reproductions of engravings, the best of which is a fairly well-known portrait of Joseph. In any case, Mr. Temperley's work is one to read rather than to look at.

Bernhardi Refuted

Evolution and the War. By P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, F.R.S., F.Z.S. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

IT might be thought that the genial Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, whose name is so familiar to lovers of the Zoological Gardens and to all who take an interest in animal life, would be the last to write a book on the war. There are aspects of this conflict, however, which appeal to students in widely differing fields, and,

curiously enough, Dr. Mitchell has taken for his text some phrases from General von Bernhardi's book, "Britain as Germany's Vassal," much of which was printed for the first time in English in the columns of THE ACADEMY. "Wherever we look in nature we find that war is a fundamental law of development. This great verity, which has been recognised in past ages, has been convincingly demonstrated in modern times by Charles Darwin. He proved that nature is ruled by an unceasing struggle for existence, by the right of the stronger, and that this struggle in its apparent cruelty brings about a selection eliminating the weak and the unwholesome." So wrote the German military philosopher, and, in order to prove that the "struggle for existence" to which so many have subscribed their belief is not, as a matter of simple fact and investigation, to be taken as a fundamental law, Dr. Mitchell gives the result of some remarkably clear thinking. Incidentally, of course, he, a confessed "hard-shell Darwinian evolutionist," is compelled by his line of reasoning to combat some of Darwin's theories. He points out that in cases which have long been accepted as proofs of a victorious "struggle for existence"—such as the preponderance of the later imported brown rat over the "native" black rat in Great Britain—a misapprehension has falsified the conclusions hitherto drawn; and, arguing onward through the carnivora, he proceeds:

Looking through the animal kingdom as a whole, and remembering that the vegetable kingdom is as much subject and responsive to whatsoever may be the law of organic evolution, I find no grounds for interpreting Darwin's "metaphorical phrase," the struggle for existence, in any sense that would make it a justification for war between nations. It is my business just now to refute a misconception of the struggle rather than to explain what it is. But, if the latter were my task, I could adduce from the writings of Darwin himself, and from those of later naturalists, a thousand instances taken from the animal kingdom in which success has come about by means analogous with the cultivation of all the peaceful arts, the raising of the intelligence, and the heightening of the emotions of love and pity.

The statement that "war is a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things," is ably refuted, and the whole volume, which is based on three lectures delivered before the Royal Institution in February last, forms a finely-woven piece of argument against the theory that "might is right." In addition to this, we are given in the introduction some exceedingly interesting reminiscences of the author's visits to Germany as a young man; even in 1884 he was struck with the predominance of military affairs in Berlin. There are a few welcome touches of humour, as when Dr. Chalmers Mitchell pictures the "glorious results" that the Germans expect from the establishment of a *pax Germanica* over the greater part of the world—"German civilisation reigning from the Urals to the Atlantic, from the North Cape to the Mediterranean, the docile millions of Asia practising the goose-step, and happy Africa playing Wagner and

Strauss, syncopated for the tom-tom." It is a book which provokes thought, and forms a contribution to a neglected aspect of the situation.

Mr. Innes' History

England and the British Empire. Vol. IV, 1802-1914.

By ARTHUR D. INNES. (Rivington. 6s. net.)

MR. INNES has brought a very considerable task to a successful end. Admirable as his previous volumes have been, we are not at all sure this is not the most important, certainly it may easily prove the most useful. It covers practically the nineteenth century and so much of the momentous twentieth as brings it down to the outbreak of a world-war which in every respect dwarfs all other wars. Half the volume is a history of our own times, and a very meritorious piece of work that history is. Mr. Innes manages to write of quite recent political and Imperial events with a detachment which is as near impartiality as one can hope to find and a keenness of interest which puts life into his most judicial utterances. Here and there he makes statements which some may feel disposed to challenge, though not because they will find in them any obvious bias. Mr. Innes has a happy knack of hitting off in a sentence reflections that with others would fill a page. Take his summing-up of the humanitarian and altruistic movements of the latter half of the nineteenth century—movements which have certainly marked an advance in civilisation, whatever the qualifying considerations: "The 'enthusiasm of humanity' made an increasing call, not only for pecuniary aid but also for personal service, until playing at philanthropy became a fashionable craze, which was more embarrassing than useful to the genuine workers." He has many delightful, if brief, references to the literature of different periods. In a few words he shows why Tennyson's was the voice of the Victorian era. "The age was one which, afflicted with doubt, nevertheless clung hard to faith, and realised that doubt is not the negation of faith; an age which was painfully conscious of groping in the twilight which precedes not the night, but the dawn. The poet who, with a consummate mastery of form, gave expression to this feeling set the keynote of a host of minor writers; it is possibly a sign of some defect in the master that so many imitations were scarcely distinguishable from his own minor work." A very neat way of suggesting that Tennyson not at his best was merely beautifully commonplace. We do not think there will be any disposition to deny that Mr. Innes, alike on the social, political, and Imperial sides, has fully realised the purpose with which he set out—to provide a sort of half-way house between the elaborate history and the mere compilation of dates and events. "To those who seek a more intimate knowledge of a special period it is hoped that these volumes will provide an introduction, clear, sufficiently comprehensive, and trustworthy," wrote Mr. Innes in his preface. They do that and perhaps more, because Mr. Innes is a faithful guide, and only the special student of an age or an

event need go much further than he takes his readers. For the busy public man anxious to refresh his memory without too elaborate inquiry the volumes will be of immense service. They suggest ideas as well as convey facts; hence they are by no means a colourless chronicle, close though the packing has necessarily been.

Fiction

THE late Monsignor Benson sought, no doubt, through his novels to extend the doctrines of Roman Catholicism he so fervently expounded to the necessarily limited congregation that gathered around his pulpit. The last of these to bear his name as author, "Loneliness" (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), describes a conflict between love and religion, with the Papal decree on mixed marriages as deciding factor in favour of the latter, whose casuists triumph over the little pagan god Cupid and ruthlessly extinguish the flame he has kindled. It is an earnest study in the psychology of conversion from worldliness to pietism, and is treated with the intense fervour that invariably characterised the reverend author's propagandist writings. The work is likely to meet with the enthusiastic approval of the zealots of the Church, for which it was unquestionably written, but from the secular and literary points of view it leaves much to be desired. The plot is decidedly thin, and a straightforward issue to the contest between worldliness and godliness is evaded; for the teachings of her Church had been impressed upon the heroine from early adolescence, and, if social success and a great love caused her to neglect its ordinances, to waver in her allegiance, when tribulation came, the soul which had only strayed was restored to the fold, and carnal love, doomed from the outset to come to naught, was vanquished after little more than a perfunctory struggle.

The heroine, Marion Tenterden, a Roman Catholic, is found to possess a marvellous voice, which, after careful training, carries her from concert hall to the operatic stage, and into the social fast set that is ever ready to lionise the star of the moment. Success somewhat turns her head, and the perpetual whirl of excitement in which she finds herself causes her very soon to neglect the religious devotions which had hitherto been her daily heed. But, worse than all, she falls in love with Maximilian Merival, an irreligious young man dependent on his father, a wealthy banker-peer and a staunch Protestant, who is distrustful of the stage and all appertaining thereto. Marion's engagement to Max still further estranges her from her religion, but "inexorable conscience" prompts her to seek the counsel of her spiritual advisers. First a Jesuit at Farm Street, and then Father Denny, the priest of her own parish, a little village in Hertfordshire; and each gives her the same answer—there can be no grant of a dispensation in such a case as hers. But—

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

So she resolves to discard the faith of her youth, and

to break entirely with the Church which forbids what to her is the one thing needful. For she will not risk the loss of her lover by asking him to fulfil the well-known conditions imposed by that Church in regard to such unions. But a terrible catastrophe is impending, and inartistically enough the author utilises it to bring about a tame denouement to a situation full of a richer promise. A lesion in the throat deprives Marion of the incomparable voice which is her fortune, and through adversity religion gradually regains its former ascendancy over her. Now she can only marry Max if he conforms to the Papal requirements, and, as this is out of the question, her love episode is at an end. There are some delightfully drawn minor characters whom the reader will not fail to appreciate, and many passages sparkling with wit which add still further to the enjoyment; but, taken as a whole, the work is by no means one of the author's best.

The contrast between the woman who wants to enter the busy world and "lead her own life" and the woman who desires only to "supply beauty and charm" to the man of her choice—to be, in short, a homemaker—is excellently and humorously drawn by Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison in his new novel, "Angela's Business" (Constable, 6s.). The hero is an author, who at first is very "advanced" in his views on the woman-question; as his relations with the girls of his acquaintance grow more complicated and emotion stirs the quiet pool of reason he becomes much distressed in mind, and his work—the novels in which he was to expound his views in the modern way—suffers sad interruptions. Cleverly does Mr. Harrison poke fun at the poor fellow, who is a finely conceived character, pointed with much humour; and very prettily does he show the girl Angela striving to "catch" him, and at last, we are glad to see, failing. For truth to tell, she was not worthy of Charles, and Mary, the school-teacher, who learnt at last that life was a better, jollier affair with someone near to help, to take the hard knocks, and to hit back when necessary, was just the best comrade in the world for him. The book does not equal "Queed" or "V. V.'s Eyes," but it is certainly an entertaining and thoughtful story, and it is written in the delightfully rambling style which pleases Mr. Harrison and probably most of his readers.

Shorter Notices

The Best War-Verse

It is hard to say anything fresh about the verse that Sir Owen Seaman writes; all critical readers are united in admiration of its pointedness and polish, and even in his most humorous stanzas there are touches which lift them within sight of true poetry. In his "War-Time Verses" (Constable, 1s. net) he has a sombre theme, but he treats it with excellent variety and often with grim humour. The "Imperial Overture," supposedly overheard by a British airman hovering above the Kaiser's headquarters, is one of the most amusing things in the book, and we should place a poem—a real poem—entitled "To the Enemy, on his Achieve-

ment," as the finest piece of work. It will be familiar and memorable to very many readers, as will the inspiring "Pro Patria" which opens the collection. There are two or three rhymes which we fancy would have caused the author to "turn down" a poem in his editorial capacity; but this is by the way. He has proved once more that topical verse can, on occasion, be transformed into topical poetry by a true artist.

Frail Poetic Humanity

Why poets should be particularly affected by "love," should have books written about their amorous adventures, and should shine with an especially ruddy light in this respect it is difficult to say. The fact is that the ordinary man who does not happen to be a poet is subject to much the same emotions, and would provide very similar material for biographers if fame crowned him with her laurels. But the poet sings of love, and in "Loves of the Poets" (Holden and Hardingham, 7s. 6d. net) Mr. E. A. Vizetelly has industriously collected many stories, some scandalous, some quite irreproachable, concerning the lives of famous men and women. Frankly speaking, we find this class of book tedious and unprofitable; but we admit that many readers exist to whom it will afford the utmost enjoyment. Mr. Vizetelly is tireless in his investigations, and his accuracy, when accuracy is at all possible, may be relied upon. His pages on the troubadours and *trouvères* are exceedingly good, and we like his work better, on the whole, when he is dealing with the olden days than when he comes to modern times. The seventeen illustrations, ranging from Boccaccio to Longfellow, will add to the value of the volume for those who appreciate research in this direction.

In "Ventures in Thought" (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net) Mr. Francis Coutts covers a variety of subjects discursively, but briefly. He caters for so many tastes that most people will find something in it to interest them.

The Theatre

"The Right to Kill"

IF you chance to go to plays and read books, and do all that sort of work professionally, and also know the world a little, you will have noted that the foreigner on the stage and in literature almost always belongs to a worn-out pattern of at least twenty years ago. It is delightful to find that things are different at His Majesty's. Fortunately for us, Sir Herbert Tree is far too clever to fall into that sort of convention, and thus his heroic French colonel, the Marquis de Sevigné, is extremely like a delightful modern French officer we know—adapted to stage purposes. As the laggard Romeo, who feels he has the right to kill the husband of the lady he loves and leaves—with the best of motives—Sir Herbert has not appeared so young and skilful for many a long play. It is true that on the first night the action proved a little slow, the dialogue sometimes unoriginal and written with effort, but all that has doubtless been improved, and the story of how a French noble tries to save the honour of an Englishwoman who has been ill-treated by her

husband, and imprudent with a doubtful lover, will delight all admirers of melodrama—draped as society comedy. It does not seem to us that M. Pierre Frondaie has been very fortunate in the adaptation by Mrs. Keyzer and Mr. Gilbert Cannan, so much is crude, so much is forced. But, at least, the sublime stage character of Mehmed Pasha, lovingly played by Mr. Bouchier, emerges with perfect strength and attraction, while the beautiful setting of de Sevigné's rooms in Constantinople and the heroine's pavilion on the Bosphorus are a constant pleasure to the eyes. Of course, the heroine is Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Lady Falkland, the wife of the brutal Sir Archibald Falkland, Mr. Edmund Maurice, and therefore she is very interesting and admirably dressed for the part. But Lady Falkland, like many other characters in the play, is not compact of flesh and blood and a little powder of the stars; she belongs to the stage, and adjusts herself to the needs of the plot—cleverly, of course, but not convincingly. She is so unfortunate and weak and misled that one is merely unhappy about her, not sympathetic.

Sir Herbert Tree is ever ready for a new adventure, and we imagine that "The Right to Kill" must have made an appeal to his sense of beauty and that his choice of a splendid cast has given him infinite pleasure. We hope it may delight his admirers—among whom we are the most genuine—for many a long day; but we have a doubt.

EGAN MEW.

The City

THE most exciting development in the City during the week from the Stock Exchange to the Baltic has been the long delayed but inevitable outbreak against the Germans. In many cases members of the Stock Exchange and other bodies have been sorely exercised as to the proper course to pursue. Men with whom they have worked for years and against whom they have no sort of grievance apart from their nationality or their German connections have had to be thrown into the common category of alien enemies with whom there can be no dealings. In circumstances such as those which German methods of warfare have brought about, there can be no discrimination, and if many innocent and harmless bearers of German names have suffered with others who ought long ago to have been interned it may be said, in the words of the spoilers of Belgium, Necessity knows no law. In the state of business it would almost seem as though the City found a certain amount of relief in taking action at last against the Germans who have been allowed their freedom.

Treasury Bills continue in good demand, and the sales for last week show a net sale of £10,805,000, £25,805,000 having been bought and £15,000,000 paid off. The steadily increasing popularity of Treasury Bills is proof not only of the plethora of cash seeking an outlet for employment but of the wisdom of the new system, which has ensured a ready supply of funds for war purposes.

On the Stock Exchange, slump is the only condition; the War Loan stands at 94, recent issues of Colonial Stock are all down, and the sponsors of the new East India Railway Loan for 3½ million 4½ per cent. debenture stock unquestionably selected an unfortunate week for making

their appeal. There is "nothing doing" in the Foreign market. Home Rails show a sagging tendency, the Oil market is neglected, there are the fewest possible transactions in Rubbers, a few Insurance shares changed hands, and Nobel Explosives, and British and Argentine Meat shares were among the rare cases in which an improvement was recorded. Both were favourably affected by their reports just issued. It is about the poorest show ever remembered on the Stock Exchange, and many members are at their wits' ends to know how to finance themselves over this trying time. They would not have been worse off if the Stock Exchange had remained closed.

"The most anxious trial that has ever tested the financial and national strength of the country," was Earl Grey's terse description, at the meeting of the British Bank of Northern Commerce, Ltd., of the crisis through which all British monetary institutions have passed. It is, as he said, matter for congratulation that the effect of the war has been to increase both the present and the potential strength of the Bank. The balance-sheet shows for the past year increased business and decreased liabilities. With so satisfactory a record at such a time, the future is brighter still. After the war the British Bank of Northern Commerce will have its full opportunity in Scandinavia and Russia—particularly in Russia, we imagine, seeing the resources of that great country which only need financing to bring in a rich harvest.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ETYMON OF FRENCH GAVE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française* . . . par E. Littré we read: "GAVE *s. m.* Nom que l'on donne dans les Pyrénées aux cours d'eau plus ou moins considérables qui descendent des montagnes." But no etymology, or true origin, for the word is proposed. It is followed by: "GAVE *s. f.* Terme populaire qui se dit pour le jabot des oiseaux." For this the etymology of Diez is recorded, namely "Latin *cavus*, creux." For many years I have believed that *gave* in the sense of *water-course* must be from *cavo* or *cava*=*hollow*. A channel conveying water must always be *hollow*, *creux*, by comparison with its banks, however flat these may be. Streams do not "meander level with their fount." Perhaps, however, both words are connected with Keltic *gab*=*mouth*; a gap, or outlet, being necessary for the flowing of water; no less than an inlet, or gullet, is required for swallowing it.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

May 8, 1915.

SCRIABIN—THE LAST PHASE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—“Here lies buried a great treasure but yet more glorious hopes.” So wrote Grillparzer of Schubert, and so may we write to-day of Scriabin. For, although he never passed out of the region of controversy, most people are agreed that he had the elements of a great musician in him. Last year he was a visitor to London, and his presence amongst us naturally kindled a lively interest in his works. “Prometheus,” which Sir Henry J. Wood introduced to England, stirred up eager discussion, and as Scriabin's name became familiar at a time when the arts of Russia were claiming serious attention, he passed swiftly from obscurity to prominence.

In the article on “The Musical Future of Russia” which appeared in THE ACADEMY of January 23 I pointed out

the main features of Scriabin's compositions. It remains to say that, so far as the world knows, the total amount of his output was not large. But it was unusual both in subject and treatment. That some found his methods ridiculous—a few of the United States papers have lately devoted some cutting remarks to “Prometheus”—is hardly astonishing. But even the most bigoted anti-modern could hardly deny his originality. In the phrase of these people, Scriabin's “ugliness” was not the “ugliness” of Strauss or of Schönberg. There is something of Chopin in the early pianoforte compositions, and Mrs. Newmarch tells us that he was, for a time, under the influence of Liszt, to whom, in respect of choice of subjects, he bears some real affinity. And I seem to have detected a slight suggestion of the Wagner of “Die Götterdämmerung” in one or two of his pages. This lends to the news of his death something of the tragic. When a man begins to write music he is necessarily under the influence of others. Hero-worship is a youthful trait. The early Beethoven, the early Wagner and Strauss have much in common with Mozart, Weber and Liszt. A man must write many notes before he can emancipate himself from the great spirits from whom he has gathered his spiritual virtue. Scriabin, as I have said, was Chopin-esque at the beginning. As he was born in 1871 and intended to pursue a military career, it will be realised that he had but few years in which to devote himself entirely to music. We may take it, therefore, that, however revolutionary his later compositions sound, they were but an elaborate preamble to his real life-work. The pity of it is that Scriabin has died before he had consolidated his position. I believe that he contemplated another work not unlike “Prometheus,” but even more ambitious in its aim.

One cannot but feel that his early death is a serious blow to Russian music. It reminds us how much of our joy in the activities of gifted writers arises from anticipation. Whether we enjoy his works or not, we cannot question the fact that he was one of the most interesting of modern musicians. To many of those not particularly interested in the latest developments in music he was an attractive personality by reason of his study of occultism and his attitude to theosophy. But it is as a musician that the world will judge him. And the critics, no doubt, will find much to say about his compositions for a long time to come.

Glasgow.

Yours truly,
D. C. PARKER.

BRITISH BANK OF NORTHERN COMMERCE.

EARL GREY ON SOUND FINANCE AND PATRIOTISM.

Earl Grey presided over the annual general meeting held yesterday at the Bank's premises.

The Secretary, Mr. J. H. Roscoe, read the notice and auditors' report.

The Chairman said:—

At our last general meeting we were able to assure you that the present position and future prospects of the Bank were satisfactory; that a progressive banking business had been firmly established, and that we had good reason for our belief that the effect of our growing prosperity would prove increasingly advantageous, not only to our shareholders, but to that growing commercial solidarity of the Entente Powers and the Northern Nations which we are all so anxious to foster and promote. (Hear, hear.) It is hardly necessary for me to remind you that the war cloud which had darkened the skies of political Europe in 1911, and again in 1912, had produced a certain nervousness in

the financial centres of the world. Confidence was being undermined and stagnation and losses occurred in certain quarters. Under these conditions we pursued a cautious policy, the wisdom of which was conclusively demonstrated when the war storm burst upon us last July. The financial crisis which marked the months following the outbreak of war has already been fully dealt with by many abler persons than myself, making it sufficient for me merely to refer to the fact that owing to the courageous action of H.M. Government, the Governor of the Bank of England and others, this country has been able to emerge triumphantly from the most anxious trial that has ever tested its financial and national strength. Notwithstanding the anxious times caused by the war, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the fact that the effect of the war has been to bring our Bank an increase both of present and potential strength. As you are well aware, the original object of our Bank was to establish an institution which should promote close and direct financial relations between this country, Scandinavia and Russia. A large proportion of the business with those countries was formerly arranged through the medium of the German banks in London, and we believed that it would be preferable that the trade between this country and the northern States of Europe should be transacted through an English bank, entirely owned and controlled by shareholders of Great Britain and the northern countries. (Hear, hear.) The present position and prospects of our Bank confirm the opinion we then formed. It will be of interest to the shareholders to know that the Company's Register of Members does not contain the name of one single enemy shareholder, either resident in this country or abroad, and that we have practically no commitments with the enemy countries. (Hear, hear.) We look forward after the war to a considerable increase in business between this country and Russia and Scandinavia. Although our money-earning capacity was reduced during the earlier period of the war through dislocation of trade and exchange, the business we are now doing justifies the belief that a result of the war will be to bring to our Bank a considerable increase of regular and legitimate business. (Hear, hear.) The capital of the Bank remains as a year ago. Current Deposit and other Accounts amount to £1,038,880, against £1,138,000 last year. The next amount refers to Bills rediscounted in this market. Guarantees for £246,541 have been given chiefly in connection with ships bought in the Prize Court and transferred to neutral flags. Owing to abnormal times, Acceptances require a few words of explanation from me. You will notice that they are split into two amounts. The first, £168,104, represents our outstanding commercial Acceptances for new business. The second amount refers to our pre-moratorium Acceptances, which at the outbreak of the War amounted to £906,000. The moratorium for foreign debts proclaimed in Scandinavian countries being still in force and Exchange being against our clients there still remained unpaid on March 31 £173,801. Since that date this amount has been further reduced, and will of course gradually disappear from our Accounts. We have liquid cash £322,273. Our Investments, £387,190, have been written down to current prices on March 31 last. It will also interest you to know that nearly 51 per cent. of our Investments are in the War Loan and Exchequer Bonds; 28 per cent. in Colonial and Foreign Government and Corporation Stocks and Bonds; the remaining 21 per cent. being distributed over the United States of America and the rest of the world, including the countries of our Allies, but nothing in enemy countries. The next item, £741,920 19s. 6d., is fully described in the balance-sheet, and of this amount £16,000 represents the Stock Exchange loans referred to. Bills Discounted £375,383 represent the balance

of Bills remaining in our portfolio. The remainder of the items upon the Assets side are Contrás, which I have already dealt with. That, gentlemen, deals with the figures of the Accounts, and comparing the figures of this year's Accounts with those of last year you will be pleased to see that, notwithstanding the financial convulsion caused by the war, our gross profits have increased. The falling off of our acceptances during the war does not indicate, as might appear at first sight, any diminution in the volume of our business; on the contrary, this reduction has been much more than equalised by the increase in our cash credit business. The net result, therefore, is increased business and diminished liabilities. As the amount of bills in circulation has largely diminished during the war, our turnover in discounts has naturally been much smaller than in the previous year. It must further be remembered that we have provided a large amount for writing down our investments to March 31 prices, and for making provision for bad and doubtful debts. The net result is that, after making provision for doubtful and bad debts and contingencies and all charges, we are able to recommend a dividend, free of income tax, at the rate of 2s. per share, and we carry forward to the current year £12,979 6s. 0d. The total distribution for the year, therefore, after taking into consideration the interim dividend of 4 per cent. paid in October last, is 8 per cent. per annum, free of income tax. You will be pleased to know that about 40 per cent. of our staff are serving with the Colours. We are keeping their places open and are allowing them full salaries at present. In this connection I wish to mention the change that has taken place in the management of the Bank. Mr. Rutherford—who, as you know, has been connected with the Bank since its foundation—finding the strain too much for his health, expressed to the directors his desire to retire at the end of the year 1914. We appointed in his stead Mr. G. L. d'Abo, formerly joint manager of the Société Generale in London, and feel certain that the Bank's business and interests are well secured in his hands. We have deemed it desirable to appoint a second sub-manager, and we have promoted to the position Mr. S. Colvin, who has been in the service of the Bank since its beginning. The absence of many members of our staff has thrown more work on those remaining, who, however, have shown their loyalty and devotion in a manner that deserves our thanks.

The report was unanimously adopted, and a dividend of £4 per cent. declared. A resolution was also passed: "That the annual remuneration of the Board of Directors be increased as from the 14th day of May, 1914, by the sum of £1,500 per annum."

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Sophocles' Electra.* By Elsie Fogerty. (G. Allen and Unwin.)
Boon, the Mind of the Race, the Wild Asses of the Devil, and the Last Trump. By Reginald Bliss. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
Fifty-One Tales. By Lord Dunsany. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Stoic Philosophy. By Professor G. Murray. (Watts and Co. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- Windsor; Nineteenth Century and After; British Review; Fortnightly; School World; English Review; United Empire; Revue Bleue; Mercure de France; Bodleian Quarterly Record.*

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Notes of the Week

Negative and Positive

THE Kaiser in a letter to a correspondent has again invoked "the mailed fist"; he is still confident of victory—on paper. His inmost thoughts are conceivably not committed to documents intended for publication. Even German assurance can hardly be proof against the events of the past fortnight. In Galicia precisely what we anticipated would happen has happened. Russia has retired to the San, and Przemyśl has again come within the purview of the strategist. But the Russian forces have only retired because the Grand Duke recognised that in retreat to certain positions he would find his best chance of ultimate success. The Germans have been induced to spend their best energies in a movement that amounts to little more than an expensive beating of the air. Their losses have been enormous. On the East they have scored negatively. On the West they have suffered positive reverses. The French to the north of Arras have made real progress, have taken places like Carency by storm, and have captured positions, prisoners, and material by fighting which has proved to demonstration the superiority of their men and their leadership. The British in the neighbourhood of Ypres have driven the Germans back over a front of two miles or more, and on the Yser Canal heavy fighting has been all in favour of the Allies. Thrilling stories are told of the heroism which has marked the advance of the Allies, alike in Flanders and the Gallipoli Peninsula. Nowhere can Germany report victory: she is held in the East, badly mauled in the West, and out-fought and out-manœuvred in Africa. Windhoek is in possession of General Botha. Signs accumulate that she is becoming desperate. The fiendish expedients she has adopted have helped her little, and Lord Kitchener's statement that the use of

poisonous gases has made it necessary for the French and British Governments to consider with what measures this foul device can be met is a hint that, if need be, inhumanity will be combated by inhumanity. It is regrettable, but the responsibility is on Germany.

Vital Moves

Great changes are afoot. At last, it would seem, those in authority are contemplating something in the nature of a National Government. The papers are busy reconstructing the Cabinet, dismissing Lord Haldane, appointing Mr. Bonar Law to the office now held by Mr. Lloyd George, and relegating Mr. Winston Churchill to some office outside the Admiralty on the strength of a quarrel with Lord Fisher. It has been recognised from the first that it was more than absurd in the greatest crisis this country has ever had to face that only half the best brains of Great Britain should be responsible for the policy and conduct of the war. Party limitations at such a time are equivalent to tying one arm of a man behind his back when he is fighting for his life. Another momentous change is the intervention of Italy. The step, long delayed, seems actually about to be taken. The political crisis in Rome last week ended in the King's spirited and patriotic refusal to accept the resignation of the Salandra Ministry. All Italy is aflame against the Austro-German Alliance, and Signor Giolitti, for long her most popular and powerful statesman, has put himself entirely out of court by his intrigues with the Germans. Austria refused Italy's reasonable demands, and gave the Salandra Government excuse for denouncing the Triple Alliance. Germany at once began to devise backstairs and underhand measures in the hope of breaking the Government, and the result has been to assure more than ever Italy's support for the Allies. Prince von Bülow has only succeeded in adding another to the long list of blunders Germany has made since August last.

Munitions and Men Again

Much talk about the shortage of munitions, and especially of shells, the free use of which saves the lives of the gallant fellows told off for an attack, has unquestionably created a feeling of uneasiness throughout the country. The *Times* has written very strongly on the subject. We may, perhaps, be forgiven if we suggest that things are not quite so bad as the pessimist makes out. Would Sir John French be a party to giving the Germans the precious information that his attacks cannot be pushed home because he cannot command the necessary munitions? What is true, of course, is that too many shells cannot be available. The factories must be kept going at the highest pressure, and, with certain exceptions, there is no doubt the men at home have put their backs into their work right loyally. The exceptions are little better than deliberate traitors. Whatever may be the fact as to shells, it is certain that more men will be wanted for the new armies. The wastage that will take place in the next few months will have to be repaired, and Lord

Kitchener now appeals for another 300,000 men. Rumour insists that conscription is very near. If Lord Kitchener does not get the men he asks for readily, compulsion there will certainly be. It is on the cards that the announcement of 300,000 wanted is only a move toward some form of national service; but we shall see.

Germany Found Guilty

If Burke were alive to-day he would see fit to withdraw his statement that you cannot indict a nation. Lord Bryce and the Committee with which he has judicially investigated the charges brought against the German army have declared those charges to be essentially and substantially true. Systematically organised and deliberate massacres of the civil population of Belgium, wholesale murders of women and children, looting, house-burning, and wanton destruction of property under the orders of officers, the using of civilians old and young as a shield for their advancing armies, the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the white flag, and other barbarities and offences against the laws and usages of civilised warfare are brought home to the German authorities after searching inquiry. Such things have not, we are told, been known for 300 years. Worse things, we are sure, have never been known. The Committee gave the enemy the benefit of every doubt, and the report destroys the lingering hope of those of us who believed that even in German Kultur there must be some redeeming feature, that the stories of atrocities were the outcome of overwrought nerves. The report will carry conviction of Germany's guilt not only to all Britons, but all Americans: it is signed by Lord Bryce. It proves that the *Lusitania* crime was merely an incident in a veritable orgy of barbarism.

Frightfulness for the Germans

The removal of the Kaiser's and other names from the Order of the Garter, and anti-German riots in places as far removed and unlike as London and Johannesburg, mark the horror and execration with which German frightfulness is regarded by high and low alike. It would be difficult to exaggerate the bitterness of feeling which has swept over every land outside Germany, and sympathy unquestionably runs high with the men who have been punished for smashing up German property. However much these outbreaks are to be regretted, they are the only means known to the mob when the authorities do not act, and it is a pity the decision to intern all Germans was not taken long ago. The Government must be held responsible for the anti-German crusade. Mr. Horatio Bottomley's demand for a vendetta, brutal, uncompromising and indiscriminating as it is, is only an extreme expression of public feeling; just now it commands a wider hearing than either Mr. H. G. Wells' or General Botha's protests. It is hard on some naturalised Germans who have given sons to the British Army, but it is the inevitable temper bred of a refusal by one side in a life-and-death struggle to play the game.

Aftermaths—II

THE AFRICAN PROBLEM

THE Teuton who really esteems his race the salt of the earth must be confounded by the accumulating evidence, tending to prove that in regions of colonial ambition his empire is deep in the mire of bankruptcy. His estate is being wound up, and its only tangible assets are "curses not loud but deep." In his brief day of power the races whom he has overawed by sabre-rattling have yielded that sullen obedience "which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not." Now, as Prussianism, like a cloud, is rolling away, the subject races are, each in its several fashion, singing *Te Deum* for deliverance from bondage. In no quarter of the world is this sense of emancipation more jubilant than in those tracts of the African Continent which have latterly been coloured yellow on international maps.

The Bismarckian policy embodied two cardinal essentials: (1) No quarrel with Russia; (2) no squandering of resources on profitless colonies. Furthermore, Bismarck, while bating no jot of savagery of assault on France, was opposed to the acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine. He foresaw that the attempt to bring those provinces under an alien yoke would in the long run prove a source of weakness rather than of strength to his country. Bismarck wielded the hammer of Thor; he was ruthless, iron-hearted; but the gasconade and antics of modern Germany would have been repellent to him. Had his ideals not been dropped with him as pilot, the Fatherland would to-day have held commercial predominance in Europe, and the devastation of a bloody war would not have brought his race to the precipice of dissolution, civil, military, and social. Apart from her overseas disintegration, we believe Germany to be now on the verge of a domestic cataclysm before the horrors of which the French Revolution will prove child's play. Should that day arrive, the Powers of Europe will assuredly adopt Bismarck's dictum. As she has done to others, so let it be done to her. No Government in Europe will lift a finger to help her out of the mess she has herself created. "As she has sown, so let her reap," will be the motto of the entire world, as it watches the German peoples "tear each other in their slime." No Power can in the long run afford to flout the laws of God, man, and history.

At the Royal Geographical Society a novel discussion was recently initiated by Sir Harry Johnston. His paper was entitled "The Political Geography of Africa before and after the War." Science is cosmopolitan and non-political. The reading of such a paper is a startling portent of our times, when precedent and established method must conform to the necessities of public safety or be scattered to the winds. It will be recollected that the accession of the Kaiser synchronised with the political upheaval of Africa. The late Lord Salisbury's gibe that the Powers of Europe were at that period engaged on a task similar to that of delimiting "spheres of influence" on the

surface of the moon must be recalled. That remark revealed the then current official attitude of mind. To the later Victorian statesman new departures in colonial policy were a nuisance which had to be endured. According to the official spectacles, each Power was intent on daubing a blank map its own colour, whereas for practical purposes each would have been better advised had the job been left alone. A generation of men has passed since this period, and the ideas of that régime seem to us as remote as the creed of astrology.

The master minds who have, each in his several sphere, dominated the African problem have been Gordon and Rhodes. The control of the Mediterranean basin is essentially a military issue. This area has been the cradle of all our Western civilisation. Had France dominated Egypt, or Germany Morocco, the history of the world would have had to be written in ink of another colour. Turning to the southern extremity of the continent twenty-five years ago, well-nigh illimitable virgin lands lay open to the task of peaceful penetration. The Portuguese, who claimed a fabled sway over vast tracts, had become effete as colonisers. The fate of those half-unmapped lands slumbered in the lap of the gods. Rhodes was a statesman cast in the monumental mould. He thought in millions. He was the man of destiny. In nothing is the existence of the Providence that shapes our national ends more revealed than in the uprising of the supreme leader at crises of our fate. So long as the hour brings to Britain the man, so long will her flag flicker on every sea, on lands yet in the making.

Sir Harry furnishes a record of early German effort in Africa. Germany's explorers and pioneers have been, many of them, men of boundless energy and achievement. To-day, however, their deeds are ancient history. The race from which they sprang is self-abased, beyond hope of redemption. By an act of insensate madness Germany has cast away her right to rank with civilised nations. She must burn in penitential fires for generations yet to come before any self-respecting statesman will treat her people other than as a race of untamed savages.

Prior to the war, German possessions in Africa included Togoland, the Cameroons, German South-West Africa, German East Africa. It is doubtful if the German flag will be permitted to fly over a foot of these huge territories after the war. From the races who have felt the weight of the mailed fist will then assuredly arise a pæan of deliverance, and, if a plebiscite of the natives could now be secured, probably their vote for German expulsion would be unanimous.

A. E. CAREY.

AFTERMATHS.

The first of this series appeared last week, and dealt with Constantinople and Belgium.

Humanity in War

BY WILFRID L. RANDELL

THE question of humanity in war has exercised the minds of philosophers and military specialists on many occasions. Theoretically, no such virtue exists, once war is declared and the various engines of destruction are set in motion; the object of each antagonist is the temporary extinction of the other, and, in order to bring this to pass, the dread agency of death has to be invoked, perhaps for thousands of fellow-creatures. As competent strategists and tacticians, the leaders of opposing forces, whatever may be their feelings of distaste and aversion in their private capacities, do not hesitate; death to the enemy, by shot and shell, fire and sword, is the prime reason for this awful armament, and each proceeds to action craftily, and as swiftly as may be, with that as the grim burden of his progress, knowing that a possibly equal skill and ardour are at the disposal of the other side and will be strained to the utmost for his own annihilation.

Here, in the theory and practice of war, we seem on safe ground, and it might be supposed that every resource of the scientific student of chemistry, explosives, and projectiles could be legitimately employed by all combatants in the desperate struggle. But, until now, it has been seen that even in the throes of a bitter conflict men do not wholly lose their sense of justice and humanity, and within comparatively recent years the expanding bullet, that tore the flesh when it struck as though it were a small explosive shell, was set outside the pale. Imagination recoiled from the thought of its vicious wounds. The clean wound of an ordinary rifle-shot was not the beginning of a lingering torture; it might kill at once, but, if not, the stricken soldier was effectively put out of action and yet had a fair chance of life. The aim of the encounter is to stop the enemy—killing if necessary—but not to inflict intolerable agonies.

Since this important and praiseworthy decision, we have learned what it is to meet in battle an enemy with no scruples, to whom pity, mercy, humanity, are meaningless terms. The deliberate manufacture of filthy and suffocating gases for the disablement of an army whose leaders are forced, in self-defence, to resort to similar means—gases which, heavier than the atmosphere, roll slowly over the ground in a pestilential cloud, is a new development of the art of war, which in the olden days would have seemed inconceivable, and its originators glory in placing their opponents in a dilemma from which retaliation in kind seems to be the only escape. Men may well shrink from such an experience who would face the fiercest hurricane from modern artillery without flinching, and it is the cruellest problem of this present struggle that the victory has, if possible, to be won, for us, with clean hands.

The other aspect of this question of humanity—that of saving life when an advantage has been gained—is equally perverted by the enemy. The Englishman can

fight another ship, let us say, to the death, loosing the immense projectiles from the naval guns until the antagonist sinks or is helpless; then, however, he hastens to save the lives of those who can no longer resist. The German, on the other hand, prefers, it appears, to send a thousand non-combatants to immediate death without warning—men, women, and children on an unarmed vessel—thus breaking all the fine traditions of battle and blackening his land with shame for a generation. To one who can do this of set purpose we find nothing adequate but the little word "cad"—the word which is the British schoolboy's *ne plus ultra* of scorn and contempt.

In one more engine of war our enemy shows again his impenetrability to all sense of customary selection or procedure. Events have moved very quickly in the realm of aerial discovery. The aeroplane, from an interesting scientific toy, has evolved into an available arm of war, a highly specialised branch of the military service, with centres, staff, and equipment of its own. Hence arises the question, from its extraordinary possibilities, as to how far it may fairly be employed as an offensive and destructive instrument. We have to remember, in considering this point, that a set battle, by sea or land, is the contest of two or more forces, *both fully armed*. But in the case of an aeroplane or airship carrying explosive or incendiary bombs with the object of dropping them over a city in the enemy's country, the position of affairs is altered. The inhabitants are completely at the mercy of the aviator; he is but a moving speck in the sky, an almost impossible target, even were each town provided with the specially devised gun for neutralising this particular peril. War under such conditions becomes simply slaughter. Yet we have a hundred bombs dropped at night on a sleeping town—happily with small damage to life, by sheer chance; a hundred bombs which by no conceivable contingency can gain any advantage for the desirous invader. The use of the airship or aeroplane, in fact, as a bomb-dropping machine, is parallel with the use of the forbidden bullet, when over unfortified places. As a means of gathering intelligence of the movements of a fleet or of an army, the scouting flying-machine is unrivalled; it can sail high over sea or land and rush back with priceless information, unharmed. As a means of carrying dispatches over dangerous districts its value has been proved. But as an engine for the absolutely useless destruction of hundreds of unprotected people, for the laying of property in flaming ruins, it brings a new horror into modern warfare, and it is permissible to hold the opinion that the loosing of explosives from the skies into a thickly populated region is a form of aggression which no nation which possesses a shred of humanity should entertain, whatever emergencies may arise. From its employment thus against us, from the use of the deadly gases on the battlefields of France, and from the senseless crime against the *Lusitania*, we may perhaps draw the inference that our enemy is desperate, furious with disappointment, and turning rather to thoughts of revenge than to hopes of victory.

Some Russian Tragedies

ALL eyes are now turned towards Russia with interest and expectancy. Ancient as she is as a nation, hoary as are her traditions, the ties which bind her together, the faith to which she belongs, it has been realised with increasing force of late years that she contains yet within her the seeds of youth—powers of enthusiasm, of creative energy and artistic impulse that have no part in the declining years of a people. The war itself and the attitude of Russia in regard to it admits of no doubt that she is on the eve of a renaissance far-reaching in its possibilities and in its effect upon civilisation as a whole.

This being so, new interest attaches to any voices that reach us from her higher intelligences, to any writings of assistance in understanding the ideals and ambitions of a people apparently so different in type from ourselves. Hitherto the art of Russia has been chiefly familiar to the English through the ballet, the wonderful revelations of whose possibilities have delighted society in recent years; in more restricted circles its music, its poets, and novelists are well known. Plays, also, the majority have seen, and Russian actors, but they have usually been dramas dealing with the social problems and questions of liberty so intimately associated with our conception of Russian thought. Quite recently a volume of translations has come to hand, whose subject-matter is on quite a different plane, dealing with the intellectual life of the nation, with questions of philosophy and faith and reason. They are from the pen of Leonid Andreyeff, a popular dramatist and a writer of the new school, and the book is made additionally valuable from an introduction by Brusyanin, explanatory of the methods and meaning of the author to any to whom they may be obscure.*

The two most important of these plays are tragedies. From the time of the evolution of drama, tragedy has been the chosen vehicle for voicing national thought and aspirations; from its method of delivery it appeals to a wider audience than literature, and to sympathies that are more direct and more quickly roused than in the reader. Those who are at all cognisant of the history of tragedy will know that it is the most symbolic of all the arts, that its narrative and characterisation is often only a form for the conveyance of great truths seen in the author's mind, which he clothes in the forms of humanity.

In the greatest epoch of all, the period of the Greek tragedians, they were content to take old stories, worn threadbare already by their familiar usage, and to use them as garments in which to clothe new ideas, new philosophies, sometimes modes of thought at variance with the tales themselves. To us at this day the interest in these plays lies not in the story they tell but in its treatment by the poet, in the glimpses we have of the greatness of the man, his conceptions, his philo-

* *The Black Maskers; The Life of Man; The Sabine Women.* By LEONID ANDREYEFF. (Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.)

sophy, and through him of the outlook of the nation whose voice he was. Tragedy which is great is the revelation of the spirit of humanity crying unto the gods in expression of its dimly understood impulses and ecstasies, those mental conditions for which the activities of life hold so little explicable counterpart.

And tragedy, like life itself, is hemmed in by inevitable conventions and restrictions. It can only make itself audible through the instrument of its characters, whereby often the original conception of the author is dimmed and his lines bear little relation to the fires which burn in his soul. The greatest artists have ever been they who most wisely used restraint, who have not endeavoured to express all things by all means. Simplicity is power. We feel this in Sophocles, who uses his great art to express a single purpose; again in Shakespeare; and more remotely it is present with Andreyeff. The difference lies in the motive of their tragedy and in the convention used to express it.

With the Greeks the interest centred in the psychology of life as it concerned the emotions and passions, all that pertained to the affections, the relation of man to man, and man to the invisible powers who formed such an integral part of his life; it was the play and interplay of passion. To the Elizabethans, event, story, action was paramount—the power of man in making and marring his destiny.

To Andreyeff, emotion, action, means little. It is with the psychology of thought he deals, not with the realm of feeling. Life is but the symbolism of intellect. He is not concerned with any power but that of the mind, with the faculty in man which thinks and weighs and balances, and holds all things in heaven and earth beneath the searchlight of its criticism. Characters, scenery, words themselves are only symbols in the art of the Russian dramatist, by aid of which he evolves the drama of the inner life of man, that existence which has so little connection with passing show or outward event, that is distinct even from the passions which control events and the lives of men.

In these plays we are present amid a host of shadowy onlookers at a séance in which the shivering, naked ego, in all its appalling loneliness, who inhabits the intellect of man, is called up on the stage, and there lives out its brief and tragic existence, surrounded by fears, by horrors dimly comprehended, grisly terrors and revolting uglinesses, living and dying with no kindly gleam to illumine its despair.

There crouches in every human soul a shape of fear, dim, terrible, familiar—a too near view of which spells madness. This fear Andreyeff has incarnated, made audible in his plays. It is the tragedy of tragedies, the doom of the human intellect, untouched by the pity of the heart. It is pessimism incarnate.

In his introduction Brusyanin speaks of the "popularity" of these plays. One can but hope that it is their art, their dramatic power and intensity which makes them so, not the message they convey. It may be that in Russia, among that great, quiet, patient people, there is a quality that transcends all our power

of endurance of pain, a quality which can look into the great void and yet live on undismayed, something harder and finer and more fiercely welded than mere faith or love.

At this distance it appears strangely at variance with the spirit which has infused a religious quality into this most bitter war, and it adds to our difficulty of comprehension of a race so strangely gifted. One wonders what mark the times through which he is living will leave upon the undoubted genius of a man like Andreyeff — whether in the end events, passions, spiritual forces and energies will have for him any meaning equal to that intellectualism. It is a problem of absorbing interest, and one to which time alone can give an answer.

Conservatism and English Spelling

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

A FAMOUS writer puts into the mouth of one of his characters a half-serious, half-nonsensical paradox to the effect that one should choose one's friends for their good looks, one's acquaintances for their good characters, and one's enemies for their intellects. The point of the paradox lies in the closing words. An intellectual enemy is a distinct asset. It is from our enemies that we know the truth about ourselves, therefore we should choose the enemy with intellect enough to tell us some truths worth knowing.

The *Cologne Gazette* the other day published an article giving among a good number of gratuitous falsehoods one or two truths of this nature. The article went to show that, however badly Germany is beaten in the field, she will still be able to maintain a certain superiority over England because of her superior system of education. The standard in English education, it asserts, is very low, and the achievements are tragic, thanks largely to the terribly antiquated spelling and the complicated money, weights, and measures tables. We need not subscribe to all the writer's conclusions; but when he points to a weakness which all our national pride cannot prove to be a strength, it is surely folly to push aside the obvious moral. We are scolded, also, by the writer for our conservative and reactionary habits of mind. This conservative tendency, far more than any intellectual shortcoming, is, one fears, the cause of our perversity with regard to our system of spelling and counting.

In one of his charming historical fantasies, Kipling makes a Norman knight say: "The English are a bold people. His Saxons would laugh and jest with Hugh, and Hugh with them, and this was marvellous to me. If even the meanest of them said that such a thing was the Custom of the Manor, then straightway would Hugh and such old men of the Manor as might be near forsake everything else to debate the matter. I have seen them stop the mill with the corn half-ground, and, if the custom of usage were proven to be as it

was said, why that was the end of it, even though it were flat against Hugh, his wish and command. Wonderful!

"‘Aye,’ said Puck, breaking in for the first time. ‘The custom of Old England was here before your Norman knights came, and it outlasted them, though they fought against it cruel.’"

"‘Not I,’ said Richard. ‘I let the Saxons go their stubborn way, but when my own men-at-arms, Normans not six months in England, stood up and told me what was the custom of the country, *then* I was angry.’" So our weakness, if it be weakness, is no new thing.

The danger of this malady lies in its infectiousness. You have a whole nation practically pledged to the opinion that what has been is better than what might be. How does this habit of mind operate with regard to a change in spelling? A large section of the population never conceives even the possibility of a change. Those who have imagination and knowledge enough to rise to the conception often shut their minds obstinately against it for no other reason than because it is new. Argue with them, and, such is the petrifying effect of prejudice, you but confirm them in their unbelief. "The older I grow," said Max Müller, writing on this very question, "the more I feel convinced that nothing vexes people so much and hardens them in their dogged resistance to reforms as undeniable facts and unanswerable arguments."

All over the country the complaint is heard that spelling is growing gradually worse. The cry comes not only from the elementary schools but from secondary schools and from colleges. The Cambridge Local Report for 1911 draws attention to the fact that, while English seems to be excellently taught from a literary point of view, mis-spellings abound throughout the various papers. A London Army coach tells us that in the Woolwich and Sandhurst examinations very many boys lose over 500 marks out of a total of 14,000 on account of bad spelling and bad writing. Over 90 per cent. of the failures in Civil Service examinations are due to weakness in spelling. It is true that an improvement in spelling might be effected by long hours of the old-fashioned spelling drill, but the overcrowded curricula and, it might be added, the newer methods of education do not permit of this exercise. The Board of Education expressly bans it as of no educational value. Being in a position to offer counsels of perfection, it issues a command that spelling be taught incidentally. The thing is impossible, and no one knows this better than the English teacher, who, "lying low and saying nuffink," after an immortal example, lends himself pleasantly to the deception of the ratepayer. The bill, however, even for teaching spelling badly, is a pretty alarming one. Let us work it out in figures. The British boy has to spend on an average 2,320 hours in learning to spell; the German boy learns his spelling in 1,302 hours. Reckoning 5 hours a school day, the total gives a waste of almost a year of school time. Multiply this year by 7,035,218, the number of children attending schools

in England and Wales, and you get an alarming total. Now, if your patience is not exhausted, reckon what this waste of time costs in pounds, shillings, and pence. It will be conceded that each child costs at least £10 a year to educate. Thus you have a wastage of £70,352,180 yearly—a total that may well take away the breath of the harassed ratepayer.

Have we any right to lay this gigantic offering yearly on the altar of custom? Can we afford thus to handicap ourselves in these days of keen international competition? The remedy of a reformed spelling is so simple, so obvious, that we might well be excused for overlooking it. Time and time again it has been shown that a phonetically spelt language affords no difficulty to the average intellect.

Several times within the last fifty years Germany has reformed her spelling, her object being, as Mr. Labouchere told us, to gain foreign trade. Whether the spelling was a contributory cause or not, the fact remains that she advanced her object in a very marked degree. Let Englishmen divest themselves of the shackles of conservatism and ponder the words of Lord Bryce, delivered at a recent educational congress: "My Japanese friends asked me, 'Why in heaven's name don't you improve your spelling? Your spelling is the greatest difficulty in our way when we try to teach English. Until you pronounce as you spell, or spell as you pronounce, it is for us an immeasurable, for many of us an insuperable, difficulty.' If you look at the matter merely as a business proposition, the gain to British trade would be enormous."

The simplest way to bring in the reform is by educational gateways. America is making real headway, and the Simplified Spelling Board there has, after an active campaign, succeeded in inducing 67 of its colleges, State Universities, normal schools, etc., to sanction the use of reformed spelling examinations. The English Simplified Spelling Society (whose offices the curious may like to know are at 44, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.) is at present promoting a petition asking for the appointment of a Royal Commission of inquiry into the subject. If our people do not feel inclined to alter their method of spelling, the matter is sufficiently urgent from an international point of view to warrant some sensible phonetic system being adopted by Government authority as a secondary orthography which could be looked upon as a sort of international English, and in which all sorts of catalogues of books for the use of foreigners could be printed.

A delightful literary evening was given by certain hostesses of the Lyceum Club this week, when such questions as the effect of the war on literature and the advantages of anonymous reviewing were discussed. Miss Mitton was in the chair. The members of the Lyceum Club know how to combine philosophy with a mild epicureanism, and the mere male person invited to their board is apt to be a little envious at the limitations of his own caravanserai.

REVIEWS

Henry Fawcett

A Beacon for the Blind: being a Life of Henry Fawcett, the Blind Postmaster-General. By WINIFRED HOLT. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

IF there was one word in the English language for which the late Henry Fawcett had no use it was surely the word "resignation." And yet in one momentous respect he might be described as the most resigned of men. To be quietly submissive was no part of his life's creed; ceaseless energy, unbounded enthusiasm, and dauntless courage were his. Accidentally blinded when a young man by stray shot from his father's gun, he then and there decided that the great affliction should make no difference to the career he had mapped out for himself. It was "not a tragedy, but an inconvenience," he said. He was ambitious, but his ambition did not take the form of desiring advancement merely for the sake of personal power or honour. His mind was keenly practical and analytical; he saw that many evils existed, that many abuses were waiting for redress, and with a dogged perseverance he set to work and used every means in his power to improve the lot of the people—the country labourer, the artisan, the working woman—who were all dear to him throughout his life.

An advanced Radical of his day, he thought little of criticising any measure of his party if he conceived it to be against the general welfare of the community, and it was very difficult for so keen, unimaginative and practical a man to comprehend the more subtle and higher flights of Gladstone's intellect when the two met on the same political platform. The practical issue of every problem was the one for which he laboured; mysticism for him had no charm. At the same time, he revelled in beautiful scenery; and even after his sight was gone he remembered the various spots from which delightful views could be obtained, and would take his friends there, asking them again to tell him all the glory that was before them. In sport, too, he never lost his interest: fishing, skating and riding made up his principle outdoor exercise, and he spent all the time he could possibly snatch from his many duties at Salisbury, his parents' home.

It seems hardly possible that the man who afterwards mastered columns of figures and memorised pages of statistics could have been told by his first teacher at a Dame school that he had a head "like a colander." This was the lady of whom the young Henry pathetically complained that "Mrs. Harris says if we go on, we shall kill her, and we do go on, and yet she does not die." It is more easily understood that the man of method, in his youthful days, should have been capable of having "all his clothes carefully and legibly labelled with numbers, placed so as not to show during wear. . . . If he came home in a great hurry . . . he would call

in his clarion, cheerful voice, probably from the door as he entered: 'I must dress quickly. Please help. Coat one, vest six, collar one, trousers three; shoes and socks twelve and thirteen.' "

In 1863 Fawcett was elected to the professorial chair at Cambridge, a position he had been most eager to obtain, but for which it was thought by some that his blindness and by others that his extreme Radical opinions unfitted him. Fear of the latter had urged a certain country squire of ancient lineage and Conservative principles to visit Cambridge and ascertain the truth with regard to the serious charge of Radicalism made against Trinity Hall. Fawcett and Leslie Stephen compared notes; Fawcett did his best to reassure the old gentleman, saying "that the rumours which he had heard had been much exaggerated, and though at one time 'some of us had been rather infected with extreme opinions, now we have greatly moderated our views, and shall be content simply with the Disestablishment of the Church and the abolition of the Throne.' The immediate flight of the horrified squire can be imagined."

Fawcett pressed on; through Thackeray's influence he was elected a member of the Reform Club, and after preliminary defeats as a Parliamentary candidate at Cambridge and Brighton, he finally became a member for Brighton and took his seat in the House of Commons in 1865. Here was the scope he wanted. The Enclosure Commissioners were at this time yearly presenting a Bill to the House recommending additional land to be fenced round, forests to be appropriated and open spaces seized. Each Bill was usually passed with very little investigation until Fawcett saw that soon there would not be left sufficient ground for a cottager to "keep a cow, a pig, or poultry," much less would there be any forest or public commons where holiday-makers could enjoy themselves. With characteristic vigour he threw himself into this question, and was largely instrumental in reclaiming many large tracts of land, the best known of which is probably a large part of Epping Forest.

Indian affairs were the next important matter to rouse the sympathy and awaken the interest of this tireless reformer; again owing to his influence Parliament was aroused to redress many grievances in connection with the great Eastern Empire, while the acknowledgment in gifts and letters to the blind man and his wife by the Indians themselves showed the esteem in which he was held by the natives. His appointment as Postmaster-General left little time for other serious business, for of course every detail was mastered and many reforms were set on foot, until four years later illness overtook this champion of the people's rights, this friend of the oppressed, and he died in 1884 at the age of 51.

Tribute must be paid to the skilful manner in which Miss Holt has handled Fawcett's life. The book is excellently written. It is no dull compilation, but a sympathetic account of a great man; the writer's opinions are never forced upon the reader, nor, as a

matter of fact, even stated. This is all the more striking when it is remembered that throughout she deals with controversial politics. The portrait is as faithful as it is detached.

A Questionable Boon

Boon, The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump. Prepared for publication by REGINALD BLISS. With an Ambiguous Introduction by H. G. WELLS. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

WE cannot affect to recognise any other hand than that of Mr. H. G. Wells in this medley of ideas with the clumsy title, in spite of the well-worn trick of the author posing as editor of "literary remains" discovered on the death of a friend. The book is full, from beginning to end, of the palaver, rows of dots, little lectures and sermons, and fragmentary discourses on all sorts of themes which have before been tumbled upon the heads of an indulgent public in the guise of a "novel" by Mr. Wells; the effect, this time, is less than ever that of a novel. Next time, we hope, the author will discard artifice completely and give us his thoughts in essay form, when they will be more coherent and easier to read.

Boon, whose "remains" are here plundered by "Bliss," had a great notion of "the Mind of the Race"; hence arises one section of the title. He conceives a character, Hallery, who in a projected treatise, half-story, half-essay, shall bring together his ideas on the subject and preach the gospel of the race-mind. In his garden of a "Villa by the Sea" he will gather all sorts of celebrities to prepare the way for a "Summer Congress" on the proposed "Revival of Thought"; among others, says Boon, "I think we must have George Moore, who has played uncle to so many movements and been so uniformly disappointed in his nephews." The pity of it is that in this conception, where lay possibilities for fine wit and pleasant raillery, the author has gone out of his track to drag in the name of Mr. Henry James and to make that distinguished critic and novelist the butt of a display which is in very poor taste indeed, impudent and objectless. These pages form a serious flaw on a clever book. We have all smiled at the spectacle of a little toy dog yapping furiously at a grave, unperturbed mastiff; some such comparison crosses one's mind when reading this part of "Boon's" work. We had thought Mr. Wells too big and too sensible to descend to such methods; his comments, however, show what leagues he is removed from comprehension of Mr. Henry James's ideals. "He has, I am convinced, one of the strongest, most abundant minds in the whole world, and he has the smallest penetration. Indeed, he has no penetration. He is the culmination of the Superficial type." "These people cleared for artistic treatment never make lusty love. . . ." So our critic—who appears not to have read "The Bostonians," or "The Tragic Muse," or several other works we could mention. It is simply

too funny to hear Mr. James accused of lack of "penetration," or of being "superficial"!

Apart from this regrettable lapse, there are many fine things in this book. The observations of the mysterious Boon-Bliss-Wells are often topical when on his hobby of the race-mind:—

If all the world went frantic; if presently some horrible thing, some monstrous war smashed all books and thinking and civilisation, still the mind would be there. It would immediately go on again and presently it would pick up all that had been done before—just as a philosopher would presently go on reading again after the servant-girl had fallen downstairs with the crockery. . . . It keeps on anyhow. . . .

Again, on the actual situation that existed when "Boon" became ill and died:—

The one decent thing that we men who sit at home in the warm can do is to dwell on the horrors and do our little best to make sure that never, never shall this thing happen again. And that won't be done, Wilkins, by leaving War alone. War, war with modern machines, is a damned great horrible trampling monster, a filthy thing, an indecency; we arn't doing anything heroic, we are trying to lift a foul stupidity off the earth, we are engaged in a colossal sanitary job.

The story of "The Last Trump"—one worthy to set with "The Country of the Blind" and "A Vision of Judgment"—concludes this curious, incoherent volume, and betrays, if nothing else did, the truth as to the author. But, of course, that is no secret, once half a dozen pages have been read. Mr. Wells, like the "mind of the race," "keeps on anyhow." A little more control, a little less of the "anyhow," and critics who look to him to do something permanent for English literature (the time is getting on, and he has been writing for a good many years) would be better pleased.

The Gentle Art and an Enthusiast

Clear Waters. By A. G. BRADLEY. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

CHARM in a book is as clearly realised and as difficult of definition as in a woman. Very often in either it consists in simple naturalness, in a sympathetic quality of character, in which friends or readers find it very pleasant to bask; it impels in them a corresponding geniality of feeling. For, after all, our enjoyment of a book consists chiefly in our reaction to its influence: the quality of pleasure lies within ourselves, to be touched or not into quick response. So it is at this time that exciting reading leaves us cold, fiction is less thrilling than the times in which we live, adventures pale in the light of current events, and we turn in our selection of books to soothing influences, to the calm and healing denied us in daily life. This book of Mr. Bradley possesses both qualities, charm of style and the healing touch of nature, nowhere more strongly felt than among the mountains, in the burn of the hillside, the clear deep pool of the shallows of the lowland stream. There

in spirit we can lave our souls from the dust of battle, can dip fevered minds in the soothing waters of temporary oblivion; in the pages of this book we can become young again, and live out the romance of youth's discovery of the inexhaustible treasures of nature and of sport.

That is the secret of the charm of "Clear Waters," and of its earlier chapters in particular. It is the work of an expert and an enthusiast, and at the same time of a man who has preserved the feeling of boyhood through a life of adventure, and who can reassemble those joys of youth which no later pleasures can ever approach in point of magic or fineness of feeling.

No one could read of his initiation into the ritual of fishing, the story of the first salmon hooked, or of the pond that he emptied of its stock without feeling a debtor to the art of Mr. Bradley. It is difficult to decide which is more attractive: his gift as raconteur, or his power of painting scenery, its feeling as well as its contours. Over all is the glamour of the enthusiast, of the devotee who is born and cannot be trained into being—an enthusiasm which leads into innumerable experiences as diverting as they are picturesque. It is essentially a book for the lover of mountain and moorland; the west country, the bleak dour North, soft lakeland of the poets, and wild wee Wales, all live in its pages, with barely a reference to fenland and the Broads so dear to the heart of many a fisherman.

Devotion to one particular sport, while it ensures mastery, is also bound to entail certain limitations, but perhaps it is ungrateful in virtue of the many good things Mr. Bradley has prepared for us in these pages to hint at the possibility of his accomplishing more. It is a book that will give much pleasure to many readers who know little of the gentle art of fishing in the long summer evenings that lie before us.

The Makers of Germany

The Correspondence of William I and Bismarck.
Popular Edition. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT is nearly twelve years since these letters, which were selected by Prince Bismarck himself, were first given to the world. With what different feelings they will be read now from those with which they were read then! How wholly changed is the moral of it all! The letters begin in 1852, when William I was still Prince of Prussia, and end in 1887, when, owing to "the sad condition" of the Crown Prince's health, Bismarck had proposed that Prince William, the present Kaiser, should be brought more closely into touch with State business. As an insight into the relations of the Sovereign and the Minister to whom he owed everything, these documents are of the highest value. Yet it is impossible not to reflect that those very relations were based on transactions which were the seed of as rank and poisonous a growth as any in the world's history. With this in memory, we ask ourselves again and again whether Bismarck, who, by the Danish, Austrian, and French wars, unprincipled in

every way as they were, made possible the new German Empire, would have risked the safety of the structure built up on them by a plunge such as that of August last? On the international side these letters are of peculiarly small value; Bismarck did not select them himself for nothing. Their real value consists in the light they throw on William I and Bismarck. Nothing in the volume appeals to us more than the desire of Bismarck to retire—it may or may not have been a genuine desire—in 1869. King William refused to accept his resignation, which he attributed to a single difference of opinion. He wrote: "Your name stands higher in Prussian history than that of any other Prussian statesman. And I am to let that man go? Never." Bismarck's response throws a flood of light on his character. He explains his inability to work in circumstances which, put bluntly, meant that he was not top dog all the time, and it is possible to read many things into such a passage as the following, which we make no apology for quoting at some length because of its blend of personal and constitutional significance. Bismarck protested that his only motive for asking to be relieved was a consciousness of his inadequate powers and indifferent health:—

Your Majesty will perhaps most graciously remember that I was first taken seriously ill at the beginning of December 1865, and since that time the ever-increasing burden of business has absolutely prevented my becoming completely restored to health. Not quite three months ago, I thought I was again equal to the regular course of business, at least during the parliamentary period, but it is now evident this was a mistake, and that I over-estimated my powers. The whole of the service-business devolving on me can be expedited, even with the application of my every force, only if your Majesty grants me every facility which can lie in the choice of persons working with me, in the fullest measure of your Majesty's confidence, and in the freedom of movement thereby permitted. The accomplishment becomes impossible, however, when it is not supported by the unanimous co-operation of all the proper organs with your Majesty, and when business which has been regularly despatched comes up repeatedly for fresh treatment, owing to differences of opinion among the parties concerned. It is far easier to take resolutions, and to carry them out, than to prove convincingly that they are the right ones. The obstructions occurring in the artificial mechanism of a constitutional State have not as yet seriously interfered with the regular course of business. The task of securing agreement on difficult questions between your Majesty and eight Ministers, and after that of keeping in touch with three parliamentary bodies, and of paying the necessary regard to allied and foreign Governments, has up till the present been approximately fulfilled. In my most respectful opinion, the determinative preliminary condition of this fulfilment was to be found in the circumstance that your Majesty has never, as long as I have had the honour of being in your Majesty's service, again called into question a decision taken after the Ministers were heard on the subject, and that, before arriving at or altering a decision, your Majesty has always heard the councillor appointed by your Majesty himself for the work of each responsible department. If, lately, extra-official influences have been able to excite

your Majesty's keen interest in individual local questions, without at the same time being subjected to a responsibility for affairs as a whole, and if, in this way, decisions, which your Majesty has taken after hearing Ministers, and has proclaimed, are modified and occupy the Ministers' working powers for weeks at a time through being submitted to fresh consideration, the burden of work thereby falling to the share of your Majesty's chosen Ministers is increased beyond the possibility of accomplishment. Moreover, when every nerve has been strained to cope with the work, the feeling remains that current business has been neglected. The despondency into which I am thrown when I reflect on these things is augmented by the circumstance that, in questions relating to the personnel, your Majesty's personal kindness towards each one of your servants, as opposed to the strict necessities of the service, carries a weight which prejudices the interests of those who have to bear the responsibility for imperfect and uncompleted work.

Of course, the King could not allow Bismarck to go, but it is difficult to refrain from speculating as to the possible course of history, had Bismarck been taken at his word. The French war would have been postponed, if not avoided altogether; the German Empire might have been confined to certain dreams for years after 1871, and the history of the world would have been changed. Bismarck, who deemed it a duty to himself to lay down the reins in 1869, was still at the helm twenty years later! Gladstone's resumption of office in 1880, after having finally retired half a dozen years before, was an event of utter insignificance compared with Bismarck's agreement to go on. No doubt, he, and he alone, understood the great stake for which he was playing, and had determined that he would play for it his own way or not at all. It is a moving thought that the monarch who would not release him won empire, and the grandson who dismissed him is in a fair way to lose empire.

Fiction

THE vast, mysterious plains westward of the Carpathian range, where Prussians, Austrians, Hungarians, and Russians are engaged in desperate conflict, provide the scene for "A Bride of the Plains" (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), which Baroness Orczy dedicates to the memory of the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth. They are the home of the Magyars and the granary of the Dual Monarchy, hence the story is to some extent topical, although the incidents with which it deals are presumed to have taken place some considerable time ago. But the pictures of Hungarian peasant life penned by the author bring vividly before the reader a brave race whose Teutonic overlords have plunged into the vortex of an iniquitous war.

The plot of the story may not be altogether new, but then there is no new thing under the sun, and it is certainly relieved of all charge of staleness by the charming setting, decidedly novel for most English readers, which Baroness Orczy has chosen for it. Andor Lakatos, the hero, is a peasant in love with Elsa

Kapus, the village belle, and when he is called upon to do his three years' service in the army she promises to wait for him, for his love is reciprocated. But Béla Erös, bailiff to my lord the Count, who owns the village of Marosfalva, where the scene is laid, casts covetous eyes upon the beautiful Elsa, more from vanity than from love. To say the least, he is unprepossessing in appearance, squat in figure, and minus an eye, and inclined to be a bully. A man unlikely to captivate any maiden, but then he is rich. And when a report is circulated of Andor's death in Bosnia, Béla approaches Elsa's old parents with promises of a house and a well-stocked farmyard in exchange for their daughter. The greedy parents do not hesitate for a moment, and coerce their unwilling child into becoming affianced to a man she abhors. The village priest, Pater Bonifácus, expatiates upon the duty a daughter owes to her father and mother, and the betrothal, which takes place at Easter, is made, if possible, the more binding by Elsa partaking of the sacrament. And then, of course, the unexpected, in novels the inevitable, happens. Andor returns in the midst of the festivities preceding the wedding. These provide an excellent opportunity for the portrayal of Hungarian village life, of which the author takes full advantage, giving a vivid description of the dancing of the csárdás, the national dance which all true Magyars dance from childhood.

But it is in the treatment of the dénouement that she especially displays her inventive power, for she handles it with surprising ingenuity. To bring about the happy ending that the great majority of fiction readers demand it is necessary that Béla should be "shuffled off this mortal coil," for Elsa will not be false to her betrothal vows which to her are sacredly binding, and so long as her odious betrothed lives she will marry no other. The soul tragedy that frees her is of none of her seeking, nor of Andor's, and it comes as a surprise. It is acted, so to say, off the stage, but the horror of it loses nothing through that, and it is dramatic in the extreme. The inevitable woman, the cause of the sordid affair, is Klara Goldstein, a handsome but frail Jewess, and to her comes Béla at the height of the wedding festivities. But her affianced lover, Leopold Hirsch, is lurking without, and the false bridegroom falls a victim to the blow intended for young Count Feri. It is a powerful ending to an otherwise simple love story, but it is by no means far-fetched, for the people and the land with which she is dealing justify the author in her dénouement.

Shorter Notices

Sir Francis Younghusband and Religion

A re-view of religion under the title "Mutual Influence" (Williams and Norgate, 3s. net) comes rather as a surprise from the pen of Sir Francis Younghusband. Essentially, we take it, this re-view amounts to a sort of positivist declaration. Men are to replace their faith in a power outside themselves by a new faith in themselves. He recognises that the old ideas and

sweet memories of church services and ceremonies will be surrendered with a pang of regret, but he looks to the future to bring compensation in man's self-reliance and strength of character. The volume will open up controversy, provide food for thought, and leave men and women pretty much where it found them. Those who believe in God will continue to believe; others who are sufficient unto themselves will continue to be so.

Summer Rambles

It is possible that a good many people who have been accustomed to a pleasant annual holiday, either abroad or at home, will this year be restricted to quite a modest expenditure. They may find that the pleasure of a vacation does not depend upon the distance travelled, but upon the mood and the surroundings. In "Wayfarings Round London" (F. Warne, 2s. 6d.) the genial "Pathfinder" of the *Evening News* gives a collection of thirty different rambles within easy reach of town, all of which are available for moderately good walkers, and cost simply the day's refreshment and fares. A delightful holiday, given passable weather, might be spent in these footpath and by-road explorations—this assertion we can make with sureness, having tried more than one. The amount of country still unspoiled, close to London, is astonishing to those who imagine that for the sight of green fields, streams, and flowers a long journey is necessary. As the author says in his charming introduction: "We travel by rail and motor for hours to see no finer scenery than often lies at our doors if we used our legs and followed these old paths. We are in some danger of losing sight of the fact that man is a walking animal." This little volume, which is No. 6 of the "Homeland Association" pocket-guides, will prove a treasure to holiday-makers who are compelled, for any reason save ill-health, to stay in or near London.

The Theatre

"Striking!"

THIS farcical romance at the Apollo is admirably fitted to show us how wonderfully clever Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Charles Hawtrey really are in parts which, without the constant and concealed care of these artists, would have been very up-hill work. As it is, the unambitious play by Miss Unger and Mr. Rubens—written, one would suppose, in some far-off day when someone swam the Channel now haunted by Zeppelins—is full of happy moments. This is especially true of the first act, which contains most of the life and liveliness of "Striking." But a really good act all round, and Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Venne at their very best throughout a three-act play, should be quite enough to fill the theatre for a long while to come. The plot is of no importance, but it is all carefully worked out to scale and lightened by the wit which is doubtless that of both authors, but which reminds us of the farcical efforts of Mr. Rubens, attempts in which all vraisemblance is willingly sacrificed to a chance touch of wit or a situation which can be made gay for a moment. As for the rest, we wish we liked Miss Hilda Trevelyan as a young Scottish

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lady, Pomona Macrae, who is supposed to win the middle-aged heart of Mr. Hawtrey's Lord Marston. We cannot for a moment believe in this or the loves of Mr. Marsh Allen as Jack Paulton and Miss Netta Westcott as Ellie Karstone. But, of course, these things are really of little importance; if the play is not quite the thing, Miss Venne and Mr. Hawtrey are. Together they ensure some hours of hearty laughter in a mad world.

EGAN MEW.

The City

MONEY is in rather better demand, and the events of the week, both political and military, have had quite an encouraging influence on the Stock Exchange. Business has been rather more active, and prices are generally up, however slightly. This is true of markets so widely dissimilar as those concerned with Foreign and Colonial Government securities, Home Rails, Copper, Rubber and Industrials. The War Loan is 1/16th to 1/8th above the figure of last week, and recent Colonial Government issues have all been supported. Copper shares have been in considerable demand and the firmness in raw rubber prices has induced a certain amount of buying in the Rubber Share Market, so that with rare exceptions the markings show an improvement. Heavy as the receipts of plantation rubber now are, the supply is readily absorbed. Oils principally have been on the dull side, reports of damage to the Premier Oil and Pipe Line property being responsible for a drop in the price of the shares of as much as 2s. in some cases.

The Sanitas report is excellent: the business of the company last year was greater than in any previous year. The balance to credit of profit and loss account, including the amount brought forward, and after charging all outgoings for advertising and providing for bad and doubtful debts, amounts to £18,847. From this sum £3,469 has been paid as interim dividend, leaving, after payment of income tax and directors' fees, a balance of £13,275 to be dealt with. A final dividend is proposed of 5 per cent. (making 7½ per cent. for the year).

Of the many interesting Rubber reports issued recently none perhaps is of more significance than the Bukit Sembawang. Much was expected of the company at its formation, but its failure to declare a dividend a year ago, when rubber prospects were slumping, induced some doubts as to its ability to earn enough on its large, but it was believed inadequate, capital of £335,000, to make its shares a desirable holding. That was a superficial if not prejudiced view. The company has 8,000 acres under rubber, with 1,000 in bearing, and it has made profits in the past year which justify a maiden dividend of 3 per cent. The excellence of its administration is shown in the cost of production, which was 1s. 10½d. per lb. in 1913, and 11½d. in 1914. This year, if estimates are realised, the Bukit Sembawang hopes to produce for 2d. per lb. less. As production should be much more than doubled, it follows that if decreased costs only balance decreased prices obtained—and prices may be better rather than worse—the outlook for 1915 is particularly bright. There ought at least to be a 7 per cent. dividend in sight.

Sir Joseph Lyons' latest triumph in the way of hotels, elegant in appointment, economical in tariff, is the Regent Palace just off Piccadilly Circus. It is said to be the largest hotel in Europe. It will certainly prove a noteworthy addition to the sleeping and feeding accommoda-

tion of the Metropolis, especially for people with modest purses.

The *Insurance Agent and Broker* for May 15 has some very strong and obviously well informed criticism of the Corporation of Insurance Brokers and Agents to which the members of that body will at any rate find it worth while to give some attention.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN ANTIDOTE TO GERMAN HATE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Now that at last the people have forced the Government to take more drastic measures with regard to alien enemies in our midst, and the newspapers vie with one another in telling us with what an intense degree of hate we must hate all Germans—a popular writer, for instance, asks his readers to take a pledge “not to eat with a German, shake hands with a German . . . not recognise the existence of any German, naturalised or not, except antagonistically . . .”—we shall surely require an antidote to this bitter feeling, or we may be in danger of emulating the nation and the characteristics we now decry. And what could better supply this antidote than a closer union with our big Ally, Russia. From much that is written, and by a great deal that is said, particularly since operations began in the Dardanelles, one gathers that there is still a great deal of suspicion with regard to Russia's intentions and ambitions. “Is she to have Constantinople?” people say. “She will be the first Power in Europe, and most dangerous,” argue others. This mistrust of a Power and a people we have hitherto had no reason to fear seems very unfair at the present juncture when so much is being done by her to keep a large part of the enemy's forces busy on her own frontiers, thereby relieving Generals Joffre and French of some of their heavy burden. And glancing back over Russia's history, what rôle do we find that she has played in the past? Has she been so particularly aggressive? While in the sixteenth century Britain, with other nations of Europe, was enjoying the glories of the Renaissance and turning her attention to exploits in the New World, Russia was still carrying on a ceaseless war with the Tartars and other barbaric tribes who, but for her, would have penetrated much farther to the West and possibly have destroyed the European civilisation of which we imagine ourselves so important a part. During the last century and a half in which Russia has waged so many wars against Turkey, she has gained very little for herself. She has done her best to liberate the smaller nations from the heretic's power, and if they have not always proved themselves worthy of the great efforts made on their behalf, that is not Russia's fault but their own.

There are many reasons why our friendship with the Tsar's people should be extended. We have many characteristics in common with them, while, according to some ethnologists, the English and the Russian belong to the same race.

With easy pains we may distinguish
Our Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman-English.

Thanks to King Edward's efforts we have for many years been on friendly terms with France, and most likely the present fraternising of her soldiers and ours will further cement the good understanding between the two countries; but the Latin people are still very far removed in many

ways from we English folk. We accept them and they accept us as honoured guests; we do not become one of them or they one of us. There is no antagonism between us, but we do not merge. Our outlook is different; our traditions are different. Centuries may lessen the divergence, but at present the division is broad. Russians, on the other hand, temperamentally more resemble our people. Many tributes have been paid to our soldiers by friend and enemy during the present campaigns of their ability to endure; Russians have endured patiently for generations hardships which would have daunted a less hardy race. The popular symbol of Russia is a bear—a slow-moving animal; we cannot claim to be particularly quick in action, considering that it has taken us nine months to realise that Germany actually is our enemy. Russia is kind to the poor and fallen; everyone is not required to "make good," to "get on or get out," as one is in America, for instance. We still keep a little affection for the sinner who many times repents and many times commits again the same misdeed. Then there is the question of religion: Russia's Church and ours have both been excommunicated by the Bishop of Rome. Two naughty children generally find that they have something in common, and there is no reason why, with a little tolerance, we should not draw nearer on this common ground. In music, song and dance we have much to learn from the Russian exponents. We have accepted all Petrograd has sent us, and are agog for fresh developments in these arts.

Therefore, we certainly have sufficient to occupy our attention when we think of other countries—and we must think of Russia—in trying to understand this great nation with her earnest purpose, her high ideals and her chivalry towards smaller States.—Yours faithfully, M. H. R. Tankerton.

A NOTABLE BROCHURE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—No doubt the very able and illuminating brochure by Dr. Church, entitled "The American Verdict on the War," is by this time fairly familiar to a number of British readers; but it cannot be too widely circulated, for it is one of the best and most convincing *résumés* of the situation that I have yet seen.

Dr. Church is President of the Carnegie College, Pittsburgh. His "Verdict" was a reply to the "Appeal to the American Nation" of ninety-three German professors, which he was requested to endorse and to circulate! But Dr. Church, in spite of his former intimacy with Germany and with a number of those professors, and in spite of his certain Germanic leanings, or literary sympathies, was not to be thus imposed upon. He knew Germany and Prussian militarism all too well! Moreover, he hated and detested German military war methods and Germany's treatment of Belgium with an intensity in common with the vast majority of Americans, who regard German war methods as barbarous and horrible. Hence his reply is a ringing protest and a scathing rebuke. It has already been translated into German, I understand, and circulated to some extent in Germany itself. For there is that in it which cannot but appeal to the consciences and intelligence of Germans whose minds are not too obsessed and poisoned to be open to reason and conviction. In effect, the "Verdict of America" reminds one of Professor Cramb's book, "Germany and England," in that it was written by a man and a scholar similarly prepossessed, to some extent, Germanwards, and by one apparently almost as conversant with German sentiment and German political affairs. A book which Americans have found remarkably interesting is Dr.

Sarolea's "The Anglo-German Problem," written in 1912. Like Professor Cramb's, it reads now like a veritable prophecy.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
EDWIN RIDLEY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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- Pan-Germanism.* By R. G. Usher, Ph.D. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)
The British Empire and the War. By E. A. Benians. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6d. net.)
Militancy versus Civilisation. By A. W. Tillet. (P. S. King and Son. 6d. net.)
The Audacious War. By Clarence W. Barron. (Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)
The World-Wide War. First Stage. By Captain A. Hilliard Atteridge. (G. Philip and Son. 2s. net.)
Germany and Eastern Europe. By L. B. Namier, B.A. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. net.)
A Month's German Newspapers. Selected and Translated by A. L. Gowans. (Gowans and Gray. 2s. 6d. net.)
Men, Women, and War. By Will Irwin. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Mothers and Children.* By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. (Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)
Mrs. Green Again. By E. E. Rynd. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)
Mutual Influence. By Sir Francis Younghusband. (Williams and Norgate. 3s. net.)
The Soldiers' English-Russian Conversation Book. Compiled by G. M. Foakes. (T. Werner Laurie. 7d. net.)

VERSE.

- The Quest of Beauty, and Other Poems.* By H. R. Freston. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 1s. net.)
Songs of Simple Things. By Judith Foljambe. (Curtis and Davison. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Forgotten Island. By M. Radclyffe-Hall. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)
Sonnets and Lyrics on the War. By Bertram Dobell. (Dobell. 1s. net.)
Casus Belli: A Satire, with Other Poems. By C. R. Cammell. (A. L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)

REPRINTS.

- Le Vicomte de Bragelonne.* Tome I, II, III. Par Alexandre Dumas. (T. Nelson and Sons. Fr. 1.25 net each.)
Actions and Reactions. Vols. I and II. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net each.)
Traffics and Discoveries. Vols. I and II. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net each.)
Macaulay's History of England. Illustrated. Vol. VI. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

- Hugh Gordon.* By Rosamond Southey. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
A Star Astray. By Hylda Rhodes. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)
On Desert Altars. By Norma Lorimer. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
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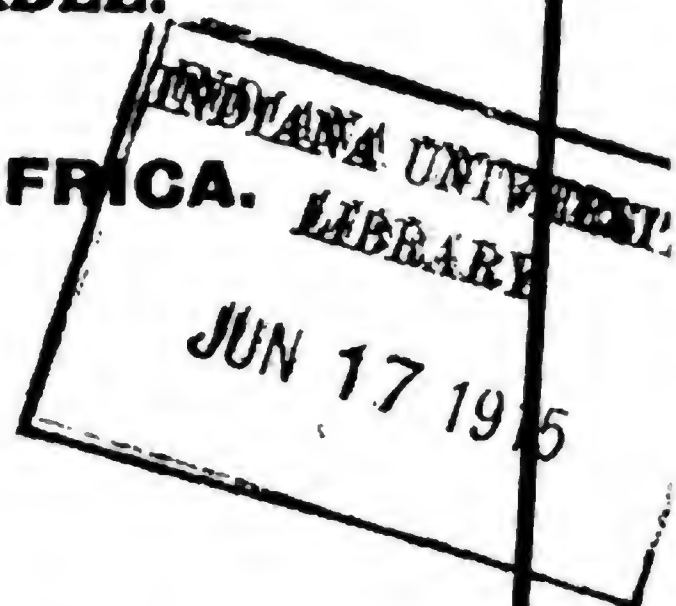
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Notes of the Week

Coalition

ANATIONAL Cabinet at last! Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey and Lord Kitchener have as their colleagues Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Chamberlain, and other Unionist leaders, including Sir Edward Carson. It is a pity Mr. Redmond did not see his way to accept a portfolio also. It would have made the representative character of the coalition perfect. Lord Haldane is among those who have been removed, and Mr. Churchill's energies have been relegated to the unexciting Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. His successor at the Admiralty is Mr. Balfour. Mr. Bonar Law at the Colonial Office is excellent. Mr. Lloyd George's supersession by Mr. McKenna at the Treasury is the one feature of the new Cabinet which will not be generally approved. Quite a superstition seems to exist as to the indispensability of Mr. McKenna. Mr. Lloyd George will create a new department. He becomes Minister of Munitions, and in relieving Lord Kitchener of a very heavy part of his duties will, we hope, be as successful in the production of his leaden as he has been in his production of the silver bullets with which he undertook to beat the enemy. As a whole we think it will be agreed that the best brains of the nation are now in the national service. There will be no surrender of principles in domestic affairs which the old party divisions symbolised, but we have a guarantee that whatever is done has about it no suspicion of party. Germany has to be beaten, and the Government as now constituted is Britain's pledge that she will be beaten.

Italy at War

Italy is definitely at war with Austria and Germany. Her troops are well over the frontier, and have carried positions at the point of the bayonet, her torpedo-boats

have been at work, and enemy aircraft have made attempts on the Venice arsenal. Italian enthusiasm is matched only by the bitterness of Austria and Germany. For charges of duplicity and treason Italy was of course prepared, but they will affect her as little as German hatred affects Great Britain. Italy has had ample opportunity not only in the past nine months, but in the past nine years, of forming her own estimate of the real worth of German friendship and German promises, and she has chosen to trust neither. That she should denounce the Triple Alliance and use her recovered freedom to strike for those things she has always held dear is not in the least strange. What was strange was her long adherence to the compact into which she entered when the circumstances of Europe were very different and Teutonic purposes were less obvious than they are now. Her entrance upon this great quarrel is naturally welcomed by France and her allies, and it will probably hasten the day when other neutrals will deem it wise to strike also in the interests of freedom and civilisation.

Desperate Germany

During the week the fighting everywhere has been of a desperate character in the Gallipoli Peninsula, in Galicia, and on the French-Belgian frontier. The Turks are no match for the Allied forces on the peninsula, and only manage to hold certain well-prepared positions at heavy cost. What is happening on the San is not easy to understand, but apparently the Russians have again so far recovered control of the situation as to be able to take the offensive. The enemy claims successes, but if the Germans have pushed the Russians back and have even crossed the San they have done so at a cost which must be little short of crippling. On the North-West the French have scored heavily; they have captured positions of first-rate importance in the neighbourhood of Arras and Notre Dame de Lorette, and the Germans have failed to drive them out again by the most furious and sacrificial onslaughts. The French troops are doing fine work. On the British section of the line the Germans are concentrating their poisonous gas efforts, and British successes recently have made the Germans more determined than ever to asphyxiate an enemy they cannot beat in a fair fight. Happily their villainous expedients are in the main ineffectual.

Empire Unity and the War

As we now have a new and more representative Government, may we hope that part of its programme will be the assembling of an Imperial Conference at a reasonably early date? The Dominions would like to hear and be heard in a way that is impossible by the use of the cable. Mr. Rowell, the leader of the Ontario Liberals, urges that a War Session of the Imperial Conference should be convened. It is a capital idea. It would enable the Mother Country and the Dominions to co-ordinate Imperial resources with a view to effective and speedier victory. The entire abandonment of any party spirit in the Overseas Dominions is the best proof

that they are keen to put all they possess into the struggle. Sir Wilfrid Laurier even refuses to consider the possibility of a general election in Canada until the end has been achieved. He would not, he said, seek to open the portals of office with that bloody key. Germany has indeed succeeded in making the British Empire whole, and Mr. Bonar Law's hope that a really representative Imperial body may be the result of the war should not be difficult of realisation. The war of 1870 federated the German Empire; the war of 1914-15 should federate the British Empire.

The Attack on Lord Kitchener

All England might have been amazed by the *Daily Mail's* onslaught on Lord Kitchener but that all England has learned never to be amazed at anything the *Daily Mail* may do. How it happens that Lord Northcliffe should lend himself to such an attack, narrowly spiteful in tone, utterly wanting in the public spirit which it purports to embody, we do not care to inquire. It may be that Lord Northcliffe imagines he is the one and only person who could give the Empire the army and the munitions it needs. Lord Kitchener may not have done everything which it might have been in the country's interests to achieve. Criticism couched in proper terms and with a due regard to all the facts even he must expect. Lord Kitchener has had to work with the materials he found available, and has accomplished wonders. He has rendered the country and the Empire service which perhaps no other living man could have performed, and that service will be remembered when the superior claims of the *Daily Mail* are buried in oblivion. English journalism has few things less to its credit than the *Daily Mail's* sudden discovery that it wants Lord Kitchener's head on a charger. Not Lord Kitchener but Lord Northcliffe will suffer. Patriotic men will look askance at his precious ha'porths for many a long day to come. The country could spare the *Daily Mail*: it cannot spare Lord Kitchener, and all the asphyxiating gas generated at Carmelite House has not made his position untenable.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"

THE mentors of the Press have recently taken to themselves strange shapes. We had long become used to their dictating to us the colour and trend of our politics, to their dominating our outlook on all affairs outside our immediate business, even to their taking sides on occasion in religious matters, and settling for us comfortably what to believe as necessary to our eternal welfare; but it is a new thing for the paper that lies beside our breakfast plate to tell us what that breakfast shall consist of! Hitherto the Englishman, whatever might rage outside his walls of verbal strife or bloody war, felt comparatively safe from incursions into the shelter of his home, there to

order his household and live his life in the way towards which his income and inclinations led him. *Nous avons changé tout cela!*

For many years it has been dawning upon the more thoughtful public that it has bartered its liberty of thought, its freedom of opinion which theoretically every Englishman holds so dear, for the privilege of possessing a halfpenny Press. The newspaper habit has grown upon us so insidiously and with such stealthy strides that it is only when brought up suddenly by a shock such as was dealt to innumerable readers the length and breadth of the countryside during the past week that we realise the state of bondage into which we have unconsciously drifted. War is a winnowing-machine into which the destinies of many things other than nations are being cast, and out of which few of our cherished customs will emerge unscathed. During the last century there has been no watchword more constantly paraded before our eyes than that of "freedom." It is the privilege which has been claimed by all leaders of thought as the prerogative of the individual, as well as of the nation. Above all, it has been claimed as a right by the Press, which proclaims itself the voice of the people. And the end of this claim has been that in this country the vast majority of individuals no longer trouble to think for themselves on any matters outside the circle of their immediate interests. When it can be done for them at the expenditure of one halfpenny a day, why should they waste brain energy on deciding problems which may now be used in attending cinemas or places of cheap amusement?

But until the outbreak of the war the home remained to a great extent inviolate. Newspaper-reading was not regarded as the woman's province, and although dailies and weeklies indulged in the printing of "seasonable recipes" and "useful hints" among the fashion-plates in a remote corner allotted to the gentler sex, the policy of home-making had not been the subject of serious crusades in the sense in which Home Rule, or the divorce laws, or the Suffrage question had played their parts.

Now, however, to the amusement of the competent housewife (of whom there are many in our midst, the opinion of the halfpenny Press notwithstanding), the power behind the morning paper has decreed that its duty lies in the reformation of the menu of its readers. Well might it be called the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table! What it decides on must be law, and no longer are eggs and bacon to grace the morning meal in comfortable unison, or shall porridge commence a meal of which marmalade is to be the harmonious ending. One dish, and one only, is to be our allowance, whatever our income or the work which lies before the weary breakfaster.

It has been decreed that all are spendthrifts, and that the only way to economic salvation lies in the gospel according to the —! It is indeed a remarkable feat of brilliant journalism and foresight which has suddenly discovered a truth borne home more surely and deeply with each succeeding week to the house-

keeper, whatever her status in society—a problem which has already been grappled with to such an extent that innumerable homes are not only paying their way in despite of vastly higher prices, but that cottage and villa and mansion alike have found something to spare, according to their ratio of income, for the needs of the soldiers abroad, of the wounded and the refugees at home, and of those in their midst touched by the finger of sorrow or want. There have been many tributes paid to the bravery of our men who are so loyally serving King and country; some word might be spared for the women who have as splendidly shouldered the additional burdens thrown upon them, the responsibility of caring for home and children, and yet of being ready to help others, when prices are such that every penny given to a good cause means some fresh and toilsome economy.

Presently these same papers will take to themselves the credit of having created a race of Spartan women, fit wives and mothers of a nation of heroic soldiers; but the women themselves know well enough that economy had become a very real factor in the running of the English home long before the Press called attention to the need for exercising that most necessary but always unpopular virtue. Were the daily mentors really so anxious to do something for the good of the present domestic situation they should have advised a scientific reconstruction both of the method of obtaining supplies and of putting necessities on the market at such prices that they may be available in sufficient quantities to the weekly wage earners forming the bulk of our population. In the homes of the labourer and the small clerk or shop assistant the practice of economy is pushed to its extremest limit by the force of untoward circumstance, with the result that our growing boys and girls—the fathers and mothers of an England which will be exhausted by a long and terrible war—are living on little else than bread and margarine, with perhaps a weekly scrap of meat at the midday meal. Why waste precious words on the saving of bath soap or of electric light when bread is at 4½d. the quartern loaf, and no one knows the exact reason why? In households who have from 15s. to 18s. a week to spend on all the necessities of life, economy becomes a struggle for bare existence, for which the health of future generations will have to pay, and to pay in a manner which England will ill be able to afford. Here is a matter for all the Press platitudes of popular journalism, and an uncomfortable reflection for many comfortably furnished breakfast-tables.

Aftermaths—III

TRANSFORMATION IN AFRICA

WHEN the post-war settlement is consummated and a reshaping of the world's geographical boundaries begins, the dry bones of Africa will rejoice as at a message of hope, and contemporary history will behold a great muster-roll. The past of the continent fades into the mist of legend, and who shall prophesy as to the advent of the breath of life to that home of mystery and old forgotten far-off things? Could we but unravel the prehistory record of Egypt, that record would surely take us back to a dim twilight, in which the shadowy Atlantean race dominated the cradle of civilisation. The Atlanteans and their hard-wrought ant-heap cities, as we now surmise, lie engulfed under the waste leagues of the Atlantic Ocean. All that is left is the physical race of men, ascending as torch-bearers through the gloom. Then, too, in the South, explorers of to-day, battling through jungle and pestilential swamp, from time to time hap upon the fossil remains of mighty peoples whose life-story has sunk for ever below the horizon. Dusty death and silence claim them as their own. Statesmen can but steer the ship of state in the waters of to-day, and seek to pick up the headland lights of to-morrow.

The Allied Powers must inevitably link their energies into more close and intimate alliance as time goes on. All the world knows that the criminal-conspiracy States—Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey—are already worsted. The more stubborn and prolonged their resistance the more stupendous will be the reckoning they will have in the end to face. We take this result to be common knowledge. Certain Powers have hitherto held aloof, in the vain dream that they can reap the harvest without sowing the seed. Nothing venture, nothing have. It is absolutely certain that, when the representatives of the war-worn States assemble as at an international parliament, to determine the final issues of a struggle then over, no sentimental consideration will turn them aside. Those who have borne the burden and heat of the fight will call the world's tune for the next hundred years to come. Thus was it with us a hundred years and also two hundred years ago. The peace treaties will be epoch-making. Those States which stand out will doubtless have been served by statesmen of the highest patriotism, but myopic vision in a statesman just now means that the people whose servant he is will get little or nothing when the day for recasting State boundaries dawns. Roumania and

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Greece are such expectant States. The sands of fate are running out for all of them. Bulgaria sees visions and dreams dreams of territorial expansion, but she seems definitely to have determined to stand aside in the struggle. So be it. It is certain that the great assize of nations, with whom will rest the remodelling of the world's State frontiers, will barter no soil for empty aspirations. It must have been won by tears and blood.

Reverting to the subject of Sir Harry Johnston's paper before the Royal Geographical Society, he furnishes a series of maps of Africa which are of intense interest. These are as follows:—The political map of Africa in July, 1914, the same as it might have been by international pact in 1916, had the German Emperor not emulated the madness of a rogue elephant and enforced on the world his own destruction and the extinction of the political power he has so shamefully abused. The next of the series shows international boundaries as they will probably be after the war. Subsidiary maps indicate the areas of the continent inhabited by the white man or Caucassian sub-species, the same areas inhabited by black, brown, and yellow races. Another map defines the future great prospective railway systems of Africa. A further series are diagrammatic respectively of the mineral and vegetable values, the dominant languages, and the germ diseases of the African continent. These nine maps furnish a prescient survey worthy of their distinguished author. Second in interest to the maps of State demarcation comes that of the railway trunk routes of the future. The soil of Africa in the post-war settlement, according to these maps, will fall to Great Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, and Spain, the kingdom of Abyssinia remaining an independent Power.

In Sir Harry's opinion, Germany in 1914 stood well in view of securing overseas possessions and spheres of influence "till these reached an area of over 2,000,000 square miles, with a very varied population of almost all types of the human race (except the Amerindian), totalling about 75,000,000. All this," he adds, "she has lost, and, I believe, lost for all time, through the mad wickedness of those who have directed her home government." The central States have elected to appeal to the sword. The world has, in consequence, witnessed and endured a long-drawn drama of agony. For years the volcanic rumbling of Germany's ambition has broken the rest of peoples of every nationality. Now civilised folk are banded as in a common cause, bent on ridding history of the crimes of hordes of *apaches* who have blocked progress and spelt anarchy to mankind at large. It is a big task, but it is well on toward completion. During the past four or five years Germany has toiled her hardest to embroil Europe over Morocco, although the word had been passed in secret that she herself was to stand clear of the struggle she hoped to provoke. Among her many futile efforts to overreach her friendly neighbours stand out also her intrigues in Tripoli. Germany had posed as the guardian angel of each régime of Turkish tyranny.

Let it be Sultan or Little Turk, it was all one to her. She was the ally of Austria-Hungary and also of Italy. With her customary clumsiness in trick and artifice, her Government set itself to evolve from its inner consciousness an Austro-Hungarian Chartered Company of Tripoli. This company was to be formed to take the job of government from the hands of Turkey. The plot leaked out. Where Germany mined, Italy had counter-mined. The result was that German treachery was blown sky-high, for the Italians forestalled her and precipitately landed troops on the shores of Tripoli, trusting to the *fait accompli*. The fury of the German leaders of policy knew no bounds, for their house of cards had fallen to the ground. Had the Brigand of Berlin been permitted to wedge himself into territory adjoining Egypt, we might have bid good-bye to days of fruitful advance in the Nile valley. Chaos would have come again.

Sir Harry draws a fascinating picture of the ultimate transformation of Africa by railway. The French Trans-Saharan line is already built to Igli, and French administrators dream that it will one day be linked up with a trunk line from Cairo to the Cape. Thus it may be that Cook's tourists of the future will travel from Tangier to Cape Town without change of carriage. The *raison d'être* of the persistent demand for railway access from the Cape to Cairo is somewhat obscure. In order to open up a continent, the river systems of which run roughly east and west, prospectors would, one would have imagined, have been better advised to improve the rivers and trust in the main to transport by sea. However, the project of a railway through the heart of the Dark Continent, where ancient cartographers were wont to set down elephants in lack of towns, if far-fetched, appears to have obsessed the dreams of policy of Cecil Rhodes. Since his day it has grown to be a sort of fetish of our administrators. Step by step it is in course of realisation, and will help to bring the civil administration of Africa nearer the goal of practical politics. The coming round-table conference, whose rôle it will be to reshape the future of the post-war world, will surely bear in mind one aspiration. Belgium has her Congo dominion; Germany had her East African dominion. Let the plenipotentiaries enable Belgium to find an outlet to the Indian Ocean, giving her the physical means of linking, by railway or otherwise, the two great oceans.

A. E. CAREY.

The Significance of Berlioz

BY D. C. PARKER

IT was held by some that the war of 1870 did something to bring Berlioz into prominence. The German success emphasised the greatness of Wagner, and the French, it was said, looked around them for their hero. And so they discovered Berlioz, who had one thing in common with most of the world's teachers. He was misunderstood and neglected during his life. Though forty-six years have passed since his death, due repara-

tion for this has not yet been made. Many have spoken of the three B's of music, meaning Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. This always seems to me to be unkind to Brahms. Greater justice is done to him if we recognise that he was in no respect the equal of the so-called father and son of the musical trinity. Perhaps the fact that his name begins with the magic letter B suggested the grouping to those in whom some curious superstition still lingers. It is a mental process worthy of a degenerate ourang-outang. For there is no reason for chaining giants and men together. We do not talk of Wagner and Waldteufel or of Liszt and Löhr. If we must amuse ourselves with these alliterations, let us say Bach, Beethoven, and Berlioz. Berlioz claimed to have taken up music where Beethoven laid it down, and some incline to the view that the "Roméo et Juliette" symphony is the real successor to Beethoven's choral one. Whether we agree with these views or not, we must frankly admit that Berlioz opened up a new world for modern musicians in a sense that Brahms did not. While the four symphonies of Brahms do not show any evidence of an advance on Beethoven's last symphonic work, the music of Berlioz was startlingly new in its time, and its character is such that it is to-day the subject of animated discussion. He trod the path along which Wagner, Liszt, and Strauss made their later musical pilgrimages. Quite recently a French paper pointed out to what a large extent the last-named is indebted to the Frenchman. It seems to me that the historical significance of Berlioz is dawning upon the reflective musician. And the fact that he was the most notable exhibitor at the Salon of the Rejected does not necessarily count as a mark against his name.

If we assert with Descartes, "I think, therefore I am," we can say that Berlioz was a man who lived intensely. Few musicians have dwelt more in the world of the imagination. In the midst of Paris, with its manifold activities, he was lonely. He held converse with the shades, and laid out schemes for the music of the future. He belonged to a society of one. To many the literary portraits of Berlioz give an impression of insanity. But this is just where we may be led astray. "We say that a man is mad when he does not think as we do. That is all. Philosophically, the ideas of madmen are as legitimate as our own." So writes the fellow-countryman of Berlioz, Anatole France. Examining the composer according to this method, he may seem a little mad. For sanity is the madness of the majority, and Berlioz was original even in his mental foibles. He talked with his Trojans and walked the streets of Carthage when the world around him was on the boulevards. Read his letters, and you will observe that his dreams and hopes were real, while the realities passed over him like dreams. This is but a reason why we should make ourselves familiar with his compositions. It is in the blind that the spiritual vision is quickened.

It is because the whole strength of Berlioz's opulent imagination was not transmitted to his works that it is difficult to form an estimate of him. As was the

case with the painter Cézanne, the mental vision was one thing, the visible result of it another. We feel that he really defies analysis. It would seem as though, like Strindberg, he searched for God and found the devil. At any rate, he remains fundamentally something of a contradiction. He was a romanticist with a touch of cynicism, and, as a French critic has put it, a cynic is a sentimentalist turned inside out. Like Dr. Johnson and Voltaire, he is one of those men whose personalities were infinitely greater than their works are. I have not the slightest doubt that many of his pieces meant more to him than they ever meant to others. And herein lies something of the tragedy of his life. In order to give full expression to all that flitted through his brain, a man would need to be one of the world's greatest figures—a musical Dante, let us say. He walked in the Inferno many times, and painted highly coloured pictures of it in the rich hues of the orchestra. But failure, like a sinister shadow, seemed to dog his steps. Even after he became tolerably well known to intelligent musicians, something of the fame which he might legitimately have expected to win was withheld. Liszt with his symphonic poems and Wagner with his music-dramas set all tongues wagging, and Berlioz, who had done so much to make their achievements possible, was forgotten, if, indeed, he had ever been properly remembered by the public.

It is to be hoped that the present political conditions will encourage the musician to study Berlioz. Despite his faults, he is worth knowing. A genius is a genius by reason of that fraction of his personality which is different from that of other people. You can live with a violent revolutionary without knowing that he differs from you. Nine-tenths of most men are similar to nine-tenths of all the others. It is the odd tenth to which we owe poems and symphonies. In some the fraction of originality is larger. So was it with Berlioz. His visions, his dreams of humanity, his mental pictures of pain and triumph were part of the man. That is why he was so lonely and why he remains so unique in the gallery of the great musicians. If his imagination tortured him, the gain is ours. The best things come to us through sorrow. And if in examining his life and music we find something infinitely sad, we must look upon it philosophically. Man is but an episode, a brief intermezzo in the cosmic drama. It was, perhaps, this haunting thought that caused Berlioz, in his latter days, to look within himself and lay his treasures where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

The new volume in the "Wayfarers' Library," just issued by Messrs. Dent, is "The Black Watch," the first of a new section entitled "The Story of the Regiments." This book is not a reprint, but has been specially written by L. Cope Cornford and F. W. Walker for the series. It gives the history, together with the stories of the great deeds of this famous regiment, and contains a coloured frontispiece of the full dress of the regiment with the badge and flag. Other volumes will follow shortly.

Failure—and Farewell

TO fail is to fare well. It is a familiar paradox. But, true to the rule of rules, it is proved by its exception:

Men's hearts failing them for fear!

This is the one and only true failure—Fear. To fail for fear is to fail indeed. Fearless failure is sure success. The feet of success are "*washed in the blood of the heart.*"

To-day, failures are numberless as the whirling specks in the wake of vanishing wheels: and in this terrific era of wheels it would seem that truth itself has grown rapid and ruthless.

We are told that all which is *formal* and *academic* must pass out; that the "dead" languages must accept complete extinction; that their beautiful shades must cease to haunt us. We are finding it hard to know what "culture" means. Wherefore?

Because the spirit of "Kultur" has descended from silence to a babel . . . and from a babel to the roar of hell, where force drowns for ever the living power of the spoken word. The depths of falsity rend and bewilder a noble people. Into these depths the spirit of Kultur springs . . . fearless as a *Curtius*: we hear her wailing (yet sweet and triumphant): "Farewell"; and, faring well in failure, she shall prove herself immortal by the *bridging* of the gulf in years to be.

But fifteen years have floated over the head of the new century, and their message has been strangely unanimous. It is this:

Fare well by solidarity! Fare well by sympathy!
Link the talking world to the speechless thinking world.
Let the talkers cry for re-adjustment, and let the thinkers calmly re-adjust.
For the death of a dynasty is the liberation of its collective spirit.
In failing it fares well.

Now, with the fall of the blossom, we watch the forming fruit. Now the votaries of faith commemorate the Triumph of the Spirit.

Now, "after Whitsuntide," our Western World shall cast lots, and elect a new apostle.

The liar . . . the materialist . . . is once more passing, in his own Aceldama, to his own place.

Let us hasten to the forum of truth, for she is bringing from her treasury things new and old. The souls who failed her from fear pass to Helas, faring ill. But on Olympus the stars collect for a song. Apollo, as sponsor at the font of wisdom, lays the child of the old law and learning in the arms of a Future awaiting the Name!

BEATRICE S. AGNEL.

REVIEWS

An Overdose, and its Antidote

Bernard Shaw: The 20th Century Molière. By AUGUSTIN HAMON. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
Commonsense about the Shaw. By HAROLD OWEN. (Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE unqualified worship of a hero is never very pleasing to men of critical minds, and, though we should be far from applying the word "hero" to Mr. Shaw, the intense way in which M. Augustin Hamon regards him as an object for admiration becomes a little oppressive. To him, nearly everything Shaw writes, says, or thinks is perfection; what he wears, eats, and drinks is matter for serious interest; his "continuous flow of wit hardly ever palls," and we are treated once more to the hoary and wearisome anecdote of the man in the gallery at the first night of one of the plays. Shaw excels everybody; he is better than Ibsen, Mirbeau, Brioux; he is bracketed with Aristophanes; "like Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Diderot, the Encyclopædists, Proudhon, and the Socialist and Anarchist thinkers of the nineteenth century, Shaw marches boldly forwards towards a progressive future." We find constantly the fulsome comparison, the anything but critical contrast. "Plautus, Molière, Holberg, and Bernard Shaw, for example. . . ." "We see this in Plautus, Ben Jonson, Molière, Holberg, Le Sage, and Bernard Shaw. . . ." "In the work of Aristophanes, Plautus, Molière, Ben Jonson, Holberg, Le Sage, Beaumarchais, and Shaw we may note. . . ." M. Hamon is like a musical-box with only one air; he can only play the Shaw-tune, and the name brays in at the end of each list of famous dramatists with the persistence of a monotonous, cracked bell. It is irritating, and it is not criticism. There is some value for students in the analysis of the plots and the table of resemblances to Molière—but the author spoils his work by his attitude of grovelling adoration. Mr. Shaw is, or has been, a clever and entertaining playwright; but when his familiar states that "as the centuries pass the more complete will be the recognition of the power and the greatness of his work," we are tempted to throw the book aside impatiently. M. Hamon introduces himself, not too modestly, in a "dedicatory epistle" from which we gather that in France he is considered rather a "crank" on social reform; and this explains much of the gushing trend of the whole treatise.

As an antidote, we can highly recommend Mr. Owen's brilliant essay in the art of denunciation, and for once we have found a publisher's preliminary announcement absolutely correct; it is undoubtedly "the most spirited indictment and analysis of Mr. Shaw's controversial methods which has yet been written." Every page is pungent, and if the author of "Common Sense about the War" is not yet ashamed of that inept and untimely pamphlet, this book ought to penetrate

his armour of conceit. We are almost afraid to begin quoting, there is so much that is witty and pointed; but we give one passage as an example of Mr. Owen's vigorous and yet dignified protest:

He might have taken as his text not the hypocrisy of England, but the commonplace burglary of German soldiers—with an organised "War Prize Service" emptying Belgian houses of their furniture, clearing them from floor to garret like systematic brokers' men, and packing the loot off to the Fatherland; he might have written of the bare, trampled fields; the missing stolen cattle; the missing villages—wiped out, so that in some places you cannot tell where the church stood; of the women and old folk driven wandering among piles of disordered bricks, laughing in madness; of the underlinen sent by officers home to wives who will coquettishly wear the shameful loot; of babies being born to famished women lying on stone in devastated churches. There were a thousand texts for the humanitarian to preach from, to arm us with the faith to fight this war in a spirit to ensure that all wars might cease—to uplift our hearts for an immense task yet before us. But of these crimes, bringing misery to every man, woman and child in an innocent land, only a few dubious words from the humanitarian; and of the unspeakable and bloodier crimes: "there is no trustworthy evidence. . . ." Even the political crime would have yielded a large theme for him: to show that the burglarious outrage of Germany made every shot fired by her at the Belgian defenders a shot of sheer murder. . . . But the very straightforwardness of that theme—its common, humdrum, obvious human truth—disqualified it, of course, as a worthy theme for the gigantic intellect of the humanitarian Shaw. He will not let his feet tread the broad highway which others conscientiously plod. A "humanitarian," the intellectual company of his kind is not good enough for him; a "Socialist," he is anti-social to the core; a "democrat," he fights with tooth and claw to detach himself from the majority. All these things we by now understand and are prepared for. But, though scarcely prepossessed in his favour, I was not prepared to find that he, the most studious and implacable "humanitarian" we have, could have let pass the opportunity which bleeding Belgium gave him by writing thirty-five thousand words mainly to prove our "hypocrisy" and not sparing fifty in Belgium's pity.

It will be seen that Mr. Owen is concerned simply with one thing—Mr. Shaw's notorious pamphlet; and that he is well equipped to meet the author of it on his own ground. Mr. Owen is in a calm, dangerous mood, and we can only hope that his masterly exposure will be as widely read as the "Hun-convincing" nonsense (he will excuse our reproduction of his pardonable pun) which inspired it.

Mr. George Russell and the War

The Spirit of England. By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.
(Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S essays are always entertaining and charged with simple merits. He manages to find a text for many well-worn themes under the general title of "The Spirit of England," and if he

makes no material contribution to our knowledge of ourselves, he affords the opportunity for pleasant, healthful reflections on patriotism, religion, economy, the voice of the people, poetry, prejudice, and the thousand and one topics which the war has brought into our purview. "War, whatever else it does, opens John Bull's eyes to a wider vision"; it has also opened Mr. Russell's. No surer proof of the manner in which the mighty conflict in which we are now engaged has entered into the very soul of England could be given than the fact that he has been induced to discuss issues—mostly side issues—and to write with an almost stern conviction that Great Britain is fighting the fight of righteousness. It has even turned him to thoughts of his own pedigree and the part his ancestors have played in making England what she is. Needless to say there is no glorification of war, however righteous, in Mr. Russell's pages. "Boys," said Sherman to the West Point students, "you think war is all glory: I tell you it is hell," and no war ever came nearer to demonstrating that truth than has the present. Mr. Russell is happiest in such a passage as the following, in which he deals with the atrocities for which Nana Sahib was responsible:

The truth was bad enough in all conscience, and abundantly justified—nay, imperiously demanded—the stern and solemn punishment which followed it. England showed, not for the first or the last time, that she does not bear the sword in vain. But there was a prurient and lying spirit abroad that added to the truth a maddening tale of outrage and mutilation, which, before it could be proved baseless, transformed a righteous demand for punishment into a bestial passion of revenge. Those hateful falsehoods evoked from the depths of our nature the sombre and ferocious instincts which civilisation, which religion itself, can never wholly eradicate. Even the great Lord Shaftesbury fell a victim to the deceit, and, with all the emphasis which belonged to his exalted character, proclaimed what Sir George Trevelyan calls "the fables which it is our misfortune that we once believed, and our shame if we ever stoop to repeat."

But though England contained no nobler heart than Shaftesbury's, she contained wiser and cooler heads. In September, 1857, Lord Granville was writing to his friend the Governor-General, who, by his steady resistance to the cry for indiscriminate bloodshed, gained the glorious nickname of "Clemency Canning," and he thus reported a recent conversation at Balmoral: "The Queen and the Prince Consort take what I think the sensible view of the punishments—great severity for the real culprits; transportation where death is not required; great care to spare the innocent, women, and children, etc.; and *no Vandal destruction of towns, palaces, etc.*" I italicise these words in remembrance of Louvain.

Mr. Russell is an enemy of Militarism and Bureaucracy, as we all know; to him *vox populi vox Dei*. He is, however, glad that we have discovered Russia. "To-day John Bull is beginning to perceive, with a quaint surprise, the magnificent qualities of the race which he had learned from Palmerston to despise and from Beaconsfield to fear. . . . It is difficult for English Liberalism to admire autocracy, and we cling

to the hope that the East may yet learn from the West the art of self-government. But religion is itself a form of freedom, and if there is a portion of the globe where religion enters intimately into the daily life and habitual thought of the people, that portion is the Russian Empire." Truly, if Mr. Russell in any way represents the spirit of England on the Liberal side—and we think he does—the war has worked wonders. Only in one instance have we come across a sentence to which we might seriously demur. One of the old foes, with unpleasing face, he says, which may have to be fought in the interests of liberty is Militarism—"the spirit which aims at passing the whole nation through a barrack-room in order to efface the manly characteristics of independence and self-reliance, and to substitute for them the dog-like qualities of obedience and submission." That is an almost ideal way of misrepresenting the views of those who would have imposed universal service on England in order to combat militarism. However, we forgive Mr. Russell this lapse for the sake of what he has to say of the Bureaucratic bugbear, mainly the creation of his own Liberal friends, which threatens to cover the face of the whole earth with Inspectors, Commissioners, Rate Collectors, and detectives. In lighter vein are chapters on war and humour, and war and language. Even for the sake of the *Entente Cordiale* Mr. Russell objects to speaking of *serviette* when he means *napkin*, prefers a tight place to *impasse*, and approves the "Hell" of the private soldier to the "Inferno" of the officer. The book is peppered with gems of quotation.

Zealous Reformers

Quaker Women. By MABEL RICHMOND BRAILSFORD.
(Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE tracing of an analogy between the early Quakers and the present-day militant Suffragettes would seem to one with a knowledge of the former, gained mostly from tradition added to the usual small amount of history of the sect such as is contained in the ordinary text-books of the period, almost ridiculous. A gentle, kind people to be compared to the pushing, clamorous females assaulting policemen and generally making themselves offensive! Yet there is more than one kind of missionary zeal, and from the actions of some of the religious enthusiasts, who numbered among their members such fine characters as William Penn and George Fox, it would seem that many were inspired as much by a desire for their advertisement as for the cause they were supposed to represent. Seizing upon inspiration only, these fanatical people neglected a large part of the faith preserved for them for so many hundreds of years by the Church whose priests they now insulted and whose buildings they entered only to disturb the worship. Like a large number of Protestant reformers, it was upon the Old Testament that the Quakers based a great deal of their teaching; they were the people singled out to denounce others, the King even being refused the honour due to his station,

although upon any of their own little gathering who particularly pleased them they did not hesitate to shower phrases usually applicable to the Deity alone.

A nursing mother thou art who feeds the hungry with good things, but the fat with judgment, who kiles and slayes the liveinge and raises the dead. Judgment is comited into thy hands and Judgment thou gives to whom judgment belongs and marcy to whom marcy belongs. Power in heaven and in earth is given unto thee, thou glorious daughter of Sion.

So wrote Thomas Holme to Margaret Fell, and George Fox received communications in equally extravagant language.

Carrying their message to America, neither Elizabeth Hooton nor Mary Fisher received very tender handling from those who were in authority in New England, while the mission of the latter woman, a simple servant maid as she originally was, to the Grand Turk himself, proves that nothing daunted these zealous souls. Winning, as they did, the praise of friend and enemy for their fair and honourable dealing, the Quakers showed little tact in matters where diplomacy might have gained them friends and furthered their cause. They preferred rather to hurl denunciations at all who could or would not agree with their strict mode of life than to persuade with kindly words of sympathy.

In view of the later severity of the Quaker costume, it is worthy of note that Margaret Fell, a woman of good social standing, pleaded that young people should be dressed "in pleasing fashions," although this lady at the time she made her appeal was eighty-eight years old. Outward appearances, although of a different kind, were not altogether despised by others of the sect, for Elizabeth Hooton, when she went to London to lay a complaint before Charles II, recounts:

It came upon me to gett a coat of sackcloth, and it was plaine to me how I should have it. Soe we made that coat. And the next morning I were moved to goe amongst them again at Whitehall, in sackcloth and ashes.

Possibly the great contrast of this quaint person who claimed to be a "witness of God" to the gaily robed dames by whom the Merry Monarch was wont to surround himself was the cause of the King granting her a certificate to settle in any of the British Colonies.

Jane Stuart, a natural daughter of James II, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting of the notable group Miss Brailsford has collected and described with such interest and accuracy. The Stuarts were not in the habit of showering gifts and honours upon an illegitimate offspring of the female sex, or of providing her with a rich husband; consequently, little Jane was allowed in a great measure to lead her own life, and when, at her father's deposition, she determined to leave for ever the Court life she cared for so little, there was no one to interfere with her for shaping her own course. She betook herself to Wisbech, where she lived in obscurity among other Quakers for the remainder of her life. The author has rendered a good service to history in the carefully compiled record she has given us of these sometimes fanatical, sometimes admirable women.

Country Philosophy

Mrs. Green Again. By EVELYNE E. RYND. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

It is like breaking the butterfly upon the wheel to criticise seriously a book of this description. It is a brochure, a sweetmeat to be dealt with lightly and to afford an hour of idle amusement in the hammock or on the seashore. This no doubt it will give to many who will accept it on the surface and its many racy sayings without looking beneath at the structure or at the knowledge of country philosophy and philosophers which it reveals. Within the covers are laughs innumerable, shrewd humour, and an observation of men and events which might well lead to a book more worthy of the author's quite evident powers.

Our quarrel with it is that the character of Mrs. Green partakes too much of the nature of the composite pictures which were once the fashion, where in one face were depicted the virtues or the beauties of a hundred distinct and different types. Some knowledge of the district of which Miss Rynd writes, of its villagers, its sayings and doings, leads one in reading "Mrs. Green" into a strong feeling of disbelief in her possession of the powers of language and criticism with which she is so unswervingly credited. We do not believe that even her unlimited diet of *Daily Mail* would have endowed her with a vocabulary as varied and picturesque as the one she uses.

Our experience of the men and women of Kent is that, while language may flow readily and unceasingly, words are few, and many of those used in the book quite unknown to the class of the "char-lady." Again, the most intimate knowledge of the *Daily Mail* (which is the only literature she confesses to) wedded to the enormous capacity for the retention of village scandal that was Mrs. Green's *tour de force* would hardly give rise to the apt and pungent criticisms of the war which form the most solid portion of the book. Mrs. Green on the village is inimitable, a joy and a reality; Mrs. Green on politics is an anomaly, and consequently an irritation. The advice of the reviewer is like that of the friend: it is sometimes asked for but never taken; nevertheless, we venture to suggest that a village story, distributed among various characters and embellished with the local entourage and atmosphere that Miss Rynd so ably suggests, would have a much greater air of verisimilitude than this monologue, and be likely to live amongst the annals of village life. Nor is there a sphere at once so full of possibility and so neglected as this. The old village life of England is fast dying out. The features which once differentiated one part of the countryside from another are now becoming merged into a common type; the influence of the town and the cinema is destroying the individuality of the hamlet, and it is a loss to life and literature which is irreparable. Happy are they who can catch that spirit in the corners where yet it lingers and transcribe it in words or colour for the benefit of the unborn future.

Fiction

"GRIM-VISAGED WAR," the shock of arms, excursions and alarums, and the "Furor Teutonicus," otherwise the frightfulness of the modern Vandal, are the materials out of which Mr. W. H. Williamson has constructed his war-story "To Arms!" (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.). Historical novels are generally built around a long-ago past, but this one boldly deals with events no older than yesterday, the gruesome raids on Flanders, which he pictures with stirring realism. The sacking of Dinant and Louvain are here vividly described, together with the retreat from Mons and the fighting to the Rivers, and the desperate attacks of the Bavarians and the Prussian Guards, when the élite of the War Lord's armies became mere cannon fodder and billets for British bullets and bayonets. With this the author shows the enemy in all his brutality, his bravery, and his cleverness; but the reader will be more interested in the picture of valorous, patient Tommy Atkins, ever ready with a joke and a song in the midst of untold suffering as he champions the cause of righteousness and humanity. The story should prove a great help to recruiting if any writing can be, and we wish it could be put on the market at sixpence rather than six shillings.

"Behind the Thicket," by W. E. B. Henderson (Max Goschen, 6s.), as its title implies, is of the earth earthy, so long as we are in the company of the faun-like boy, Michael Repton, while he rambles through the woods and communes with Mother Earth and the rest of Nature. A child of the mist in a prosaic world, he arrests the reader's attention from the outset, and his sylvan fantasies have a sustained charm but little inferior to that of the famous forest scenes in "Abbé Muret's Transgression." With the exception of his sister Sylvia, a worldly young woman who elopes with a pianist and so meets with misfortune, the other characters and episodes are more likely to confuse than to interest the reader, and the elimination of several of them would have been an improvement.

Miss Ethel M. Dell, who achieved a well-merited success with her first novel, "The Way of an Eagle," bids fair to become one of our most popular lady story-tellers. "The Keeper of the Door" (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) will not detract from the reputation she has deservedly won, though it is not, perhaps, quite up to the level of her initial success, to which it is in some respects a sequel. Nick Ratcliffe, the hero of the earlier work, figures again; so does Max Wyndham from "The Rocks of Valpré"; but the story is quite one apart, and can be read and enjoyed without previous knowledge of the other two. Comedy and melodrama provide the sustaining interest, especially the latter, when India is reached, with opium-poisonings, a man-eating tiger, and a native revolt. Miss Dell has created a rather new type of story, with an ugly hero as chief attraction; her witty dialogue never fails to amuse, and her somewhat brutal male characters and docile women possess originality.

Shorter Notices

A Nun of Ypres

An enclosed nun, unless she be of a wonderfully sympathetic disposition and takes great interest in the lives of the few persons from the outside world with whom she comes into contact, must necessarily have a limited outlook with regard to things in general. And as "D. M. C.," the writer of "The Irish Nuns at Ypres" (Smith, Elder and Co., 2s. 6d. net), does not appear to have been greatly interested in anything beyond the daily routine of her beloved monastery—now unfortunately a ruin—the book contains no vivid description or fresh details with regard to Ypres, the home of this Order. The book purports to be about the lives of the nuns, and about them it is; but a religious community surely exists for other things than its own welfare and pleasure—even when that pleasure consists of many and early Masses and other religious services. Yet little is said about the sufferings of those outside the Order; claimants for a night's shelter or a day's food are not turned away, but the reader gathers that succour was given out of the kindness of heart of the Abbess, not because it was the special privilege of certain holy women to succour the helpless, to feed the hungry. When the Germans had succeeded in repulsing the Allies, it was not the thought of the probable sufferings of the already severely tried citizens or of the hopeless refugees who would lose their poor but valued belongings which disturbed the ladies of the convent, but the knowledge that they would be deprived of some of the outward forms of their religious consolations. However, all who read the story of the terrible destruction of the monastery—the home of the Order for 250 years—must feel sorrow for the Sisters forced to abandon all they held dear and find a refuge in another land, although England, to which they came, was only too glad to give them shelter. They, with other inhabitants of the country which felt the first and fiercest blast of the war, must be looking and watching anxiously to know when there is likely to be the slightest possibility of a return to the land they still regard as home, and it is to be hoped that the profits derived from the sale of the book will help towards that end.

A Scientist and Mystic

The value of such a book as "The Magic of Experience," by H. Stanley Redgrove (Dent, 2s. 6d.), lies in its fine encouragement in these troublous and depressing days. In three divisions, entitled "Idealism," "Mysticism," and "The Nature and Criteria of Truth," the author covers ground which is usually fenced about for the unwary with innumerable metaphysical and philosophical terms, touching upon the ideas of Bishop Berkeley with a higher regard to their value than is often the case, and proceeding to discuss, with a decided leaning to Swedenborg, deeper problems—such as the conflict between mysticism and reason. He defends intuition, and the inward consciousness of spiritual truth, quite naturally, and, as a scientist himself, draws some fascinating illustrations of the possibility of "absolute" truth from the properties of the hyperbola and its asymptotes—the lines which continually approach but can never conceivably meet. It is not an easy matter to explain this to those untrained in mathematics, but Mr. Redgrove does it, we think, admirably. Rarely shall we find such an assertion as this coming from a confessed mystic: "Rationality or reason is the sole criterion of truth: a statement

is true if it is rational; it is not true if it is irrational." This might make a splendid theme for debate; but, however we regard it, it is just this combination of the scientist and the visionary which makes the charm of the book. Mr. Redgrove is an excellent guide along some very difficult ways in which a good many "blind leaders of the blind" have become hopelessly lost.

MOTORING

HOLIDAY touring this summer will, for obvious reasons, be confined to Great Britain, and no doubt many motorists who do not consider it necessary to dispense entirely with their annual vacation are already making their arrangements. It may be useful to remind such that many of the hotels in various parts of the country are fully occupied by officers engaged in training troops, whilst others have had their accommodation commandeered for wounded and convalescent soldiers from the front. It is most advisable, therefore, that hotel arrangements be made well in advance of arrival at the towns included in the itinerary. In normal times, as is generally known among those in the motoring world, the Automobile Association issues to its members an up-to-date and reliable list of hotels, with their charges, nature and extent of accommodation, etc., but the changed conditions resulting from the war have naturally made it impossible to do so this year. Nevertheless, members of the A.A. and M.U. in need of advice or assistance on such matters have only to communicate with the Head Offices of the Association, or any of the branch offices, to obtain all possible help and available information regarding the choice of hotels for the holidays. It should be borne in mind also that many of the A.A. roadside sentry-boxes containing telephones are still in operation, and that these telephones can be used for local calls free of charge, when it is desired to ring up hotels en route.

The secretary of the A.A. and M.U. would be glad if members would make it generally known among their motoring friends who are also members that many of the articles occasionally lost from cars are recovered by the Association through its patrols, and that every week there is a collection of such property awaiting identification by owners. In some instances members have benefited in this direction to the extent of several times the amount of their annual subscription, by recovering, through the Lost Property Department of the A.A., such valuable articles as spare wheels fitted with new covers and tubes, etc. This reminder is necessary because of the fact that many members, after losing property on the roads, seem to forget that the A.A. possesses these facilities for collecting, and restoring to owners, lamps, tyres, tubes, accessories, luggage and other items dropped from cars on the road. When an article is missed during a journey it is advisable to stop and inform the next road patrol of the loss, as the earlier the intimation, the better the chance of quick recovery.

Tourists travelling, or likely to travel, in Kent,

Surrey, Sussex, Wilts, Dorset, or Hampshire will do well to obtain a copy of the map which has just been specially prepared by the Automobile Association. The map clearly indicates the location of the roads in the above-mentioned counties which have been damaged by the heavy military traffic, and its utility has already been much appreciated by members who have had occasion to travel in the districts covered. A copy will be sent by return of post to any A.A. member on application to the head offices of the Association, London, or to any of the branch offices in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

The Theatre

"The Day Before the Day"

FOR all that we receive at the St. James's Theatre we are, generally speaking, truly thankful; but we left its classic portals after seeing this new clumsily named play with very mixed feelings. It will hardly be believed, but Sir George Alexander has placed upon his usually well-conducted stage a real, florid, blood-and-thunder melodrama, with spies, villains, beautiful maiden in distress, hero triumphant, and plenty of pistols (so many that we gave up counting) all complete. Needless to say, there is no part here for "G. A."—he remains unseen, enjoying tremendously, we suppose, the little joke he has sprung upon his patrons.

To attempt to tell the full story of the plot would tax our memory and the reader's patience. Mysterious telegrams arrive, and are read slowly to the audience in the dear old way; several letters also, scented with musk—aha! Mysterious appointments are kept by the harrowed heroine (Miss Grace Lane), who has been engaged—*ante bellum*—to Max von Ardel, "an officer in the Prussian Guards." So runs Act I. In Act II we are introduced to a nest of German spies on the East Coast, into whose confidence a German-American, Mr. Schindler (Mr. A. B. Imeson) has been taken—and very sorry for himself he looks. Captain Guy Howison, finely acted by Mr. Lyn Harding, intent on foiling their game, strolls in with a terrific American accent and provides some comic relief; he is regarded with suspicion, bound and gagged, and left stunned while the others retire. Act III sees him recovering, and freeing himself by reaching ingeniously for a tool-bag and other necessities with the aid of tables and chairs placed within convenient distance. The Officer of the Prussian Guards (Mr. Gerald Lawrence) appears, having landed in a submarine; Howison, now free, lurks in a shadowy corner; the lady also comes; Max von Ardel hands her the scheme for an invasion of England—on conditions which may be imagined; at the right moment the gallant Captain leaps from his corner (von Ardel having been careful not to switch on *all* the lights), throttles and binds the villain, and walks off with him, after some by-play with a tin case supposed to con-

tain plans for the invasion *and* high explosives. In the last Act, at a reception in Hampstead where conspirators good and bad are to meet, at least half a dozen revolvers are drawn at one noisy interlude, and we hoped that everybody was going to shoot everybody else and so finish, after the familiar analogy of the Kilkenny cats. But the lady is merely chloroformed. Assisted by the repentant Mr. Schindler, she recovers, and confesses to the assembled members of the British Secret Intelligence Department that she shot her former lover in the wood where he had been deposited, bound and gagged—shot him "three times!" Her brother, a soldier (Mr. Hesketh Pearson) who has disowned her, forgives her at this cheering item of news; Colonel Wallingford (Mr. Dawson Millward) beams on her—he seems to have a great deal of responsibility with regard to the invasion for a colonel; Captain Howison says, "I love you"; the four spies are sent off with gentle hints from brandished revolvers; and all is well.

We may not have arranged this amazing conglomeration of events in precisely the correct order, but it gives an outline of the proceedings. To us, dazed and sorrowful, it seemed quite pathetic to see the talents of such artists as Mr. Millward, Mr. Owen Nares, Mr. Frederick Ross, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Nigel Playfair, and others (Miss Stella Campbell, too, among the ladies) wasted on this "new drama," which might in fact be a parody of the most lurid piece to be found beyond the bridges. It had moments of amusement, for, as ever, those who interpret a play at this theatre must be the best and do their best; but, if it is necessary to be topical, Mr. C. B. Fernald, the author of the crude and valueless thing, has gone the wrong way to work. We look forward to the time when Sir George Alexander will once more charm us by his own acting in a piece which he feels worthy of his own art and that of the talented company he invariably secures.

W. L. R.

The City

THE news from the Russian frontier, the advance on the East front, and the declaration of war by Italy have induced a more hopeful feeling generally in City circles, though as an offset there is Mr. Lloyd George's retirement from the Treasury. Mr. McKenna from the financial point of view is an unknown quantity, and the great houses were very anxious that there should be continuity. On the Stock Exchange the business is small but the tone is fairly good, with a steady demand for recent issues of Colonial Scrip. Victorian, South African, Queensland and East Indian are all up, with stock reported scarce. Canadian Pacifics on better advices from New York are in some request, as are Argentines, both consequently being quoted higher. The South African market is firm, and the only real weakness noticeable is in German and Prussian stock. Oils are steady with small changes for and against holders; Rubbers are holding their own, and Tea shares, with certain exceptions like Assam, are better.

Rubber companies which have done better than or even as well as optimism anticipated in the last year or two are

rare. One of them is the Batavia Plantation Investments. The prospectus, in September, 1912, foreshadowed crops of 316,390 lbs. in 1914 from the estates, and the directors considered 15 per cent. dividend per annum could be maintained. With rubber slumping this was a courageous forecast, but it has been more than borne out. Dividends have been paid, free of income tax (£6,497 having been set aside to defray it), and it is now proposed, after payment of a final dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (making 15 per cent. for the year), to carry forward £6,064, in place of £1,407 brought in. The profits earned in the year were £33,563 (an increase of £5,618), despite the extra allowance of over £900 for income tax. Reasonable capitalisation, economy of working and a richly productive soil account for this success.

The City Life Assurance Company is to be congratulated on the manner in which it has come out of the ordeal of last year. Its total income was £172,471. New policies numbering 31,054 were issued, assuring £583,999, representing an annual premium income of £25,370. In the ordinary branch 1,491 policies were issued assuring £178,748, at new annual premiums of £7,283. The premium income of the industrial branch was £30,586. The claims, including surrenders, which arose during the year in the various departments, amounted to £86,178, of which the life account ordinary accounted for £22,354, life account industrial for £10,680, bond investment account for £41,234, and the mortgage redemption account for £11,910. The dividend is at the rate of 3 per cent. on the Preferred shares, as before, the directors wisely keeping steadily in view the importance of building up reserves against contingencies.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR LIMBLESS SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Having recently, through the courtesy of the Press, been able to make known the urgent need of Convalescent Hospitals for those who have lost their limbs in the war, we beg to inform your readers that Roehampton House (near London) has been acquired and will shortly be opened for this purpose, and that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has generously offered Dover House (almost adjoining) for the use of officers. These houses together are capable of accommodating about 300 cases.

Her Majesty Queen Mary has graciously consented to the hospitals being named "Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals," and has given a donation of £200.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra has graciously extended her patronage to the scheme, and in sending a donation of £100 writes: "I am delighted to see you are taking up a subject which I have very much at heart—our disabled sailors and soldiers to be kept in chosen convalescent auxiliary hospitals until well enough to earn their own living—officers included."

The First Lord of the Admiralty and Field-Marshal the Secretary of State for War have signified their approval by becoming presidents.

The following committee has been formed: The Viscountess Falmouth; Mrs. Lewis Harcourt; Lady Lloyd; Lady Hamilton, Lady Henderson; Mrs. Gwynne Holford; the Duke of Portland, K.G.; the Rt. Hon. Lord St. Davids; Admiral Sir James Bruce, K.C.M.G.; Surgeon-General Sir Arthur Wm. May, D.G., C.B., R.N.; Major-General Sir Charles Crutchley, K.C.V.O.; Major-

General Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B.; Surgeon-General M. W. Russell, D.D.G., A.M.S.; Colonel J. Magill, C.B., representing the British Red Cross Society.

It is distressing to see the condition of these limbless men, many of them mere lads—with all their life before them—and with an outlook on their future more than sad. But hope and confidence return when they are assured that practical steps are being taken for their welfare.

At these convalescent hospitals our brave men will be cared for until they have recovered their strength and nerve; and, having learned to use their artificial limbs, they will again be capable of taking up employment in the form best suited to each individual. Working in conjunction with other Societies, every effort will be made to fit the men to earn their own living in the future.

To enable this urgent work to proceed without delay grants have been made by the National Relief Fund and the Red Cross Society. But we need a large sum in addition for the equipment, rent, and maintenance of the hospitals. It is for these gallant men—Sons of our Empire—that we earnestly appeal for funds to carry out the work efficiently. £50 will maintain for a year a bed to be named after the donor, and it is hoped that donations of this amount will be forthcoming from many quarters—including industrial firms—to secure the provision of county beds, beds for naval, military, and aircraft units, and also for men from our Overseas Dominions.

Communications and donations should be addressed to C. H. Kenderdine, Esq. (marked "Auxiliary Hospital"), at St. Stephen's House, Westminster, who will be pleased to answer all inquiries.

Yours obediently,

KATHLEEN FALMOUTH,

M. E. GWYNNE HOLFORD.

2, St. James's Square, S.W.

22, Wilton Street, S.W.

May 19, 1915.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Payment.* By R. Allatini. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
Summer Friendships. By Dorothy Muir. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
Vainglory. By A. A. R. Firbank. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
In Gentlest Germany. By Hun Svedend (E. V. Lucas and George Morrow). (John Lane. 1s. net.)
The Magic of Experience. By H. S. Redgrove, B.Sc. (Dent. 2s. 6d. net.)
The World's Cotton Crops. By John A. Todd, B.L. (A. and C. Black. 10s. net.)
Labour Unrest. By G. E. Toogood. (A. Brown and Sons. 6d. net.)

WAR BOOKS.

- Peace and War in Europe.* By Gilbert Slater, M.A., D.Sc. (Constable and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
Sixty American Opinions on the War. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)
India and the War. With an Introduction by Lord Sydenham. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.)

FICTION.

- "*Fall In!*" By J. P. Molyneux. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
The Pagans. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Fraser. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

PERIODICALS.

- Asiatic Review; The Round Table.*



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Notes of the Week

The War and Diplomacy

IT is impossible to make out quite what is happening in the neighbourhood of Przemyśl. The fortress is wellnigh invested by the Austro-German forces. But there is a great deal in the "well-nigh." At the moment when the Germans and Austrians are loudly proclaiming their victory, Russia has apparently delivered counter-strokes which are likely to have far-reaching effects. With Italy pushing on steadily into Austrian territory and with the French and British hammering relentlessly at the German positions in the West, it is hardly likely that sufficient corps can be available to drive home the enemy advantage. French progress at Ablain and Souchez is substantial; reinforcements will shortly have to be rushed across Germany from the East, and then Russia will advance once more. So the see-saw, hopelessly distracting one would imagine to the German Staff, goes on. The British have also gained ground at La Bassée. This week the long-promised visit to London has been made by one or more Zeppelins. Ninety bombs were dropped, four people were killed, and a certain amount of damage was done to property. The submarines have sent another American vessel to the bottom. And we are still waiting to learn what America proposes to do to stop or punish these outrages. Germany's answer to the American Note concerning the sinking of the *Lusitania* is an obvious effort to gain time. She contends that the *Lusitania* was armed. America knows better. Germany seems to hold American intelligence as cheap as she holds American lives.

Wicked Italy

Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg is finely German. His wrath with Italy is great, and he moved the Reichstag to enthusiasm by rhetorical fireworks intended for consumption in Germany's own back garden. The Roman Candle display has impressed no one outside the domestic circle. Italy refused to accept the assurances of

Berlin. Monstrous! Her statesmen "have no right to measure the trustworthiness of other nations in the same proportions as they measured their own loyalty to a treaty." It may safely be said they did not. They had taken Germany's measure after years of close association, and performance not promise was what they wanted. A Bethmann Hollweg, the author of the "scrap of paper" theory, lecturing Italy on the sacredness of treaties in any case is a spectacle for the gods. A Crippen denouncing the wickedness of murder would deserve as patient a hearing. And how noble was the bearing of this great tribune of an iron-ruled people in face of a late ally's duplicity. "Do they wish to conquer the German Tyrol? Hands off!"

The Kaiser's Great Exemplar

Mr. Ellis Barker, than whom no man has done more to educate an unwilling public to the reality of the German menace, has a very remarkable article in the *Nineteenth Century*, on Frederick the Great and William II. The extracts he gives from Frederick's political testaments, memoirs and secret correspondence, many of them hitherto unpublished in England, bear an amazing family likeness to speeches, documents and events for which the Kaiser is responsible. Prussia is a striking example of the inability of the leopard to change his spots. Frederick began his marauding career against Silesia; William II his against Belgium. Duplicity, corruption and espionage were practised in the most unblushing way, and on the most colossal scale, and when a continent was in arms against him, Frederick prated of his innocent motives and of the wicked designs of his enemies. The parallel is perfect, but there is another parallel which must not be allowed. We are told why and how Europe did not succeed in crushing Prussia 160 years ago. There must be no repetition of the failure now. In the illuminating dip into history which Mr. Barker enables us to take, we find nothing more worthy of note than Frederick's admission that after Kunersdorf he was at the mercy of the Russians, who failed to drive home their victory. They were content to have beaten him in a battle when they should have given him the *coup de grace*. The article is one to read and ponder over.

Can We Forget?

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will clearly have to reckon with Dr. Lyttelton. Precisely the extent to which he would humiliate Germany on account of the many crimes she has committed we do not know, but he is so thoroughly incensed by her foul methods of warfare that he will henceforth have no sort of relationship with anything German. In a brochure he has prepared on the treatment of British prisoners of war in Germany he says: "It has always been a characteristic of the British people that they have been ready, and even eager, to make friends with their enemy after a war. But it cannot be so, and it should not be so, in the case of the Germans. Never again in our time will a German visitor be welcome in our country. Never again should our students of music flock to Dresden; of art to Leipzig and Munich; or our

invalids to the over-rated spas of the Fatherland." We think Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is entirely justified in taking up such a line. His words will be echoed in tens of thousands of British homes. But will the resolution long outlive the hour of peace? Britons are not good haters, and it will probably be found that we shall forgive even though we cannot forget. For the sake of civilisation it would be well if we could take a solemn pledge to make Prussia at least, a pariah among the nations for a generation to come.

Converts to Conscription

Many illusions have been shattered by the war. It is said that one old woman this week, just after the Zeppelins had dropped their bombs, shouted from her window: "What did Lord Roberts tell you?" That old woman was a symbol. Doubtless she, with most of her kind, a year ago regarded Lord Roberts as a crank. Men and women have shed many prejudices in the last six months, but that some learn nothing and forget nothing is proved by the formation of a fanatic body called the No Conscription Fellowship. If the common sense of men like Mr. Harold Cox and Sir West Ridgeway permeated Great Britain to-day we should be stages nearer the goal. Both put their past behind them, and now admit the desirability of compulsory service. Sir West Ridgeway would confine it to home defence; Mr. Harold Cox demands that every young man be required at once to present himself at the nearest recruiting station. If only such views could have prevailed even five years ago!

Official History as it is Written

Correspondents who have had an opportunity of seeing Germany recently are agreed that her people are still confident of victory. Their optimism is now explicable. Germany is allowed by the official historian to learn only of successes, and is kept in the dark as to reverses. A writer like Dr. Sven Hedin produces a big book covering the period of the Marne, and three lines are devoted to it as though it were of no consequence. Now we have a special correspondent of the *Daily Graphic* in Bale who has taken the trouble to investigate the puzzling question of Germany's faith in final victory. He has secured copies of the official records of events from Germany, France, and Great Britain. The result is a revelation. Here is the German General Staff's reference to the Marne in forty-five words, given on September 14:

On our Western front violent combats of which the result is up to the present undecisive have taken place. On the right wing of our army a French attempt to force our lines has been victoriously repulsed. On no points are there any decisive results.

All told, there are sixty-one lines of print devoted to a crisis to which the British and French gave as many pages; and to improve matters, lest the British and French versions should get through, the German Foreign Office categorically denounced stories of German defeats as pure inventions. What, one wonders, will be the reckoning in Germany when the truth becomes known?

Aftermaths—IV

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN THE PACIFIC.

THE strain of a world-war is testing every link in the chain of human activity. Amongst European nationalities the Spanish alone would appear to be placed geographically beyond the pale of its contagion, yet even in Spain the fierce tonic of fighting on the side of sane ideals begins to appeal to the best instinct, the ripest intellect of the nation. The world is in a blaze from end to end. The whole of the northern continent of America will probably be shortly involved, and the amorphous vastness of the Mongol race is now stretching its limbs, awakening to the star of conflict. Thus it is that—

The tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

It is better a thousand times that the issue be faced now than that the dire insanity of kultur should be permitted sullenly to gather its forces until these attain an overwhelming degree of virulence. Better than this, the ultimate dominance of the brute, would it be that human existence, with all its marshalled forces, all its potentialities, should be swept away and cease to be, for the triumph of German kultur involves a deification of bestiality, a dethronement of every attribute by which men have in the past risen above the level of the panther.

How will the coming redistribution of power affect the balance of the Pacific? Many travellers from the Far East predict that the Japanese are developing an incipient Teutonism, that the degraded maxims of that accursed system are in Japan beginning to breed a fresh chimera of the familiar type. They tell us that the Chinese, in spite of the quaint topsy-turvydom of some of their ideas, are more amenable to the straightforward methods of the Britisher than are their yellow rivals. They say that Japan is but waiting her chance to spring at the throat of China, to drag her down as a cheetah, stalking some shy creature of the woods, brings him to the ground, huge as his comparative bulk may be. In spite of much that is profoundly disquieting, there is a good deal which inspires hope for the future. Japan is the ally of Great Britain. China our traditional friend. The whirligig of time has convinced the Chinese that we have no desire to see their territory in the melting-pot. Our relations with their Government are elementarily clear. We claim and desire equality for commercial enterprise, the opportunity to sow without hindrance the seeds to which we attribute national regeneration. In a word, we stand for the open trade door and Western ideals. The United States Government and France follow in these particulars in our track. Germany stands for the savagery of the mailed fist, a savagery naked and unashamed; Japan looks across the narrow seas and dreams of conquest or peaceful penetration. Will she seek a pretext for stirring a new struggle and perhaps

winning her way by Eastern Créçys and Agincourts? Future history must say. Probably the restraining counsel of Great Britain and more potently still the new ideals of the West, which are permeating the East with astounding rapidity, will check this dangerous movement and in the issue prevent the ghastly spectacle of the Mongol races at deadly grapple one with the other. The leaven of Christian ideal is undoubtedly spreading like a forest fire throughout the East. That in many respects it will assume novel aspects is pretty certain. Those who confound in its teaching the fleeting and accidental with the vital and elemental do harm to the cause they profess to serve. If a truly great prophet of idealism were to arise to-day in Japan, preaching scorn of materialism, probably he would sway the entire people into a new orbit. That the hour should bring the seer seems the best hope of the Eastern world, which has ever been dominated by abstract conceptions and occult philosophies.

One thing is certain. The German flag is hauled down for good in China. The lavish expenditure in Shantung is one insignificant entry in the accounts of that well-nigh bottomless pit of *débâcle* which she has to face.

A map of the islands of the Pacific resembles nothing so much as a scrap of the chart of the heavens. Islands, atolls, and ringed lagoons are scattered broadcast over the mysterious immensity of that region. To how many a man, weary with the puzzle of life as we see it under grey skies, has come the call of an untrammelled existence, lapped in by unfathomed blue around and overhead?

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

So sang the neurotic hero of Locksley Hall. Thus too doubtless came the vision to Robert Louis Stevenson when, under the compelling force of ill-health, he retired like a hermit to make a home in Samoa. The International Commissioners appointed by Great Britain, Germany, and the United States under the Convention of 1900 allotted this group of islands to Germany. The United States, by the same Convention, secured the Island of Tutuila, with its great natural harbour as a prospective naval base. Great Britain acquired no fresh territory, but merely the right to hold undisturbed what already belonged to her. It is strange how in the past exigency has forced our administrators unwillingly to take over scattered possessions in remote corners of the world. The course of events has been normally somewhat as follows: First have come our explorers, often snubbed for acting in direct defiance of the home authorities. These men have brought back nine-day stories of wonderlands beyond seas, and their reports have thereafter been allowed to grow dusty in the archives of societies and books of travel. Then it has often happened that the inhabitants of the distant lands have themselves begged the British Government to bring them under the security of the Union Jack.

Time after time such aspirations have been rebuffed. We were represented fifty or sixty years ago by a breed of administrators who held that the British nation had already swallowed more tracts of empire than it could digest. Meantime, trade and the open door have attracted the representatives of other nationalities. Complications have begun to threaten, perhaps the natives have been treated with barbarity or some established route of commerce has become endangered. Then tardily and with bad grace, under the pressure of international exigencies and thus exciting the maximum of friction, our home authorities have seen fit to annex that which before they could have obtained not only without opposition, but by the mutual desire of all concerned. That has been the sequence of events over and over again, and notably so in respect of islands of the Pacific. The story of the advent and penetration of British control in the Pacific reads like a fairy-tale. An admirable paper by Sir Everard im Thurn, recently read before the Royal Geographical Society, and entitled "European Influence in the Pacific, 1513-1914," furnishes a masterly review of the subject. He sums up the international situation in these words: "I need hardly say that I assume that the expulsion of Germany as a ruling Power from the Pacific is final."

An Old-Time Admiral

THE sinking of the *Triumph* by a German submarine is only one of many incidents which remind us of the difference in naval warfare to-day and that of the old time. The *Triumph* calls up thoughts of a predecessor associated with the career of that brave, indomitable old sea-dog whose name will for ever be connected with that of Nelson, his friend and comrade. His fame is perhaps rather overshadowed by that of the hero of Trafalgar, but when we come to separate the two we find that the lesser man, the subordinate captain, has no small right to a national glory.

Cuthbert Collingwood was a North-countryman, born at Newcastle on September 26, 1750. For some years his experience of the Navy was limited to vessels in home waters, but in 1774, after two years spent on the Portsmouth guardship, he sailed for Boston on board the *Preston*, under the command of Vice-Admiral Samuel Graves. His lieutenancy came through his services at the historic Bunker's Hill, in the following year, and soon afterward he joined the war-sloop *Hornet* and voyaged in her to the West Indies. From about 1777 the name of Nelson must occur frequently in any account of his career; Nelson's promotions at this period seem to have been made just at the psychological moment for young Collingwood, and it has been said that influence rather than merit was at the bottom of the lieutenant's succession of commands. However that may be, the powers behind were justified in the light of later events. Step by step he mounted, until, after commanding the *Badger* and the *Hinchin-*

broke (variously spelt Hinchbrook), and after many vicissitudes of illness, wreck, and adventures which were doubtless not all uncongenial, he found himself captaining a frigate of 64 guns, the *Sampson*, in 1782. From that ship he transferred to the *Mediator*, and then, at the age of thirty-six, Collingwood decided to taste for a while the more peaceful joys of family life, having scarcely seen his own people since his start on the Shannon frigate at the modest age of eleven; he passed the next three years in Northumberland. One expedition to the West Indies intervened, and then he returned to the homeland to marry.

He served, from first to last, on a remarkable number of ships. In 1793 he commanded the *Prince*; in 1794 he was on the *Barfleur*, and took part in the celebrated engagement of June 1; a short time on the *Hector* followed, and in 1795 he joined the *Excellent* and began to make history. It was on February 14, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent, that Collingwood and the gallant *Excellent* achieved their preliminary burst of fame. In that notable attack two fine Spanish war-ships struck their colours to this intrepid leader; a third was put out of action, and then, as though his thirst for glory was unslaked, a fourth—a huge four-decker—was tackled. She had the luck of the wind, however, and escaped out of range; but enough had been accomplished to prove Collingwood's mettle and to mark him as a stern and tough fighter, fit to carry the English flag and defend it to the death. Nelson wrote to him on the next day, referring to his "most noble and gallant conduct in sparing the captain from further loss." "I beg," continued the letter, "both as a public officer and a friend, you will accept my most sincere thanks." No small honour this; but very bluff and sailor-like was Collingwood's reply: "It added very much to the satisfaction which I felt in thumping the Spaniards that I released you a little." "His conduct in this engagement," says one writer, "was the theme of universal admiration throughout the Fleet, and greatly advanced his fame as a naval officer." For this, with other captains, he received a gold medal, also a belated one for a previous battle.

After the end of his service on the *Excellent*, which remained off Cadiz till December, 1798, Collingwood was made Rear-Admiral; in 1799 he had the *Triumph* for his flagship, in 1800 the *Barfleur*, in the Channel Fleet. He became Vice-Admiral in 1804, and in the succeeding year we find him once more in co-operation with Nelson at the gate of the Mediterranean. Here the fates gave him his great opportunity; under Lord Nelson, he led with the *Royal Sovereign* half the British Fleet through one of the world's most memorable sea-fights—Trafalgar. This is not the place to enter into a description of the battle: every schoolboy is familiar with its general plan and progress. Nelson is said to have remarked, as he watched the vessel manœuvring into the thick of it, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" And Collingwood is reputed to have said, as he charged down on the crescent of the enemy, "What would

Nelson give to be here?" He closed in with the flagship so terribly that she almost struck before the other British men-of-war arrived. Nelson's death, just as victory was assured, gave the command to Collingwood, and, although controversies have raged round his tactics and behaviour after his chief was dead—controversies which can never be satisfactorily settled—it seems certain that he well and truly earned the honours that now fell to him. He was created Baron Collingwood, received a pension of £2,000 per annum for life, Parliament thanked him, and the Duke of Clarence presented him with a sword.

With the *Ocean* as flagship he continued to worry the Spanish coasts till June, 1807. A brief excursion to the Dardanelles ensued—the Turk, as ever, being troublesome—and then he reappeared in the Mediterranean, where, through misunderstanding (some have hinted at mismanagement) he allowed the French fleet to elude his own eager squadron. From this time onward little of note occurs in the life of the Admiral. A brush with a couple of French ships of the line, in October, 1809, was his final exploit. Early in the following year he realised that his health was rapidly failing, and he represented strongly to the Government that a substitute should be found for him. The Government, refusing his request for relief, possibly not fully cognisant of his dangerous state, urged him to remain at the post of duty, and paid him the highest compliment that a sailor could conceivably desire—stating that his country could not spare him. He sailed for home, however, in the hope of recuperation and recovery, on March 3, 1810, but was destined not to see his native land again. Having spent nearly all his years at sea, he died at sea as night fell on the 7th, and England lost one of her heroes.

Amid many conflicting opinions we may distinguish the man himself as kind, charitable, virtuous, and a thorough gentleman, an apt predecessor of the British naval heroes of to-day; inferior to Nelson in tactical genius, but a magnificent seaman and a patriot to the core; his failure to encounter the opposing fleet in those latter days is said to have hastened his death. He rests well, with his old Admiral and comrade, among the silences and murmuring echoes of St. Paul's: his battles are over, but will never be forgotten by those who love to trace back to personality and individual courage the fame of those glorious days.

On Memory

DURING recent years there has been a great access of interest in all departments of psychology as well as in matters of physical science, an interest intensified by the knowledge of the interdependence of the two, and added to by the philosophic teaching of Bergson, a cult which has spread rapidly through many circles and penetrated into more than one class of society.

Nothing ever yields more interest to humanity than

the study of man, his marvellously simple but intricate physical structure, and the never-ending field for speculation and extension of knowledge residing in the invisible "ego" which dominates all his actions and emotions. Soul and spirit, mind and body, have all in their turn been placed beneath the lens of the savant, the whole trend of science at this day showing how inextricably and completely their working and their uses are blended in one harmonious whole.

Of all the wonders of that complex being we know as man, none is more baffling than the act of memory—the tracing of its seat to the mental or physical structure, its working, the way in which it is called into action, and the function it performs in relation to life. The old theory that it is an automatic process, the photographing upon the brain of a continuous series of pictures, there to be stored like honey of the bees in cells of seemingly inexhaustible extent and called on for use in time of need—an unconscious subjective action of the mind, distinct from any effort of the will on the part of the individual—is supplanted by a theory of quite different character.

In the belief of modern psychologists we are possessed of two distinct lives—the physical and spiritual—that run their course co-operatively. As far as we can see at present, neither can exist without the co-ordination of the other; but the spiritual life has an added power—it can reproduce itself, its sensations and perceptions, without any assistance from the visible world that is apparently the keynote of our physical being. According to this theory, memory is not the recalling of sensations or sounds already registered by the brain, but is an actual living again by volition of the will of a phase of life whose vibrations have already been felt in the sensitive brain centres. This would make memory in its degree a creative instinct like imagination. In the exercise of the latter, which we recognise as a spiritual gift, the artist, or poet, or musician, lives for the time being in the work he is composing; it is his child, an integral part of himself, born in the spiritual flame and expressed through the medium of the brain in words or sound or colour.

So, according to the Bergson theory, the act of memory springs not from the brain—the mind—but from the spirit, that higher controlling power which works through the brain even as the brain directs all action. It is a fascinating theory, and adds enormously to that conception of the spiritual element in life, quite distinct from matter and its correlative experiences, which is growing in the minds of those who add insight to knowledge. Some few years ago the grey matter of our brain was held responsible for all experiences, mental and psychic, normal and abnormal, which we encounter in the course of existence.

There are few who have thought for themselves about those baffling mental processes with which they are familiar, but to which they hold no key, who have not formed some theory of their own as to the origin and use of memory. In early youth, when impressions and sensations are so keen as to amount to suffering in the highly strung child, memory is so clear cut as

definitely to create the sensation of living again events which have happened in another life; there is an impression of distance, but at the same time an actual re-living of the sensations which created the act of memory. So in older people a sudden impression, a scent, a bar of music, a smile on a face, awakens this hidden agency, and a whole interlude of life may be gone through again, the same sensations experienced as at the moment of their first conception. In the same way to the painter, working in his studio from a sketch or from the memory of a landscape, the whole scene lives again in his mind; by an effort of will he conjures up the sensations it produced upon him, and conveys them through the medium of his work.

This theory of Bergson's bears putting to the test in many practical details. If memory be the work of the individual ego—that part which we vaguely define by the name of "character," containing as it does special features which differentiate it from the ego of all others—it follows that the individual memory should partake of the same distinguishing qualities. If we turn again to youth, this holds good. In learning to spell by the exercise of a definite act of memory, the child of musical tendencies picks up his words from sound, the child with artistic leanings by observation of the written letters; and through mature life the same rule is observed; the natural trend of memory leans toward the distinguishing characteristic.

Again, the theory that the creation of memory only takes place when the spirit, the controlling force of life, is at attention, concentrating by an act of volition upon some sensation, after to be recalled by another and deliberate act of volition, is proved from personal experience. Who does not know of times when in circumstances of especial interest, amid glorious scenery, when listening to a famous orator or singer, even when engaged in conversation, no after effort of memory can recall anything but some line of thought with which we were busied at the moment, some side track on which our real self was stranded; if the brain was keeping automatic register of the treasures of nature or of learning, it resolutely refuses to yield them up at the most urgent desire on our part. In Bergson's estimation, the brain exists as an agent for the registry of the sensations evoked by life, if we so desire, but only as an instrument on which to play; the seat of memory lies in the hidden inexplicable spirit life, of whose existence, independent of all matter, we in this twentieth century are becoming increasingly aware.

Where does this lead us? To the belief that, while the body is necessary for action, and the brain for conveying intelligence to its various parts and so controlling action, there is yet another life behind these two, possible of existence apart from them, but not in this present state possible of expression, save through the medium of speech, of thought or action, to attain which the factors of mind and body are inevitable. How far this hidden life can exert its influence apart from them, how far travel, project itself into infinity, is a matter of speculation, since results can only be gauged by the media to which we have access; but in psychic

phenomena there are from time to time proofs clear to read that the things seen and understood of the mind are but shadows or types of the great verities which lie behind them. The further we advance in knowledge the more clearly we realise how abysmal is our ignorance; but from time to time there are points of light which show out clearly in the surrounding darkness and illumine yet another step forward on the path of progress.

It may be that the modern conception of the function and seat of memory, based as it is on a deeper understanding of the physiology of the brain and the psychology of thought, is another step towards the comprehension of the reason of our being and of our destiny—problems which have obsessed the soul of man since he came into a state of consciousness.

Augustus Burbleton

(Mem. Soc. of Authors)

BY LUCIUS.

AUGUSTUS BURBLETON (Mem. Soc. of Authors) is said by his non-literary relatives to "make it pay." To their great surprise he is seldom in debt, and, unlike the actor member of the family, has never "been through the courts." He lives at Brixton, in the nicest part, surrounded by other members of his profession; and he has a wife and two children. In attire he affects a tie of green or salmon-coloured silk, tied in the Byronic manner—a monocle and, when friends are coming in to smoke with him after dinner, a velvet coat. He works very regularly throughout the day at various literary undertakings about which he seldom speaks; irregularly at others about which he talks a great deal. As a morning beverage he finds cocoa more stimulating than coffee; and his testimonial to "Germatogen" was the genuine expression of a well-founded conviction as to its efficacy. He invariably takes it for several weeks before the production of each new book. He is also something of a food-reformer, and lectures occasionally on "art in the home."

His books appear at regular intervals, three times a year. They deal at considerable length with subjects suggested to him by his publishers and investigated in the British Museum Reading-room; and they are invariably published at 10s. 6d. net and contain thirty pages of illustrations. For each of these works he receives £50 on account of a royalty which it never earns, and each of them in turn is enthusiastically praised by all the other journalists who live at Brixton. His album of Press-cuttings, containing their "Eulogia," is the hobby of his daughter, and the words, "Mabel, run upstairs and fetch Daddy's cuttings," bring a vivid picture of his home before him whenever—away from Brixton—they echo in his mind. When a visitor comes the cuttings are produced much in the same way as a collection of autographs or

postage stamps might be brought out for a guest's edification.

Mr. Burbleton has varied interests of which the Society of Authors mentioned on his visiting-cards is by no means the chief. Turning him up in the current volume of "People Who Count" (Briggs, who runs that annual, lives next door, at "Samoa," so that the accuracy of the information may be relied on), I find he is a member of a Chaucer Society and founder of the "Guild of Young Progressives"; that Morris Dances and Peasant Arts are among his interests, and that his hobby is reading other people's books. His social activity is considerable. He belongs to a number of Bohemian dining clubs with whom "lion tempting" is the favourite pastime, and there is almost no one of importance in literary circles whom he has not at one time or another succeeded in meeting. He is also very favourably known to "the trade," to whom his salmon silk tie and unvarying affability have been agreeably familiar for many years. When Mabel's little story for the children appears it will be assured of a good reception by Hookins and Talbot (the big City "wholesalers," you know); and even Mrs. Burbleton's "Meals for Moderate Incomes" and the same writer's "Christina Georgina Rossetti: An Estimate" have shared in the kindly welcome always extended to her husband's wares.

The life of Augustus Burbleton is one of industry, frugality and kindness, and if the living of it causes him much innocent self-satisfaction, which of us need be ill-natured enough to complain?

REVIEWS

The Crucible of War

The World in the Crucible. By SIR GILBERT PARKER.
(John Murray. 6s. net.)

SIR GILBERT PARKER brings to the writing of this book on the origin and conduct of the great war the skill of the political expert and the picturesque gifts of the popular novelist. It is admirable in every page; full of apposite thought and pertinent data, it operates on German plans and German action like a high explosive. There is no German case left, and if there be any who, however loyally they may bear themselves, still have a momentarily disquieting idea that Germany cannot be as black as she appears, an hour spent with Sir Gilbert Parker will settle matters once and for all. Germany's wickedness, folly and utter incapacity are proven up to the hilt by reference not to theory generated in any British brain, but to the indisputable witness of fact and official documents. Such a book as this for any who seek truth is an invaluable guide, and needless to say Sir Gilbert knows how to make it as interesting as valuable. Stripped of all sophistries, German and British ambitions, the one on the militarist side, the other on the pacifist, have both

been made by events to look rather foolish. Germany preparing with a ruthless disregard of all morality for world dominion has by war lost even the semblance of world dominion she already possessed; Great Britain, after years of effort to give others a lead in restricting their preparations for war, finds herself involved in the biggest struggle she has ever known. If Great Britain had been less pacifist Germany either would never have carried her preparations as far as she did or would have been opposed by readier and more adequate measures when she decided to strike. It is a mercy that such enemies of mankind as Germany in their strength should always be constitutionally incapable of giving effect to their illicit designs on other people's freedom and possessions. "There is, perhaps," says Sir Gilbert, "nothing in all the archives of time more surprising than the failure of Germany to succeed as an Imperial Power. More than once she had Empire, great unorganised Empire—within her grasp, and each time she let it go. She shattered the Western Empire of Rome, but she failed to establish herself on the ruins. She could seize but she could not hold; the German people have never had the genius either for colonisation or for Imperial policy."

A plain student of history might have imagined that Germany would have gone great lengths before risking everything on the throw of the military dice which served her well in 1864, 1866 and 1870: she has thrown them again, and like the gambler with fate she is, has thrown them once too often. Great Britain no doubt deceived her basely; she had come to disbelieve that the British Radical, who had cut down naval and military estimates, and even proposed international holidays from naval construction, would ever go to war unless in actual defence of the British shores. Germany mistook us as completely as she mistook her own super-qualities. She knew what she would have done herself had she been in England's place with a menace such as her own increasing year by year. German statesmen must have thought our failure to strike while the German Navy was weak was a blunder of the first order. "If, as Germany now asserts, strategical necessity can excuse the violation of every code of honour, how much more might the law of self-preservation have justified the forcible limitation of German's naval preparations?"

The German contention that Great Britain secured her Empire by aggression is answered by Sir Gilbert Parker in a very able chapter. His knowledge of British Colonial history easily enables him to show that no war was ever deliberately promoted by England for territorial aggrandisement. (By the way, he is a little imaginative when he says that Plassey was won by a civilian clerk: Clive in 1757 was a great soldier. He was a civilian clerk when he took Arcot years before.) For her undoing Germany has only herself to thank. She has encouraged her professors and soldiers to make her a slave to theories which carry their own refutation when put to the practical test: her unity was a feeble plant forced in "the hot-bed of war," and in "the hot-

bed of war" it will surely wither after long exposure to the outer air of a forty years' peace:

The present-day German is the victim of the formula of thought and conduct to which he commits himself; and he is often massacred by his own remorseless logic. It makes him fanatical, it renders him ruthless, but it gives him courage for the frontal attack. The end must be his because it ought to be by his rules of logic. So in this war the soldier has blindly flung himself against impossible positions because he is a slave to his texts. He defies the opinion of the civilised world; he spurns those whom he wants to support him—witness his fury with the Americans when they do not approve of his conduct in defying recognised laws of war because they do not fit in with his need—and he announces the certainty of his success before he has begun to win it, simply because what he wills should be and therefore must be. It is the Will to Power. It is also the way of the blunderer. But when it is associated with perfection of system, with miracles of organisation, with infatuation and courage, its burning ploughshares can furrow a world with agony and ruin before it can be checked. In proportion therefore as the German people are inspired by men and watchwords—or catchwords—they are formidable because they have many qualities which are supreme in their effectiveness. Without the men and the formulæ they sink into inaction and forceless incapacity, politically and nationally. They did so in the period between Frederick the Great's death and the regeneration of the beginning of the nineteenth century, and again in that period which immediately preceded the rise of Bismarck and Moltke.

In a chapter on the light and lessons of the war Sir Gilbert pays tribute to the great qualities of Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar. "It is no disrespect to other nations to say the world has never seen anything quite like the Tommy Atkins of to-day, so resourceful, so intelligent, so careless of danger, so reliable and exact, and withal good-humoured. Yet not too much must be said in his praise; for unconscious of extraordinary merit, he dislikes and distrusts the frontal attack of the eulogist. If you have bouquets to present to him you must approach him on the quarter. Personally he is a modest man, professionally he is the proudest man on earth." Sir Gilbert tells some excellent little stories of both Jack and Tommy—pretty pendants as he calls them to the story of Drake and the game of bowls at Plymouth. Perhaps the best epitome of modern battle with its artillery terrors, we agree, is to be found in the terse words of a wounded man: "First you 'ears a 'ell of a noise—and then the nurse says, 'Try and drink a little o' this'!" For Great Britain this war will bring special responsibility; a greater work lies ahead than any we have ever had to face. "It is a great thing to have lived in these days of the giant things; it will be a greater still, to those of us who are spared, to live on to fight the giant tasks of to-morrow." The British Empire has proved itself a reality, and the question of vastest importance after the war will be that of future Imperial relations. The old order has been changed out of recognition. What will be the new outlook for all Britons? Let Sir Gilbert Parker answer:

However victoriously Great Britain and the Oversea Dominions emerge from this war, it will be with the sense of a new and a grave responsibility; for we shall have one quarter of the world, with our flag planted in every corner of it, and our civilisation working in all the seas. We shall be immense in potential force as in actual power; but we shall be faced by financial burdens greater than we have ever known, and those burdens will have to be shared by every individual in our wide-spread communities in one way or the other. For many years some loyal men have laboured to make the individuals of this Empire understand the responsibilities attached to Imperial power. This war has enforced that teaching, which, however, has not yet reached and possessed all men everywhere under our flag. The few who taught must now be the many. Also a Spartan spirit must be preached and practised, and men must realise that to acquire wealth merely to enjoy luxury, though it may serve some material interests of the nation, may be in effect unpatriotic, if not anti-national. We shall need to cultivate national economy in its highest sense; we shall require to study more than we have ever done the value of things that matter; but if the individual sees the need and feels the duty the nation will not fail.

Love and Literature

Rosemary's Letter Book. By W. L. COURTNEY. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 1s. net.)

"ROSEMARY" was a very fortunate young person to have Mr. W. L. Courtney for a correspondent, for he dispensed to her stores of learning and delightful criticism with an occasional page of love-making to relieve the strain. It takes an artist to mingle these very different ingredients successfully, and in this volume, which first appeared, we believe, in 1909, Mr. Courtney finds his happiest vein. He discourses on varied themes—the current plays, the current books, provide him with starting-points for many able digressions, and the general effect is just that which he probably desired—an essayist in love. There is no need for apology in calling attention to the reissue of this collection in the "Wayfarers' Library" series, for it bears a second and third reading remarkably well. It stands apart, a refreshing combination of the severe literary form and the wistful romance. In the middle of a chapter—or a letter, we had better call it—on "Mystics and Pessimists," in which a finely critical light has been thrown upon the work of William Morris, Matthew Arnold, and others, a sudden paragraph brings the personal touch:

I prose on to you, dear lady, and wonder whether you will ever have the inclination or the patience to read all I write. But you always clamoured for what you called my schoolmaster mood, and if I bore you, well, you probably will let me know it fast enough. It takes me back months to talk to you again of that Orphic doctrine that the body is the tomb of the soul. Do you remember that wonderful night when we sat by the river—oh, how the gnats bit us!—and talked of all things under heaven and earth, and specially of this? I am sending you by

this mail a little book which I think may interest you, and may perhaps remind you.

Then onward goes the letter again, suddenly becoming a decorous essay that might have adorned the pages of any high-class review, until the end, where "Rosemary" is treated to a poem and a passionate sentence all to herself. These poems scattered through the letters are full of beauty, and there are two or three short lyrics which one cannot read unmoved.

We select for especial admiration the letters entitled "The Satirist"—a neat exposition of the art; "Sir Theodore Martin and the Victorian Era"; "Swinburne on Elizabethan Dramatists"; "The Question of Internal Evidence"; and "George Meredith and the Spirit of Comedy"—the last a tribute to the work and ideals of the great novelist, worthy of its theme, written on the occasion of his death. In thus noting a few which have had for us a more lively appeal there is no suggestion that the others stand at a lower level. The author is full of good sense, humour, epigram; his sound taste renders him worth reading on all the hundreds of subjects which he touches, and we have yet to find the "dull page" which most books hide somewhere within their covers. We are very glad indeed that the beautiful "Rosemary"—she must have been beautiful, surely—showed, towards the end, a hint of tenderness and reconciliation; and we are still more pleased that she did not tear up her charming budget of letters, but allowed them to be published—and republished.

The Countess de Castiglione

The Romance of a Favourite. By FRÉDÉRIC LOLIÉE. Translated by W. MORTON FULLERTON. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

AT the present time it is not unusual to read articles by writers anxious to advocate the emancipation of women and to claim for them a place on the same platform with men; only to-day, it is said, are they coming into their own. Until now their fetters have been tightly riveted, and so far as influence on the affairs of a nation are concerned they might as well have been non-existent. Such writers must either be ignorant of history or wilfully overlook facts which go to prove the very great and important part women have always played in national matters. Our own country can give us many instances of the influence wielded by remarkably clever women; while Continental countries are not a whit behind with their record of brilliant members of the fair sex. Among them, for beauty of form, loveliness of face, together with keen intelligence, stands out Madame de Castiglione. The Second Empire, noted as it was for the many celebrities who foregathered at the Court receptions, the masked balls, the salons, produced no one who in her day rivalled this queen of fashion, this physically perfect specimen of womanhood, the theme of M. Loliée's biography.

The daughter of the Marquis Philip Oldoini, a nobleman descended from an old Genoese family, she was

wont, when the fancy took her, to throw out suggestions that her parentage was of doubtful origin, even claiming at one period that Joseph Poniatowski, the last King of Poland, was her father. Like the majority of her race, however, she was unmethodical and illogical, and if no more reliance could be placed on her statements with regard to her parentage than could be accorded to her accuracy in the matter of dates, then in all probability she entered the world as the legitimate offspring of the Marquis and his wife. She was married when quite a girl to Francesco Verasio de Castiglione; she professed no love for him, and although he lavished every luxury on his young wife and encompassed her with things of beauty, she took everything as her just due, according to the enraptured giver no word of thanks, not the slightest appreciation of his tender care. In time they drifted apart, a separation eventually taking place, until an accident to the Marquis left the spoiled beauty a widow while still quite young.

In spite of the passionate disposition usually credited to women of Southern climes, it is doubtful whether Virginia Castiglione ever really cared for anyone beyond her beautiful self. She was ambitious both on her own account and for her country. At the instigation of Cavour she went to Paris in order to ingratiate herself with Napoleon III, and great was her delight when that monarch showed signs of lending his support to the southern kingdom against Austria. However, the Peace of Villafranca soon frustrated further hopes of a Franco-Italian campaign; Napoleon laid down his arms, and such was the fury and rage of the disappointed young diplomatist and so great were her tirades against the Emperor that French authorities conducted her over the frontier into Italy. For a time she remained in seclusion, but this did not long satisfy one who had been used to the flattery of monarchs, the attention of courtiers, and very soon Madame de Castiglione was again in Paris.

Notwithstanding her gifts, accomplishments, wit and beauty, disappointment seems to have dogged her footsteps all her life. She fully realised the value of her person, while her ability for choosing becoming gowns could not be surpassed even in this time of gorgeous display, but with it all she failed either in attaining any lasting political power or in securing real happiness for herself. In fact, her last days were morbid and miserable in the extreme; for she ignored or neglected those who would have remained her true friends, others being alienated on account of her reiterated complaints of her pitiable condition. The Duke of Vallombrosa, among all those who had paid her homage, or craved for a smile from the haughty lady at the zenith of her power, was the only one present in the vault under the Madeleine when she was taken to her last resting place. In her day, however, she had been gloriously magnificent, lending grace and beauty to the stage on which was grouped so much that was radiant before the guns of the Franco-Prussian war caused all art, all gladness, all frivolity to cease.

Fiction

THE creator of Lady Noggs has apparently dipped his facile pen into some fairy fountain of sparkling humour that knows no drought, for in "The Gillingham Rubies" (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.) every other page scintillates with those racy flashes of wit which his readers now expect from Mr. Edgar Jepson. But despite these humorous touches, the story he has to tell is quite a serious one, so far as plot and plausibility are concerned, and perhaps, with only a slight stretch of the imagination, it might be described as true to life. Among the characters figure those old acquaintances of every novel-reader—the professional and the amateur detective, their common quarry, a few "crooks" and the needful "fence," a jealous wife who administers to her pusillanimous obese husband what is euphemistically termed in the States the "third degree," and a kleptomaniac peer. But from all these stand out apart the hero, Absolom Gomme, whom the publishers describe in a preliminary puff as "an ebullient and vehement young American millionaire," and the heroine, Barbara Lessing, a beautiful and charming young person, who is also Kitty Meredith, the lady criminal who is after the rubies. They especially bear the impress of the inimitable Jepsonian stamp; but all, in their several ways, with their amusing idiosyncrasies, are delightfully entertaining and right good company. This compensates in no small degree for the lack-lustre of the precious gems which provide the title, but never once throughout the story dazzle the reader.

There are more ways than one of writing an historical romance, and in the execution of "A Duchess of France" (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) we feel that Mr. Paul Waineman wandered from the right path when he embedded a charming love story amidst such heavy trappings of a past age, *grand siècle* though it was. In a novel of this description the historical setting should be as slight and as delicate as that of the jewel that sparkles on the fair one's bosom. But the author pulls up his reader every few pages to dilate upon the richness, extravagance, and brilliancy of the Court of Old Versailles at the zenith of its splendour in 1685, as he is careful to mention quite a dozen times in the earlier pages of the story. Such an obsession for historical detail should find a vent in an appendix, and not be allowed to act as a brake to delay the reader's eagerness to follow an otherwise admirable story. In this respect the great Sir Walter set an excellent example in the Waverley Novels, which Mr. Waineman might do worse than copy. His lovers are all that could be wished, and there is a piquancy about their adventures in those romantic days which will act as a pleasant antidote to the stress of our own time.

Sir William Magnay can generally be depended upon for a stirring story with which to while away an idle hour or two. In this respect "The Black Lake" (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.) will not disappoint the reader if he refrains from looking too closely into the probabilities of the tale. For, though too incredible for analysis,

it is a baffling blood-curdler in the mystery vein which will no doubt be welcome to those who read only to kill time.

Shorter Notices

Lamb, Shakespeare, and a Fund

Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" have so long been a national asset that it seems but natural Miss May Mulliner should now elect to turn them to national account. She has illustrated with admirable taste and skill these ever delightful prose versions of the immortal plays, and the proceeds of the sales of the first 500 copies will go to the British Red Cross Fund. Charity and relief work on such lines become an immediate and a permanent benefit to the benefactor, for the volume will certainly be prized alike by young and old. The object has been approved by the Queen, who has accepted a copy of the book, and we hope that public appreciation of Miss Mulliner's effort will be so cordial that whilst the British Red Cross Fund will gain from the sale of 500, a good many more than another 500 will be disposed of to her own and her publisher's advantage. In other words, may this charitable and artistic endeavour bless alike him who gives and him who receives.

All About Cotton

Two books which are hardly intended for the general public, though both are written with as little resort to technical terms as possible, are "The World's Cotton Crops" by John A. Todd (Black, 10s. net), and "The Development and Properties of Raw Cotton," by W. Lawrence Balls (Black, 5s.). Mr. Todd approaches the subject from the economic point of view. Mr. Balls is concerned purely with the botanical and agricultural side. The first is the work of a very intelligent student who does not pretend to be an authority on cotton-growing, but has clearly mastered all there is to be learnt on the output per acre and per spindle. The second is a very keen observer of the development of the plants, of the effects of soils on particular species, etc. Together these two volumes cover the whole cotton question pretty thoroughly, and they should certainly be studied together, for the man who handles cotton in the factory is all the better equipped to deal with it if he knows how it is grown, whilst the grower should certainly master the problems which present themselves in the factory and the market place. Experts in cotton are comparatively rare, and the general public knows absolutely nothing about it. The expert will get a great deal that is of real value from both books, and the general reader, if he cares to run through the chapters, will frequently hit upon those things which go to make up the romance of tropical culture.

Grammar Made Easy

The name of M. Adolphe Bernon is familiar to readers of THE ACADEMY as that of an untiring student and exponent of modern languages. M. Bernon has now issued a little "Introduction to Grammar, French and English" (Hachette and Co., London and Paris, 8d.), which for clearness and simplicity—the two indispensable qualities in an elementary treatise—we have not seen surpassed. He takes one short sentence containing all the parts of speech, and examines briefly (in both languages) each word, defining it and explaining its use. Following this comes a chapter on the elements of grammar, a section devoted to the auxiliary and regular verbs, with a short note on the use of "shall"

and "will." We have read the volume through carefully, being interested in M. Bernon's methods and knowing his enthusiasm for his subject, and it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction that it will be a splendid help to beginners. It is, as the author pleasantly says in his preface, a step added to the base of the grammatical ladder to assist the little ones in mounting higher, and this definition could not be excelled.

The Theatre

"The Arcadians"

EVERYBODY realises now that the light musical plays such as Mr. Courtneidge produces so excellently at the Shaftesbury are carried on mainly to amuse the many soldiers who are in training near town and their friends. For such a purpose the fantastic musical play which made so tremendous a hit some years ago, with Mr. Alfred Lester as the quaint jockey, Peter Doody, is a most fortunate choice.

The beauty and fun of the first act in Arcady and the fun and sentiment of the other two acts are as much enjoyed to-day as six years ago. For some, "The Arcadians" may be full of echoes of happier days, but evidently the present audiences are not bothered by memories. They laugh quite freshly as James Smith, Mr. Dan Agar, floats down from the sky upon the green lawns of Arcady; they applaud to the echo when Miss Hope Charteris tells us with infinite grace that Nature's fingers touch the keys when pipes of Pan are calling. They admire Miss Courtneidge, in the prettiest modern frocks, as Eileen, and are more than ever entertained by the dry and curious humour of Mr. Lester. But above all it is the lavish and beautiful production, we fancy, which takes the public taste. The ladies are all so pretty and gay, the men so energetic and laughter-loving, that, once in the Shaftesbury, the world is forgotten and all goes merrily.

Everyone knows the ingenuities of Mr. Ambient's and Mr. Thomson's book, the gaiety of Mr. Wimperis' lyrics, and the neatness and effective quality of the music by Mr. Monckton and Mr. Talbot; but you must go again to the theatre to see the attractive modern dresses and the lively acting of the vast company which appears to find it quite easy to endow the revival with all the charm and *élan* of a new production.

Plays by Mr. Laurence Irving

THERE was a good deal of both sadness and beauty in the performance given last Sunday by the Pioneer Players in memory of the late Mr. Irving. There was sorrow in the thought that, before the time when the world saw red, so fine an actor and bold a playwright should have been snatched from life. There was sadness, as there was also beauty, in the reading of his brother's paper, "The Drama as a Factor in Social Progress," by Mr. H. B. Irving; a music and a sense of loss very justly attuned to the spirit of the present.

The main production was, of course, Mr. Laurence Irving's "Godefroi and Yolande," a story of the period of Philippe le Bel, the scene a castle in France at the close of the thirteenth century. As Yolande, the beautiful courtesan who became a leper, Miss Ruth Mackay played with extraordinary power, beauty, and skill, while Mr. Webster as her one faithful lover or devoted friend gave a strong feeling of sincerity to a very difficult character. Mr. Thesiger as a young Paladin, Sir Sagramour, defined the character with remarkable effect; but the most engaging qualities of the production, as a whole, were a sense of tragedy and pure love which glorified the play, the obvious enthusiasm which all the minor personages displayed, and the evident thought and grace which Miss Edith Craig had lavished on the production. The Playhouse was filled with friends of the late Mr. Irving, who followed his brother's words with deep sympathy and understanding; soldiers lately connected with the stage crowded the seats; an air of courageous readiness for whatever may befall formed an atmosphere new to the theatre. In the simple and charming masque given in "Godefroi and Yolande" the dearest and youngest Miss Terry danced delightfully in the character of Spring, as though to suggest that among all the wreckage of time Nature is unaffected and fresh hope will come—although it must be to a generation some distance from our own.

A more conventional work, "The Terrorist," was given first. The period was "An Easter Day in Russia of late years," and the play has suffered a little from the passage of time, but as the Terrorist, who becomes so gentle a woman, and the Governor, who is always so upright a man, Miss Hilda Moore and Mr. Stanley Turnbull played with great sincerity and success.

"The Laughter of Fools"

TWENTY—or is it thirty?—years ago Mr. Maltby's play at the Prince of Wales' Theatre would have been a great success. Now the characters, especially on their pathetic and serious sides, appear old and worn with much theatrical usage, and the plot—well, that, too, is a mechanical creation of long, long ago. All this is the more depressing as an excellent company use every effort to vitalise an affair which seems to us to have lost its truth and meaning in the past. As a rather impossible old gentleman who cannot manage his vulgar and unkindly family—but can hit them back in a thousand sly ways—Mr. Bishop gives a wonderful performance. As his beautiful niece who is ill-treated by his family, Miss Violet Graham is very attractive in a purely conventional way. In a part which seems to belong to about 1860 a new and refreshing comédienne, Miss Eva le Gallienne, as a charity girl servant, was greatly welcomed by the house. For many reasons, but especially on account of this lady's clever performance, we wish that "The Laughter of Fools" were a more sincere and staying piece of work; but, in any case, it will interest the more enthusiastic playgoer on one side and the simple-hearted lover of old stage ideals on the other.

EGAN MEW.

The City

THERE is very little active interest in the Money Market apart from the continued demand for Treasury Bills under the new system. Last week the demand slackened somewhat, but even then the average net sales per day were little short of £2,000,000. Money is plentiful, as we may gather from the receipts on account of national revenue which up to May 29 were some £10,000,000 heavier than in the corresponding period of 1914. On the Stock Exchange, whilst prices have on the whole been steady, there has not been much business, with a certain weakness in the American Market, and a quite considerable inquiry for Japanese loans. In Home Rails the only point to be noted is the downward tendency of Brighton Deferred. Argentines have been sold, but the New Buenos Ayres Western Debentures are at 1 9/16 premium. Industrials are firm, but featureless, excellent prices for the raw commodity having no apparent effect on Rubber shares. Slaters (Limited) have passed their dividend, and this has not helped Lyons' shares to continue their recovery from their recent slump.

The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada have offered £2,500,000 5½ per cent. notes due July 1, 1920, at 99 per cent. The notes will be secured by deposit with the trustees (the Union of London and Smiths Bank) of £3,600,000 Grand Trunk Perpetual 4 per Cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock. The proceeds are to be applied in repayment of £2,000,000 one-year bills maturing July 15, and the balance to the general purposes of the company. The prospectus points out that the net revenue after providing for fixed charges rose from £690,500 for 1909 to £977,000 in 1913. Notwithstanding the war and two bad harvests, earnings in excess of fixed charges for 1914 were £425,000; interest charges will only be increased by £37,500 per annum as the result of the present issue.

More than usual interest attaches to the report of J. Lyons and Co. for the year ended March 31. The gross takings were substantially increased. The balance from trading account for the period under review was £1,520,998, as compared with £1,574,659 for the previous year, leaving a profit of £276,403. £59,904 was brought forward, making a total of £336,307. The sum of £109,482 is provided for depreciation, and the directors propose to pay a dividend of 4s. per share, making 32½ per cent. for the year, and to carry forward £35,518. The balance of premium account, amounting to £155,092, has been written off plant, machinery, fittings, etc. It is pointed out that the increase in cost of commodities and expenses had a material effect upon the net earnings of the company.

Another pleasant surprise for the rubber market is provided by the Merlimau report. The dividend is 12½ per cent., the carry forward is £6,119 against £2,058 brought in, and £6,000 is placed to reserve. At last the confidence which has always been felt in the prospects of Merlimau is in a fair way to be justified. The output last year was 829,644 lbs. of rubber, which is 270,000 lbs. in advance of the prospectus estimate and 79,000 lbs. above the manager's estimate a year ago. Costs "all in" have been reduced to 1s. 1½d., and will probably come down still further in 1915. The estimate is for 1,150,000 lbs. of rubber this year, and if costs do not exceed a shilling and prices realised are no more than 2s. there should be an available surplus with the carry forward not of £40,000 as now but of over £60,000. That would admit of at least a 20 per cent. dividend with ample reserve and carry forward.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MOON IN THE BASKISH NEW TESTAMENT.
A.D. 1571.

[We have received from Mr. E. S. Dodgson a leaflet which he has just issued dealing with the "Metrical Verses in Leicarragas Baskish New Testament, A.D. 1571." In this he traces some most interesting resemblances between the measure used by Leicarraga and that employed by his only predecessor in Baskish literature, Bernard Dechepare, in 1545, and gives illustrations in ordinary English which make his point very clear. Mr. Dodgson is untiring in his investigation of this abstruse but fascinating subject, and his work has been familiar to readers of THE ACADEMY for many years.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—*The Moon in Heuscara*, or Baskish, may originally have been *hila*, *illa* = *mortuum* (*lumen*), considered as *the dead* (*luminary*), in contrast to the sun as a self-lighted, heating, always full-faced body. Primitive men would notice the growth and dwindling of its illuminated disc, rather than its metallic deadness and sterility. Later on they would observe the recurrence of its mensuality, its aid in the arithmetic of the time-table; and, just as *mona* came to mean *moneth*, *moons-time*, as a *measure* for the Calendar in English, so this *hila* was used for *μήν*, *mensis*, in old Baskish. In St Luke 1. 36. Leicarraga wrote *hil* = *month*, followed not by the definite article; but by *haur* = *this*. Yet in 16 other places, namely St Luke 1. 24, 26, 56.; Acts 7. 20.; 18. 11.; 19. 8.; 20. 3.; 28. 11.; Gal. 4. 10.; Ja. 5. 17.; Apoc. 9. 5, 10, 15.; 11. 2.; 13. 5.; 22. 2.; we find the common, modern, compound name *hile-bethe* = *month-full*, *full-month*. In the Spanish Dialects this is *hilla*, or *illa-bethe*. The usual word for *moon*, *σελήνη*, *luna*, occurs nine times in this translation; viz. in Matt. 24. 29.; Mark 13. 24.; Luke 21. 25.; Acts 2. 20.; 1 C. 15. 41.; Apoc. 6. 12.; 8. 12.; 12. 1.; 21. 23.; as *ilhargui*. In other books you find *hilargi*, as the correct spelling of this word. It does *not* mean, as some have thought, *lumen mortui vel mortuorum*, 'light of the dead one or ones'; nor 'moons-light, moon-light'; nor 'lighted, bright corpse'; nor 'dead light'; but 'month-(making)-light', 'month-light', *mensis lumen*, just as *the sun* is *the-day-light*, or *the-light-of-day*. Cf. Ap. 22. 5. 'candela arguiren ez iguzqui arguiren' = *of candle-light nor of sun-light*. *Argi* is both a noun adjective equal to *lucidum*, *lighted*, *lightful*, *lighty*, *light*, as in Ap. 1. 16., and a noun substantive meaning *lux*, *light*; and comes perhaps from *har*, *ar* = *stone* as a producer of *fire*, a reflector of *light*. The Southern Basks, in the Highlands of Soule and Roncal, call the moon *gaiko* = *nocturnum*, *night-light*, as being 'ilhumbean diradenén argui', Romans 2. 19.

Some word-collector ought to publish a monograph on the names of the Moon in all recorded languages, extinct or spoken. From the British Isles alone we gather Cornish *cann*, *loer*, *lor*, *loor*, *lour*, *lur*; Welsh *canaid*, *lleuad*, *lloer*, *llun*; and from Gaelic, Manx *eayst*, *re*; Irish *easg*, *gealach*, *rae*, *ré*; Scottish *easga*, *gealach*, *luan*, *re*, *teasgon*. M. H. A. Junod wrote on p. 284 of Vol. 2 of 'The Life of a South African Tribe' (Neuchâtel, Switzerland, 1913): 'When, at last, it disappears, it is *munyama*, the obscurity; the moon is said to *fa*, to have died. Is this meant figuratively, as is often the case with the word *ku-fa*, or do the Thonga really think that each moon dies and is replaced by a new moon? It is difficult to say; most of them believe in a real destruction, and a new creation of the moon each month (Timotheo), and this would explain why they have the same word for moon and

month; they evidently identify the two notions. However some told me they believed it was the same celestial body which appeared anew each month.'

Lunam finiri cernis ut incipiat. (Claudius Rutilius Namatianus.)

I am, sir, yours,

EDWARD SPENCER DODGSON.

Oxford, May 31, 1915.

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Notes of the Week

The War

THE recapture of Przemyśl and the resignation of Mr. Bryan are events which, in so far as they serve to encourage Germany's belief that the day is not yet lost, have a certain connection. By abandoning Przemyśl, when to hold it probably meant investment and the locking up of large numbers of men and quantities of material, the Grand Duke has proved once again how masterly is his ability to grasp essentials in strategy. Germany is worse off with Przemyśl than without it. Nor is Mr. Bryan's resignation a German triumph. It will serve only to emphasise the determination of the American President and people to show Germany that she cannot indulge in indiscriminate piracy with impunity. Whilst Russia in the East apparently now holds the enemy, notwithstanding Germany's preponderance in heavy material, in the South Italy is making steady progress against the Austrians, in the West the French are continuing to "nibble" vigorously and are proving themselves masters in attack, whatever the obstacles; and in the Gallipoli Peninsula the Turks are suffering to an extent which brings the fate of Constantinople appreciably nearer the point where sealing will take place. The operations in the Dardanelles have been of a costly and trying character, and Sir Ian Hamilton, with all his experience, says he has never seen finer or more gallant work. The doggedness of the Russians, the devotion of the Serbians, the *élan* of the French, and the determined courage and resource of the British, whether from home or Australasia or Canada, aided now by the dash of the Italians, makes a combination more formidable than any Power has ever had to face. The spirit which dictated the stand of Belgium in August animates the Allies East, West and South ten months later.

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Mr. Lloyd George's straight talk to the workers of Lancashire will surely end once and for all the in-

tolerable restrictions which have been put upon the supply of munitions. He took with him the great lesson of Przemyśl. Russia has had to fall back, not because she has not the men and the generals who can hold their own against the best of the German legions, but because the Germans are overwhelmingly superior in shot and shell and equipment. If we had been as well supplied as the Germans, he said, they would by this time have been out of Flanders and back on their own territory. Trade unions must suspend whatever rules and regulations interfere with the output of munitions. Mr. Lloyd George did not mince matters. He is among the stoutest opponents of compulsion in military matters, but, if the country wishes to avoid compulsion, then the workers must justify the voluntary system as have the splendid fellows in the trenches. The very existence of the Empire is the stake in this mighty conflict, and, if Germany were to win, then, he said, "God help labour!" It is amazing that it should require the presence of a Cabinet Minister to drive home so simple a truth.

Mr. Churchill, Patriot and Optimist

In no capacity has Mr. Churchill ever acquitted himself more worthily than in his speech to his constituents at Dundee on Saturday. There was not a jarring note, and, when we remember that until a fortnight ago Mr. Churchill held the great office which he says he is glad Mr. Balfour has consented to fill, we think it will be agreed that his speech was all that patriotism could desire. It was fine in its denunciation of superior newspaper critics, and Mr. Churchill might have reminded his audience of Napoleon's saying that four newspapers could do more harm than 10,000 men; it was fine in its call to action and its insistence that the new Government could only justify its existence by leadership. "The nation awaits its orders." Organisation and sacrifice alone can save Great Britain and the Empire from a foe who would think as little of crushing them out of existence as a gardener thinks of smoking out a wasps' nest. Mr. Churchill assures us that things are going better than we know; we are on the eve of epoch-making events in the Dardanelles and elsewhere. His optimism is contagious, and his words should be studied in their fullness if every man would realise at once his own duty and his country's mission in this world struggle.

Future Imperial Relations

With Mr. Bonar Law at the Colonial Office all discussion as to the future relations of the Dominions and the Mother Country acquire actuality and a new meaning. We know his ideals. At the meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute in February Mr. Edward Salmon urged that the time has gone by when obstacles to Imperial federation should be allowed to turn statesmanship aside: they must be surmounted. In a tentative way Sir John McCall from the same platform on Tuesday night outlined his views for a beginning. He advocates the assembling of an Imperial Convention to discuss the essentials of Union rather than the sifting

of particular possibilities. There is a practical touch about the suggestion which is helpful. Let us decide what we want and then set about getting it. Sir John McCall sees no insuperable difficulty as to representation in the Imperial Parliament on lines fair alike to the Mother Country and the Dominions, and as for taxation, he has at least one scheme worth consideration. He would earmark, for purposes of defence, all taxes on incomes paid by people who do not live in the country whence their incomes are derived. If Sir John McCall does not take us very far, he has the courage to tackle the problem, and if others capable of advancing its solution a stage do not follow suit, the greatest opportunity that has ever come to Britons throughout the world will be missed.

Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford, V.C.

There is nothing in all history, nothing in romance, to compare with the feat which secured Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford his V.C. within thirty-six hours of its accomplishment. Single-handed in his Morane monoplane, six thousand feet in air, at three in the morning, he tackled a Zeppelin between Ghent and Brussels. He dropped six bombs which blew the giant to shreds. The force of the explosion turned the Morane upside down, but this resourceful young airman, who only got his pilot's certificate three months ago, looped the loop with expert skill, only to find that his petrol tanks had emptied themselves. He came to earth in enemy country, and there his fine feat might have ended. He refilled his tanks, rose again, and made his way unscathed back to the British lines. Daring and resource met their reward, and Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford to-day is a hero who has outrivalled in the upper air the submarine exploits of Lieutenants Holbrook and Boyle. He has done more than immortalise himself. He has given the Zeppelin raider, who has maintained a certain liveliness on the East Coast for the past ten days, a foretaste of the fate in store when the aeroplane is able to get at and over him.

War Passes—Literature Endures.

The speech of Dr. H. C. Beeching, Dean of Norwich, at the City of London School on Monday last, when he distributed the prizes, was an excellent critical estimate of the value of literature in general education. He defended it strongly, of course, pointing out that as English literature was the expression of the most inspiring ideas which had moulded the nation's history, to know it was to be better prepared to face a crisis such as the present. Happy reference was made to the Prime Minister, an "old boy" of the School, whose fine choice of words and avoidance of superfluous ornament (known profanely as "purple patches") Dr. Beeching associated with the training given in early years. The address was full of sound common-sense, and its general tone had an effect much needed at the moment—the emphasising of the fact that while war is temporary, literature is an enduring salutary influence in the life and history of a nation.

Aftermaths—V

PENALTIES AND REWARDS.

WITH the guiding light of victory in sight, the civilised world now begins to discuss what fate must ultimately be meted out to the conquered. Surely never in the world's history has the sentence *Vae victis* been more insistently the battle cry of justice and honour. We have supped full of horrors. Germany has scaled the heights of frightfulness and to-day she stands branded with an infamy too vile for words. While this generation lasts no honest man will knowingly again touch in friendship the hand of a Teuton. His race for generations yet unborn has to wander in the wilderness of retributive dishonour. Whether it can ultimately ever again be received within the pale the future must decide. For a period beyond the kenning of all living men it must continue, in the language of the ancient seer, to tread the winepress of the wrath of God. The race of to-day is damned beyond redemption.

One of the immediate after-war concerns will be to secure an international Trade pact, to which probably every civilised government will be a party, creating a fiscal barbed wire entanglement, with the intent to isolate German industry. Great and Greater Britain at least want no more German goods, they want no German folk within their borders. Like human vermin this pernicious race has shown a genius for penetration. Now the pestilence must be stamped out and got rid of from amongst us. The world's great spring cleaning will beyond all cavil serve to hunt out and expel the Teuton from his ancient haunts. Let these barbarian hordes consume their own smoke. We want none of it.

The evil forces of Germanism have to be bled to death. When that end is achieved and the victorious Allies dictate terms of peace in Berlin, they will, we are firmly convinced, combine with one purpose certain retributive acts. When and not before these acts have been performed, as a solemn sacrifice on the altar of Right, the world will once again breathe freely. First of all, the Kaiser, the German Crown Prince (if still living), the brutal Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, and all the other royal and imperial ruffians who have ordered or sanctioned those deeds at which the world shudders, must be publicly dealt with as the common criminals they are. Secondly, the callous instruments in these acts of violence, who are proved to have carried out shameless atrocities, must be shot. Thirdly, the royal precincts of Berlin, the rat-holes in which these abominations have been plotted, must be isolated and burnt to the ground, and all Art treasures to be found in the city restored to their rightful owners, however remote the deeds of theft may have been. It goes without saying that Krupp's factories will have to be blown to pieces. The amount of the indemnity to be exacted no man can measure. Until it is paid to the uttermost farthing the Allies' armies of occupation will have to be stationed in Berlin and Vienna. It is certain that the

Central Powers will in the future have no money to spend on fleets and armies. Their fleets will have to be surrendered, the number of their men under arms reduced to attenuation. Europe cannot afford for a second time to nurture a deadly beast of prey within its borders.

It is evident to all that the map of Europe in the Near East will soon be in the melting pot. Those who have paid the piper will call the tune. The new State boundaries will be formulated by those Powers who have combined to crush the forces of savagery. The problem of the immediate future is which are the nations that can afford to stand aside from the struggle? Certain it is that the abstainers will have no voice in the settlement. The new States to be created will probably be those of Hungary and Judæa. The secular dream of the Jewish race is at the present moment measurably within the range of practical politics. Let the race purge itself of Germanism and the ball is at its feet. With Jerusalem as its capital, the ancient splendours of this marvellous people may revive. All things come to those who wait, and truly the Jew has waited long and patiently. The next generation may yet see the realisation of a project which General Gordon had at heart. He read the forty-seventh chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel as sober prediction of a veritable transformation of the physical economy of Palestine. Briefly, the project Gordon foresaw was as follows. The Sea of Galilee lies 682½ feet, the Dead Sea 1,292½ feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. Between the Mediterranean and the Sea of Galilee stretches the Plain of Esdraelon—a tract of land readily capable of excavation for the construction of a canal. Between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea looms the vast, mysterious inclined plane of the Jordan Valley. Gordon advocated piercing the Plain of Esdraelon and, by flooding the Jordan Valley, creating a deep salt estranging sea, which should sever Judæa from the wild country "beyond Jordan." He, furthermore, contemplated cutting through the barrier of igneous rock lying between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akabah, which gulf is a limb of the Red Sea. By this means, he argued, a great waterway, for the most part wide as a big sea strait, would come into existence. This would furnish a second route between the Mediterranean and the East, a route which ships could traverse at full speed and free of the exacting conditions of the Suez Canal. The real difficulty consists in piercing the rocky barrier intervening between the Dead Sea and Gulf of Akabah. Who will venture to dispute the possibility of this pro-

ject? If brought into being the new waterway would probably roughly delimit the eastern frontier of the State of Judæa.

Turning to the ambitions of other nations. Italy seeks to secure Italia Irredenta. She wants the Trentino country which would project her frontier far into the Austrian Tyrol. She is also clamorous for Istria, including Pola and Trieste, as well for the southern half of Albania, including Valona. This last acquisition would constitute the Gibraltar of the Adriatic and enable her to dominate that sea.

The new Kingdom of Hungary, when demarcated, will assuredly dwarf what is to be left of the loosely-knit Austrian Empire, as it exists to-day. Russia has vast territorial ambitions in Europe, apart from the districts which, with Russian Poland, will go to make up the great Polish State, covered by the shield of Russia. A serious problem will be that of Dalmatia. Shall it fall to Italy or Russia? The Slavs will have it, if the settlement be on racial lines. The Carpathian range will probably constitute the new frontier between Russia and the Kingdom of Hungary. But in the Bohemian country the Czechs, Moravians and Sloavaks will also probably claim their independence of the Austrian Empire. If these territories are to be carved out of her corpus, Austria will emerge from the war a broken fragment of Empire. She will richly deserve her fate, and no consideration of sentiment will shield her from the Nemesis awaiting her. Serbia has hopes of a vast extension of her borders to the northwest, over Croatia and Slovenia and also down to the Adriatic, absorbing the northern portion of Albania. Bulgaria is anxious to enlarge her territory at the expense of Serbia, by acquiring the strip of country up to Monastir, and the border of Albania. She also wants to recover from Turkey the Adrianople district, secured to her by the recent war and subsequently lost by her own duplicity. She wishes, moreover, to gain access to the Ægean Sea and the port of Kavalla, at the expense of Greece. Rumania seeks to secure the great Transylvania district from Hungary, and also the Banat tract of country, including Temesvar, between her border and Serbia. Montenegro wants to extend her seaboard on the Adriatic and absorb the port of Cattaro. Greece is desirous of acquiring Epirus and also the fringe of seaboard of Asia Minor as far as the island of Rhodes, including that and other adjacent islands. If she secures this strip of territory, it will give her the port of Smyrna.

It will be seen from the above short statement that the East of Europe is now a witches' cauldron of ambition.

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Asia Minor has, too, to be delimited in the new settlement. The Turkish Empire has fallen, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," and the fruits of that German struggle for a share in the inheritance of the Turk have already been written off by the rough liquidator—war. How is this vast carcase of dead empire in Asia to be carved up? France has a traditional interest in its territorial redistribution, and Northern Syria will probably fall to her. Great Britain will aim at securing a belt of territory stretching from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, including the half-built German railway. Persia must also ultimately fall within our sphere of influence, and we have already acquired by conquest Busra and the Euphrates country up to the site of ancient Babylon. When French and possibly Italian ambitions are secured, Russia will doubtless be given a free hand with the huge wreckage of Asia Minor.

In Northern Europe, Denmark, if she so desires, may have an opportunity of recovering her provinces. At any rate, the Kiel Canal must be denationalised, and Denmark would be its appropriate custodian. The French eastern frontier will presumably be pushed back to the Rhine as far north as Rhenish Bavaria, and the Duchy of Luxemburg must fall to the heritage of Belgium.

The Allies who have fought side by side have thereby learnt many priceless lessons. The salt of the world's manhood has been attracted to their armies, and in the hard school of desperate adventure a scorn of easy-going ideals has been engendered. Labour and wounds have moulded tens of thousands of perfect knights-errant of humanity, often from apparently unpromising raw material.

In this connection the pro-German leanings of the Vatican have been a strangely disturbing factor. Had the attitude of the Pope been dictated less by political expediency and more in accordance with elementary dictates of right, he would have denounced and excommunicated the ruthless perpetrators of the unutterable infamies inflicted on Belgium. By so doing he would probably have ameliorated the hapless lot of the sufferers. He would, at any rate, have averted a strain on the allegiance of many of his British followers. Can it be doubted that the highest interests of the Church of which he is the head would, moreover, have been enhanced?

Another problem is on the lips of many men just now. Will the war help to draw into one closely knit community members of the Anglican, Roman, and Russian Churches? It were a consummation devoutly to be wished, but, so long as "faith" makes its appeal to barren formula rather than to spiritual instinct, such unity will continue to be regarded as a remote ideal and counsel of perfection.

A. E. CAREY.

Messrs. McBride, Nast and Company will publish immediately a timely study of Napoleon by Mr. M. M. O'Hara, the Editor of the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*. It will be called "The Little Corporal: His Rise, Decline and Fall."

The Relationship of Literature to Life

OPINION has always been divided as to the best means for producing character that shall be admirable and at the same time individual. All agree that the best factor for enabling men to face life with success is experience, but the problem of obtaining experience in the easiest and most reliable manner opens up a multitude of questions. Who is likely in the end to make the best showing—the man thrown upon the world, there to learn from the hard facts he is brought up against, with little more behind him than his own store of common sense, or the man equipped by a wide range of reading with the wisdom of other men, bought by them at the same store of experience, and by him borrowed for his edification?

It would seem that the latter course is the obvious means to the most certain end, but life contains so many examples of the success of the self-taught man that general principles go to the wall before it. Indeed, the majority spend so great a part of their lives getting rid of preconceived ideas imbibed from education and indiscriminate reading that they have little leisure in which to cultivate any defined character or outlook of their own.

He was a wise man who said that in the multitude of counsellors there is confusion, but it is a comfort to many that a wiser still promulgated the unwritten law that the average man is unable to think for himself, and that as a result books have been written for his learning.

To most of us the whole of existence is a problem, the answer to which lies outside our unaided intelligence; youth is spent in the vain attempt to solve it, and maturity in deciding whose are the views we shall adopt among those of the wise men of all the ages. Eventually the decision is made to accept their opinions on abstract questions, but to use the individual judgment on the affairs of everyday life, which is a sphere in which it is found that books avail us little. Despite all the talk of realism of the school of naturalists of recent years, there is little relationship in literature to the actual life we lead, and the better the writing and the greater the mind of the writer the more this is true of his work. And this is inevitable, since the whole secret of art is the transmutation of common things by the touch of genius into precious metal. The artist who sits down to paint or to write of any subject we call ordinary lifts it at once into the realm of idealism and added beauty by the unconscious power which is within him. The man who reads his book or sees his picture recognises this difference; he may not be able to analyse in what it consists, but he is conscious that it is not life as he perceives it. It is at once baffling and the secret of its charm. For in most of us, dormant and incapable of expressing itself, there exists this desire for the ideal, often flourishing under the most unpromising exteriors. It drives men to books, to search there that which they find lacking in them-

selves or their environment. Sometimes it is romance. It is not always the blushing girl and ingenuous youth who devour novels as their favourite recreation; life can give them romance; it is the stout housewife or the professor of philosophy who feels the craving for this stimulant. Sometimes it is beauty. There is many a working man, at heart a poet, who can find no outlet for his joy in beauty, no opiate for the passion of delight in sweet sound that troubles him, save in communion with the makers of word music; there are hard-worked mothers who attack cheerfully the weekly mending basket fortified by a volume of philosophy or the latest treatise on mechanics.

Sometimes it is courage; there are many in the battle of life who would have gone under but for the inspiration they have found between the covers of a book. Most frequently of all, it is companionship. To the lonely, they who live in a crowd, but over the threshold of whose inner life no kindly form has ever stepped, who find the world cold and very hard of comprehension, books can afford what life has failed in—sympathy, friendship, and a refuge from all sordid things.

To all of us it is difficult to conceive of a life devoid of books, of an outlook untouched by the influence of great minds long since silent.

How curiously distant these perceptions are from the actual facts of life experience is constantly revealing to us. Previous to the outbreak of the war there was no man or woman but had some theory as to war itself, in the case of the present generation, actually derived from books. Recent wars were too remote in time and place to affect us other than as general impressions. Our understanding of the ethics of war, of its strategy, its methods, causes, and effects, was a mixture resultant from our intercourse with the classics varied by those stories of battle, murder, and sudden death which form part of the mental pabulum of every normal school-boy.

We conceived of war as at once something picturesque and romantic, stately and heroic—an art on whose stage duels were carried out by valiant and heroic men, where our sympathy was invariably with the victors. It existed in our minds as a medley of Greek heroes and Crusaders, knights in armour and Elizabethan seamen, Roman triumphal processions, battlefields where in a day the destinies of nations were decided; in short, the pageantry of war and the glory of its heroism filled the imagination to the exclusion of thought as to its ethical side, the suffering involved, and the fate of the conquered peoples.

Reality has taught us that war is not an art, but a business; a thing where cruelty is matched against cruelty, and men's lives depend not on heroism but on the calibre of their guns; where in the long run success depends not on bravery or on power of generalship but on the superior resources of the countries interlocked in deadly struggle. In the histories which will be written in future days of this most terrible of wars,

literary art may again convey stately and heroic impressions, of which future generations will read with kindling eyes and quickened breath, and the God of War will once more sit enthroned in scarlet and gold on the chariot of Mars; to us who are in it and of it, it teems with those terrible questions which only the philosophy of seers can reconcile with our conceptions of right and justice. Once more literature is at odds with life, and our opinions must readjust themselves at the peril of all we formerly clung to with tenacity.

The Art of Frederick Delius

SIGNS are not wanting that Delius is at last coming into his own. In the March number of the *Musical Times* there was a biographical sketch of him. That talented young pianist, Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch, recently played the pianoforte concerto with success. Miss Mary Garden sang two of his songs at a concert in Queen's Hall on April 29. And the composer was adequately represented at the Festival of British Music organised by Messrs. Mlynarski and Beecham.

As the subject of these remarks is now fifty-two years of age, it cannot be said that he has been discovered too early. Of his personality, of his views on contemporary music generally, the musical public knows little or nothing. While much has been written on Elgar, Debussy, and Puccini, the Delius literature, so far as I am aware, is represented by a modest brochure issued in Germany. This should make us study the music of Delius all the more conscientiously. Born in an age abandoned to advertising, set amidst a society which too often wastes praise upon the passing faddist, this man has been content to wait until his works are taken at their proper value. He has now the satisfaction of seeing his patience rewarded and his gifts suitably acclaimed.

Interest in Delius was not kindled by any kind of outward discussion. One saw his name on programmes now and then, but the first performances did not seem to create any great stir. This is not at all surprising. The music was, perhaps, too original, the artist was too personal in his methods for it to be comprehended immediately. There is a popular side to Elgar and Strauss, but in this sense there is no popular side to Delius. Scoffed at by those who survey music from the pedestal of half a century ago, he was something of a puzzle to many disposed to welcome modernism with open arms. No doubt, his music said nothing to them. But when one or two orchestral pieces were repeated, the feeling of artistic discomfort was considerably mitigated. And, after all, the man who wrote "The Village Romeo and Juliet," produced by Mr. Beecham in 1910, was something of a master of his craft. Thus it was that, almost imperceptibly, Delius won his place among the conspicuous composers of to-day.

His output does not seem large when it is compared

with that of some other writers. But I do not think that Delius would put his name to anything which appeared to him to fall short of his best. I have heard of people who scrutinised his works, and remarked that it seemed as though his music lacked the inevitable. Any note, they said, would have served as well as the one which he wrote. This is a difficult point to argue. In music, as in everything else, conventions die hard, and it is because in our ears there rings the echo of music which operates according to methods which are familiar to us that we find it no easy matter to grasp the significance of a really new man. The test in the case of Delius is familiarity. When you come to know him, you discover beauties which you did not detect at first. This is equally true of "In a Summer Garden" and the two tone-poems for small orchestra.

There is one important fact which a study of compositions makes evident. It is that modern music is myriad-voiced. We are too prone to speak as though all contemporary activity came under one or two heads. Strauss, Debussy, Bantock—each of these names represents something definite to the musician. But there are also Schönberg, Stravinsky, Sibelius, Elgar, Reger, and Delius. It is very probable that many things have gone to make Delius, the artist. His parentage, his birthplace, his sojourn in Florida and residence in France must have contributed to his "make up," for all he writes bears the traces of sensitiveness to impressions.

This is emphatically demonstrated in his works. "Appalachia," for example, takes us to the New World, and deals with it in a way very different from that of Dvorák. Paris has been described musically many a time, but Delius's symphonic poem, which he calls "The Song of a Great City," is unlike any other work devoted to this subject—Charpentier's "Louise" or Bruneau's "L'Enfant-Roi," for instance. Then there are "Over the Hills and Far Away," "Life's Dance," "Sea Drift," "A Mass of Life," "Brigg Fair," and "The Dance Rhapsody." In choice of subject as well as in treatment the composer is startlingly original, and the results justify the methods which he employs. Those who have followed the course of music for the last few years must have recognised that the work of Delius is a valuable acquisition to the orchestral repertory. And our joy is the greater in that he came upon our horizon unheralded.

In a recent interview Miss Mary Garden, the great Scottish singer, confessed that the music of Delius was a revelation to her. In acknowledging this, she showed her powers of discernment. Some of the composer's most genuinely inspired pages are to be found in his songs. One of them, "Abendstimmung," which is remarkable for its fine atmospheric effects, is one of the most beautiful songs in existence. To ponder over such music is a pure delight. We in England are immensely indebted to Mr. Beecham for having done so much to make it familiar to us.

D. C. PARKER.

Recent Verse

THERE was perhaps never a time when we were so agitated about poetry as we have been during the past five years. There seems to have been a thought-wave all over literary circles in this country, to the effect that poetry *ought* to be written; and as a direct result of this, almost everyone has tried to write it. Probably at no other period in our history has bad verse received so much attention, or mediocre verse such fulsome praise. The ear of the reading public has been on the alert to catch the first piping of some original voice, of some new great singer; and in the general eagerness to find someone to acclaim, the most indifferent performers have been hailed as *maestri*. It is, perhaps, for this reason—because, nowadays, the minor poet "never knows his luck," and, however feeble he may be, has a fair chance of finding somebody to call him great—that not war, nor public anxiety, nor the approaching break-up of civilisation, has been able to limit the output of minor verse.

A handful of volumes, taken at random from the bookshelf, reveals the fact that the war has not had much influence on the poet's choice of subject. The chief exception is the late James Elroy Flecker, whose posthumous volume, "The Old Ships," makes a welcome appearance through the Poetry Bookshop. Flecker was deeply moved and thrilled by the outbreak of the war, and he did not live to hear too much of its seamy and unromantic aspects. His new version of "God Save the King" is full of patriotic fervour, but is much too "literary" to be a serious contribution to literature. Such "poetic" lines as "Rebels with flaming eyes" and such phrases and epithets as "eagle right," "dulcet-drawn," and "sweetly-meadowed" are hardly suited for the deep-throated populace to bawl. Alas! it must be admitted that all the weaknesses of Flecker's jewelled Parnassian style are shown up vividly when he writes of the war. His poem, "The Burial in England," can only be described as a pathetic failure, a failure which shows how completely its author belonged to an age which is now for ever past. It is safe to prophesy that no one, in the age which is dawning, will ever again write this kind of stuff if he hope for an audience:—

Never one drop of Lethe's stagnant cup
Dare dim the fountains of the Marne and Aisne
Since still the flowers and meadow-grass unmown
Lie broken with the imprint of those who fell,
Briton and Gaul—but fell immortal friends
And fell victorious and like tall trees fell.

Almost any don of either University might write like this if he worked hard enough at his technique. The deservedly great reputation which James Flecker gained with "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" will not be enhanced by the publication of these unfortunate exercises in a manner which was unsuited to his talents. What these talents were, and the extent of their limitations, are well shown in other pieces in this volume. The translations from Jean Moréas, Henri de Régnier, Paul Fort, and, in particular, Albert Samain are

admirable, and display to the full his scholarly use of words, his highly polished technique, his feeling for colour. But his temperament was too cold, his style too chiselled, to enable him to handle "big bow-wow" themes with success.

Mr. Edward Shanks, whose volume of "Songs" is also produced by the Poetry Bookshop, has contrived to get a quality of singing into his verse, together with a certain simplicity and freshness. He concerns himself chiefly with common human love rather than with the poetic abstraction, and manages to invest with a certain charm the gratification of youthful appetite. The idea of his first piece, "The Great Child," is a trifle well worn; but in the last, "Drilling in Russell Square," he has written a war poem which has feeling and actuality, and was worth doing because it seems to be a personal utterance.

Miss Anna Wickham's volume, "The Contemplative Quarry" (The Poetry Bookshop) has also the merit of being composed of personal utterances. She says just what she herself has to say; or, rather, she blurts it out. Much of it seems to be rather nonsense, but at least in every line one detects a living voice, a personality. She has not gone, as is usually the way, to other poets or prose writers for her inspiration; indeed, she is consciously and joyously "emancipated," as the following lines indicate:—

A poet rediscovers all creation;
His instinct gives him beauty, which is sensed relation.
It was as fit for one man's thoughts to trot in iambs,
as it is for me
Who live not in the horse-age, but in the day of
aeroplanes, to write my rhythms free.

Swank; but the heart of the jaded reader warms at once.

The volumes bearing the imprint of "The Poetry Bookshop" are certainly far and away the most interesting of this haphazard collection. They seem to have "something to them," even if it isn't much; but all the others are unreadable. "The Forgotten Island," by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall (Chapman and Hall), is an entirely innocuous collection. Such words as "canst" and "'twixt" figure in it constantly, and one would expect to meet several of the pieces reprinted in "ballad concert" programmes, supposing one ever went to ballad concerts. Mr. Rex Freston's book, "The Quest of Beauty" (B. H. Blackwell), has nothing whatever to distinguish it from a hundred similar volumes. It is full of pretty little verses which scan and rhyme. "Songs of Simple Things," by Judith Foljambe (Curtis and Davidson), have a certain unpretentious simplicity which is disarming; and they are to be sold for the benefit of the Sick and Wounded Fund. The late Mr. Dobell's "Sonnets and Lyrics on the War" (P. J. and A. E. Dobell) will be cherished more for the lovable character of their author than for any literary merit which they possess.

"Concerning Kit," a practical guide to officers' outfits, prepared by the author of the series in *Land and Water*, will be published immediately by Messrs. McBride, Nast and Co. at a shilling.

REVIEWS

The Scientist at Home

Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters. Edited by her daughter, HENRIETTA LITCHFIELD. 2 vols. (John Murray. 21s. net.)

THE average man forms a mental picture of any world-famous scientist or philosopher derived chiefly from newspaper reports of his public appearances or his discoveries. He thinks of the great man as spending his days at his desk or in his laboratory, mute and preoccupied; his evenings at the disposal of various learned Societies or Associations, before whose members he will lecture gravely, defending by an exhibition of accumulated knowledge his title to the letters after his distinguished name. As to the more genial interludes of life, these are not, as a rule, in the picture.

In these two volumes of family letters, covering a period of a hundred years, the interest centres about the figure of Charles Darwin, and the effect is to dispel any idea that a master in the arts of research need be gloomy, detached, or independent of the graces which charm the ordinary uncelebrated person. Rarely have we been able to piece together, letter by letter, as it were, so fine a character as is displayed by this intimate correspondence. From his marriage in 1839 to Emma Wedgwood—grand-daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, of Etruria, Staffordshire—onward to his death in 1882, there is one long record of happy family life, of devoted sons and daughters, and friends scarcely less devoted; of unflinching courage under sickness, unflagging perseverance in study; of delight in the success of others and a beautiful modesty concerning his own fame. The long married life, despite all differences of opinion on religious matters (and these were marked), and in the face of the rather alarming fact that the wife had very little comprehension of Darwin's incessant experiments and immense labours, was from its joyous beginning to its tranquil end a shining success. Neither feared to speak or write plainly to the other on any subject, and their complete understanding ensured a safe footing from the first. In a letter to Emma Wedgwood, written a few days before the wedding, occurs this passage:

How I do hope you may be as happy as I know I shall be: but it frightens me, as often as I think of what a family you have been one of. I was thinking this morning how it came that I, who am fond of talking and am scarcely ever out of spirits, should so entirely rest my notions of happiness on quietness and a good deal of solitude. But I believe the explanation is very simple. It is that during the five years of my voyage, which from the active manner in which they have been passed may be said to be the commencement of my real life, the whole of my pleasure was derived from what passed in my mind while admiring views by myself, travelling across the wild deserts or glorious forests, or pacing the deck of the poor little *Beagle* at night. Excuse this much egotism; I give it you because I think you will

humanise me, and soon teach me there is greater happiness than building theories and accumulating facts in silence and solitude.

Thus did the two begin their life together, comprehendingly, and the years at their home at Down, where they loved to be, are full of charm. We will quote a part of one more letter, this time thirty-two years after, to his daughter Henrietta (who edits the collection) on the occasion of her wedding tour:

Well, it is an awful and astounding fact that you are married; and I shall miss you sadly. But there is no help for that, and I have had my day and a happy life, notwithstanding my stomach; and this I owe almost entirely to our dear old mother, who, as you know well, is as good as twice refined gold. Keep her as an example before your eyes, and then Litchfield will in future years worship and not only love you, as I worship our dear old mother. Farewell, my dear Etty. I shall not look at you as a really married woman until you are in your own house. It is the furniture which does the job. Farewell.

Your affectionate Father,

CHARLES DARWIN.

The many letters from the "dear old mother," to her children generally, are simply delightful. Emma Darwin was the fit mate for this indefatigable scientist; her constant, tender care during his frequent ill-health must have preserved his life for many years, and her faculty for "management" was unrivalled. "Her most remarkable characteristic," we are told, "was her absolute sincerity. . . . In little things and great things it was the same. She was incapable of playing a part or feigning a feeling. . . . Nothing was ever a trouble or a burden to her, and she never made much of difficulties." She was a perfect nurse, and the small things of life—the birds, the antics of animals—gave her pleasure continually. At the age of eighty-eight she was still youthful at heart. Her picture stands before us in these pages as clearly drawn as that of her husband, and her letters must be read before the full, strong beauty of her mind is appreciated.

We have no space to deal at length with the correspondence, earlier in date, chiefly between members of the Wedgwood family, which forms the first volume. They deal incidentally with the days when the press-gang was in operation, the times of Waterloo, and there are many interesting allusions—several to Sydney Smith, who was an intimate friend; and one to Elliston, the actor, in a letter by Sarah Wedgwood, dated 1807, which set us reading Charles Lamb's essay on "Ellistoniana." The second volume contains as many, referring occasionally to Carlyle, the Brontës, Tennyson, Mazzini, Longfellow, and others. The Great Exhibition of 1851 is mentioned, and one sentence on the Crimean War shows how history repeats itself: "We are very busy here in Tenby in sending out clothing and necessaries to the Crimea and Scutari." A sad interest is given to this collection by the "Postscript" on Erasmus Darwin, aged 33, a grandson of Emma and Charles Darwin, a young man of great promise, who was killed in action on April 24 this year; this is written by Bernard Darwin, another grandson, and

both of them are mentioned, as little children, in the book.

The pleasure this long series of letters, so admirably arranged and clearly explained, has given us is very great indeed. The two books form a splendid record of noble lives, and we have been able in this review merely to hint at the fascination of the slowly evolving characters and their various careers.

Love Letters to a Poet

Juliette Drouet's Love Letters to Victor Hugo. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN the rich storehouse of love letters there are none more nearly priceless as human documents than the daily epistles sent by Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo. We owe M. Louis Guimbaud a debt of gratitude on account of their discovery and the biographical notes which made them intelligible, and Lady Theodora Davidson's translation is unexceptionable in literary quality and taste. Lytton made Keats's chillingly declare that love was a disturbance of the mental equilibrium; we shall hardly go far wrong if we say that even to that universal rule there is the exception, and with all their poignancy and their beauty, their doubts and their perfect confidence, here is that exception. Romance knows nothing finer; and there is only just enough of human uncertainty and trial to throw into sharpest relief this idyll of the perfect love of a great man and a finely appreciative woman. Wholly human were these two; yet for the sake of each other they renounced the world and lived the simple life, consummating away from the haunts of men the "marriage of escaped birds." No more remarkable story of sustained love has ever been given to the world, and Juliette is as earnest in her declaration of love at the end of long years as in the first hours of their relationship. It is less than truth to say that the most resourceful novelist has never given to the world so absorbing a study of a woman to whom love is the beginning and the end of all things. Her self-abnegation indeed had in it something of the ancient mysticism, and when Victor Hugo, strangely in the poet and dramatist, suggested that love should be calm and placid, she urged that such love could not abide for all time: "A fire that no longer blazes is quickly smothered in ashes. Only a love that scorches and dazzles is worthy of the name. Mine is like that." This woman, who gave herself, body, soul, and brain to Victor Hugo, whom he cherished with such completeness of regard that at one time he would not allow her to walk abroad except under his protection, was already a mother when he first met her, and the life of the favoured Parisian actress had led her into debts which were a source of trouble and for a brief moment brought about their separation. She left him to find a home with her sister near Brest, and she bade him farewell on August 2, 1834. She wrote to him at midnight:—

Farewell for ever. You have decreed it thus.

Farewell, then, and may you be as happy and admired as I shall be hapless and forlorn. Farewell! The word comprises my whole life and joy and happiness.

But "for ever" was impossible to either. They are soon reunited, and she becomes the constant companion, the most sympathetic devotee man of genius ever had. She was the first to taste the sweets of his brain, and her sole anxiety was that others might not see in his work all that she saw. We cannot resist giving three letters written immediately before and immediately after the production of "Marion":—

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m., March 7, 1838.

MY DARLING,—I see you very seldom, but it is not your fault, I know. I look constantly into my heart, whence you are never absent, and there I see you growing daily nobler, greater, and dearer. So to-morrow is the great day! Ardently as I desired its advent, I now dread it more than I can say. However, up till now I have always been very frightened, and nothing has happened, so I hope it may be the same this time. Besides, how could the disapproval of a few miserable wretches and idiots affect the magnificent verses of "Marion"? It will only prompt the sincere and intelligent portion of the audience to do you instant and brilliant justice. I am no longer afraid. I am as brave and strong as love itself. Put me where you like—I do not care—all places are equally good to applaud from, just as all moments are suitable for adoring you. Good-bye, my love.

JULIETTE.

Thursday, 12.45 p.m., March 8, 1838.

Good morning, blessed one. I am quite upset. If your success to-night is in proportion to my fright, you will have the most magnificent triumph of your life. I hardly know what I am doing; I am shaking like a leaf, I cannot grasp my pen. I must try to pull myself together for this evening. It is absurd of me to be such a little craven; besides, what harm can a *cabal* do you? None! It can only enhance your greatness, if such a thing be possible; so, I am ashamed of my cowardice. I am horribly stupid to dread a thing which certainly will not happen, and if it did, would not injure you. Now that is enough! I will not fear again, and I will admire and applaud my "Marion" in the very face of the *cabal*. I will give them a hot time to-night! Bravo! bravo!! bravo!!! I feel as if I were there already, and the happiest of women.

My little darling man, are you not soon coming to me? I do so long for you. I feel as if you had been very cold to me lately. In the old days, a first performance did not prevent your coming to make love to me. Heavens, what torture it is to have to doubt you at a moment when I am so desperately in need of you! I love you!

JULIETTE.

Friday, 1.45 p.m., March 9, 1838.

You are adorable, my great Victor. I wish I could express myself as earnestly as I feel, but that is impossible; I am tongue-tied. So the great performance is over! What a fool I was to be frightened, and how rightly I placed my confidence in that great noodle the public, which is so slow and so hard to work up, but when once started, boils over so satisfactorily. What a magnificent success, and how thoroughly justified! What a beautiful piece, what lovely verses! and the fascinating poet! Everything was understood, applauded, admired. It was delight-

ful. My soul was raised heavenward with the Play. Dear God, how magnificent it was!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I must be there again to-morrow, and every night. Surely I have the right!

I love you, my Toto, I adore you with all the strength of my soul. I wish I could go out—it is such a fine day. I kiss your beloved hands.

JULIETTE.

If Juliette Drouet worshipped she at least performed her devotions at a worthy shrine, and there was something in her "Hugolatry," as M. Guimbaud calls it, which places their relations high above the merely carnal.

A Cheerful Budget

The Kiss, and Other Stories. By ANTON TCHEKOFF.
(Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

WITH the best wishes in the world towards our Russian allies, and the most friendly feeling for all their enterprises, we must express the desire that their literary artists could manage to strike a more cheerful note occasionally. Admitting that in the past the Russian people have been oppressed, that invasion and famine have left terrible memories, ineffaceable scars on the country, yet there is humour in most troubles if it be sought for and if the right temperament undertakes the seeking. These comments have been inspired by a reading of the volume by Anton Tchekoff entitled "The Kiss." It consists of fifteen short stories or sketches, and they run as follows, in their order: A pleasant story of an officer's visionary passion; a tale of misplaced love; a trial for murder; a mass for the dead; a sketch of a boy suffering from a diseased arm, who runs away from hospital; a fantasy of a mournful reed-player of morbid tendencies; a story of adultery and death; another murder trial; a note on a starving child; two women discussing the possibility of killing their husbands; a man driving his sick wife to hospital, discovers that on the way his burden has become a corpse, and himself dies, frozen; a story of hate; a fairly pleasant interlude of a wealthy princess and her unscrupulous actions; and a tale of peasant poverty and misery. One we have omitted, concerning a careless spendthrift and "sponger" who as a matter of course makes love in the wrong quarter. Taken at one sitting, the effect of the whole bunch is simply suicidal—one turns in desperation to some healthy English classic, be it "Pickwick" or "Penny-dennis," for relief from the overwhelming depression.

The art of the writer is not disputed; the very effect produced on the reader is sufficient testimony to his power. The language is simple, expressive, clear to perfection, and there are passages of description, all too brief, which reveal the Russian landscapes, the lowly cottages, the interiors of the poor hovel-homes, in a most vivid manner. But, in spite of the acknowledged skill and sincerity of these exponents of another literature, there is an atmosphere about these stories and studies of the sad side of life which can never appeal to the Englishman beyond a certain point—which can,

in fact, repel him. Too united has been the chorus of praise; it is fairly certain that many reviewers have taken their cue from the popular turn for Russian art and gone into hypocritical ecstasies over these morbid tales, with no critical restraint. Some few of them we can read with pleasure; some, no doubt, are in their way little triumphs. But it is necessary to point out that there is nothing in them to warrant the indiscriminate admiration which has been unleashed, and that there are a dozen authors in England at the present moment whose gifts are as great, and whose work is better worth examination. It is well to study a foreign literature, to translate it and to discover wherein its greatness lies; but it is not well to sink the critical faculty and to proclaim every Russian writer a "master," and every Russian short story a "masterpiece."

The American Touch

Mothers and Children. By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER.
(Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is an extraordinary thing that many people, suddenly awakening to certain facts themselves, inevitably draw the conclusion that others have also shared their apathy, and that it rests with them—the pioneers of "movements," as they usually style themselves—to instruct and dictate to the unfortunate, backward section of the community. Smilingly and with a good grace it will listen to what the newcomer has to say, and patiently await the next "reformer," on whom the same attention, the same kindly consideration is bestowed. Mrs. Fisher hails from America, and is imbued with all the democratic principles and ideals—if such they can be called—of which that land is capable. She is greatly afraid lest children of this generation be brought up in accordance with traditions of the past; and, naturally, in this connection the aristocratic families of England come in for their fair share of criticism. It is not until a little later in life that American girls realise that the scions of some of Britain's old families have not been brought up so badly after all.

It must not be imagined, however, that the author has any particular strange, new theories with regard to the bringing up of children. Analysed, many might actually be called old-fashioned, as much as Mrs. Fisher, as a true American, must dislike the word. But sympathy with and an understanding of a child are no new factors where a mother is concerned, and the majority of examples quoted, where the parent is harsh, unjust or will not take the trouble to understand the small matters which mean so much in the little ones' lives, are exceptions, and it is doubtful whether any system, old or new, will ever succeed in altering the outlook of the few selfish persons who do not bring all the happiness they might into the lives of little children.

In some of her passages Mrs. Fisher seems almost to lose sight of the fact that she is treating of small children when she launches into lengthy treatises with

regard to the child's ability to judge for itself in matters far beyond its capacity, while the accuracy of the following passage must be questioned very strongly.

English literature is so full of pictures of the tragic remoteness and oftentimes animosity between father and son, and mother and daughter, that American readers feel like asking if there are no English parents who are intimate friends and boon companions of their girls and boys?

English life, at any rate, can give many excellent examples of the close intimacy existing between parents and children. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that deep affection, with a certain amount of reverence, is the feeling that exists for many a father or mother in the hearts of their children all the days of their life. The suggestion that there are "many families of grown-up children . . . where the never-solved question is, 'What shall we do with mother to make her happy?'" does not hold good in the country which hesitates to throw off old traditions, well-tried methods before she is certain that they are to be replaced by something more enduring, more calculated to bring lasting happiness to the individual. It is possible to say of the book as a whole that, like many estimable people who fail exactly to accomplish the task they set out to do, it means well, and that if no particularly new thought or fresh idea is evolved, the writer is evidently very much in earnest and has a great desire for all children to have as enjoyable a time as possible; so it behoves the reader to be gentle and to accept in a gracious spirit old maxims in new phrases, together with some controversial passages such as the ones quoted above.

Fiction

"THE Blue Horizon," by H. de Vere Stacpoole (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.), consists of thirteen short stories, with blue water and blue skies for setting. The Florida coast, and that of Southern California, where such conditions prevail, are the holiday haunts of wealthy Americans from New York, New Orleans, Chicago, and other centres of hustling finance, whither they go for a spell of battle with the big game of the deep by way of relaxation from their strenuous money-making existence. The author is so lavish in his description of these tropic climes, however, that the seafaring reader welcomes with a feeling of relief the sea-fog that so influences the lives of the lovers in the third story, "The Derelict." Love, it almost goes without saying, plays the principal part in the collection, but sport also has a large share, and the fishing for giant tarpon and sea-bats is admirably told, especially the latter in "The Great Ray." One story, "The Buccaneers," may remind readers of the famous Captain Kettle, though Captain Blood, "an Irishman of the black-haired, grey-eyed type from the West Coast—a relic of the wreck of the Spanish Armada," resembles him only in a kindred dare-devilment; while "High Tide" recalls an incident in Victor Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer." In this instance the marin

monster is the great squid. "Far more terrible-looking than the octopus, this creature of the barrel-shaped order of decapods, possessing ten arms, two of over thirty feet in length, eight quite short in proportion, with a body weighing over a ton, with two beaks and a tongue armed with teeth, moved, for all its weight, lightly as a crawling cat." This was something far worse than a Zeppelin for a lonely man to encounter at dead of night—the fate that befell a young American on a reef off Florida. Such a horror as this, however, serves but to accentuate the sempiternal blue of the majority of Mr. de Vere Stacpoole's stories, which are so vividly told that the reader becomes almost a participant in them.

Utter disregard of the moral law is apparently the *raison d'être* of the title of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fraser's latest novel, "The Pagans" (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.). It introduces the reader to a class of people very different from that which the title seems to imply. For the authors are not dealing with those mighty pagans who are responsible for so much of the arts and the history of the past, but with present-day degenerates who acknowledge no law but their own gratification as the whim of the moment directs it. We do not know if all the characters are intended for pagans, as some are extraordinarily good and others unutterably bad, though all seem imbued with the same instinct—that of self—and not a few of the pagans of yore could rise superior to that. But, after all, "what's in a name?" for "The Pagans" provides a fascinating courtesan with a heart as black as sin and two beautiful, pure-souled girls, who in turn encounter a couple of susceptible sons of nature, to the accompaniment of perjury, blackmailing, unnatural death, and other iniquities, for those who like their fiction highly spiced. And so, "by apt collaboration's artful aid," to misquote the poet, the authors have produced a sensational story that might even have made the Fat Boy's flesh creep. Such a character as the bewitching she-devil Tressider Sackwood should not be missed, if only for the diverse thrills she causes.

Opening with a Sweeny Tod incident as presented on the boards of Old Sadler's Wells—a murder, and a burning fiery furnace for the disposal of the body—"A Man from the Past," by Stanley Portal Hyatt (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.), concludes in true transpontine melodramatic fashion, so far as two of the villains are concerned, with a struggle in the dark in which bowie-knives play the part of avenging Nemesis. There is first a "hideous gurgle," indicating a cut throat, and then a "bubbling of blood" from a man's lungs, and Ugly Bill, host of the "Black Dog," and the Red Man, Herbert Jakes, the "Man from the Past," have settled their long reckoning with outraged justice. But the reader who happens upon these two gory episodes, after a glance at the opening pages and a hurried dip into those at the end, must not rashly form the conclusion that this is altogether a "blood and thunder" story. On the contrary, it displays considerable power in quite other directions. A brace of lovers, over whom hangs

the shadow of the initial crime, come into their golden kingdom at the end; but the most effective part is the description of Danechester, a manufacturing town in the Midlands, with its mixed population of idle rich and strenuous toilers in the engineering works of Bartram and Robley. The author has instilled real life into his diverse personages, who comprise all sorts and conditions of men and women; and in this he shows versatility, together with a keen psychological insight. He is no apostle of eugenics and the heredity bugbear, for Arthur Robley, "The Limit," autocrat of the works, is as dissimilar to his guilty father—"a callous murderer who attempted to shift the blame on to others, while endeavouring to appropriate the spoils"—as well could be. Mr. Hyatt has written a powerful story.

Shorter Notices

Fifty Good Sonnets

Mr. Archibald T. Strong's "Sonnets of the Empire" (Macmillan, 3s. net) should be read by those who feel that poetry is not altogether to be banished from the present difficult times. They are not mere exercises in the sonnet-form—they have a well-conceived scheme of development, and though most of them were written before the war, the general plan of tracing "the spiritual growth of the British Empire through the lives of the men who have made it" is not spoiled by the inclusion of some more recent work. There are two fine sonnets on "Oxford," and, remembering that Mr. Strong is a noted Australian writer and journalist, the sestet has an especial significance:

Here in the South under an iron sky

The red wind flames o'er barren hills and sere,

Yet swift the muffled oars of memory ply

The restless passage of the years, and lo!

Once more across the golden flats appear

The dreaming spires, lit with the sunset's glow.

Others, addressed to national heroes, are more stirring, and those directly inspired by the events of last autumn are dignified and worthy of the author. We have before noticed Mr. Strong's capable work, and it is a pleasure to find that he never lowers its value by carelessness or by rhyming for rhyming's sake.

J. M. Synge and his Work

The latest volume from the Cuala Press, of Dundrum, Dublin, is an appreciation of John M. Synge, comprising "A Few Personal Recollections, with Biographical Notes," by John Masefield (7s. 6d. net). So slight is our knowledge of the young Irish dramatist and poet that these notes of a brief friendship are welcome and valuable. Synge in some ways was decidedly "queer"; he disliked England, and found no charm in Devon; incidentally Mr. Masefield rouses our indignation—and betrays his own lack of knowledge—by labelling Devonshire as "a place where elderly ladies invite retired naval officers to tea. England lies farther to the north." This is not brilliant, nor has it the excuse of being true or witty; but it is the only flaw in an interesting little book. The work is beautifully printed and a fine example of production in its general appearance. In November a new volume by W. B. Yeats will be issued from the Cuala Press, entitled "Reveries over Childhood and Youth," at the price of 10s. 6d.

The Theatre

"The Angel in the House"

FANTASY'S hot fire is the only proper stuff of which plays should be made for our entertainment in these awful days. Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Macdonald Hastings had fully grasped this fact when they wrote the incorrectly described comedy in which Mr. H. B. Irving shines newly forth at the Savoy. Caprice rules the plot and humorous imagination suggests the characters. Everybody is just of the wayward kind the authors need for their purpose, every action is a bizarrerie, every word part of an amusing fantasy. One accepts with delight Mr. Holman Clark's queer old Sir Rupert Bindloss, who welcomes and pets the middle-aged Hyacinth Petavel because of long past memories. Hyacinth, as acted by Mr. Irving, would require a page to describe. He is futurist, eugenist; posé, self-satisfied, an incompetent muddler of other people's plans, an egoist who insists that he is an altruist, and in some strange way—due, no doubt, to the cleverness of the actor and the authors—he is always a charming and compelling personage—even in his most farcical moments. And fantasy should have plenty of farce in it, just as comedy is instinct with tragedy, and every quality of life and death is shadowed and tinted by its opposite. With this idea in view, or perhaps for the good motive of our amusement alone, Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Hastings have set themselves to work to evolve a capital entertainment. With the aid of Lady Tree as Lady Sarel, a creature of fancy boldly and brilliantly played so that every situation, every phrase, even the slightest, went at considerably above the market price; with the accomplished Mr. Clark making the incredible possible as the would-be father of Hyacinth; with the ready help of two beautiful ladies, Miss Vera Coburn and Miss Mary Glynné, as his young daughters, and with all the other clever people, the peculiar wit of Mr. Hastings—for, perhaps unfairly, we seem to find his brain at work in much of the dialogue and freshness of the situations—may be said to have had no such opportunity of enchanting an audience since those first bold days when "The New Sin" delighted the esoteric rather than the people who pay.

There is only one alteration that one would like to make in this delicious and highly seriously presented farce. "The Angel in the House" should have been called "Hyacinth," for Mr. Irving's skilful management of that part, as well as the obvious intention of the authors, makes the hero the play and the play the hero. Just how he comes from Italy to an English country-house and, with infinite vanity, changes every possible tradition, and is eventually baffled but not exactly conquered by the laughter and cunning of his victims, must be seen and enjoyed. In print the plot and dialogue lose their magic, thus showing, if it were needed, that Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Hastings have

been successful even beyond our hopes in composing a fantasy for the stage which, without overwhelming satire or too gorgeous a show of wit, will long hold the attention of audiences in the most difficult season that our theatre has ever known.

EGAN MEW.

The City

PARTLY no doubt in consequence of the tropical weather, partly as the result of war conditions, business in the City has been at the lowest ebb. Interest seems chiefly to have been aroused by the appearance of New South Wales, for the second time within three or four months, with proposals for a new loan. She now offers £5,000,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds at 99½. It is true this does not represent an addition to her debt: the money is wanted to pay off existing obligations. But the effect on a market inclined to depression, was pretty much as though New South Wales were asking for a further £5,000,000. Underwriters have been badly left by recent issues, notwithstanding the money awaiting profitable investment. On the Stock Exchange there has been no marked feature unless it be some buying of Home Rails by those who see in present prices an opportunity for getting in on the eve of a rise. A certain amount of buying has continued of Japanese securities, and both Argentine Bonds and Rails are firmer. Oil shares have been rather better on vague rumours, but Rubbers have refused to respond to the conditions in the raw commodity market, which, if maintained, fore-shadow fine dividends for 1915.

CORRESPONDENCE

CONSERVATISM AND ENGLISH SPELLING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Your contributor in his article "Conservatism and English Spelling" draws attention to what has been well called "a national misfortune." Our system of spelling and counting seriously handicaps Britain in international competition. Educational inefficiency means commercial inefficiency. A tutor in the largest Civil Service preparation college in Britain told me that his pupils devoted one hour in every three to the study of spelling. That such drudgery is not purely gratuitous is proved by the fact that the three subjects in which most students lose marks in Civil Service examinations are spelling, handwriting and manuscript copy (the last a kind of spelling test).

It may be that we shall gradually wake up to the realisation of this burden we tie on our backs. Mr. Arthur Samuel, a commercial magnate who has an imperial width of outlook, told a large meeting of business men the other day that he believed that in pushing our trade abroad and in the Colonies, the adoption of a decimal or duo-decimal system would be an immense advantage to us. As a business man he never ceased to urge the necessity for a re-arrangement of our British system of weights and measures. The same advantage in an even greater degree could be claimed for the re-arrangement of our spelling.

Yours, etc.,

J. MONTAGU.

24, Mountfield Road, Ealing, W.

May 29, 1915.



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Notes of the Week

The War

A PART from the Eastern theatre, where our Russian friends are evidently being hard pressed, though they yield ground only after inflicting heavy losses on the enemy which must tell in the long run, everything goes satisfactorily. The German-Austrian forces are still making determined efforts to recover Lemberg as they have recovered Przemyśl, and the Grand Duke defeats them at one place only to find them coming on in strength at another. German accounts of events in Galicia are, however, no more trustworthy than her accounts of happenings in the West, where the French have continued to progress, despite all opposition. Whenever Germany reports that the French have been repulsed or defeated, it may confidently be predicted that some new position, carefully prepared for defence, has been captured. The Italians are proving more than a match for the Austrians sent against them, and in the Gallipoli Peninsula the Turks are sensibly weakening, though the nature of the ground makes progress slow. An air raid by the Allies on Karlsruhe by way of reprisal will have given the Germans a taste of the sort of visit they like to pay to undefended French and British towns. Every air raid on the Allies' territory ought to be met by an air raid on Germany. The Greek elections have resulted in a triumph for M. Venizelos, and Greece is appreciably nearer the hour when she will send her forces to assist the cause of the Allies. What the outcome of Mr. Wilson's Note will be remains to be seen. German intrigue in America seems to have carried even Mr. Bryan off his balance, but Mr. Wilson's appeal to humanity as well as international law has cut the ground from under Germany's feet. No inkling of the lines Germany's reply will take has been vouchsafed.

The Cost of the War

Mr. Asquith's statements in Parliament last week and this afford some idea of what this terrible war is

costing, not only in money but in men. Ten months' casualties total over a quarter of a million; of that number the killed amount to 50,000. Unhappily the proportion of losses per week will increase with the greater activity assumed. And if British losses have been thus heavy, what must the losses of France, Russia, Germany, and the rest have been? The crime against humanity for which the authors of the war must ever be held accountable is only more tragic than the waste of wealth. In moving a further Vote of Credit for £250,000,000 Mr. Asquith explained that where the daily expenditure in the last financial year was one and a half millions, it is now more than two and a half millions, and is likely to become more than three millions. In other words, if the war lasts another twelve months, it will add a thousand millions to the already heavily swollen National Debt. Such is the price we have to pay for blind confidence in the past and for the security of our liberty in the present and the future.

Mr. Asquith's Repugnant Task

A rather unfortunate choice of words by Mr. Asquith in his reference to the Coalition Government has occasioned a certain searching of hearts in Unionist ranks. The task of reconstructing the Cabinet, he said, was as repugnant as could fall to the lot of any man. What he meant, of course, was that it was painful and repugnant to have to part with colleagues with whom he has worked so long and so closely. That Mr. Asquith did not intend to make any offensive reflection on his new colleagues is clear from his expression of pleasure that Sir Edward Carson is Attorney-General. Sir Edward Carson refused to join the Government at first, but yielded to pressure, and it is matter for regret, as Mr. Asquith now says, and we said at the time, that Mr. Redmond did not see his way to follow Sir Edward Carson's example. Mr. Asquith did not alter and broaden the basis of his Government without misgiving, but a situation "without parallel in our national history" made it necessary that the nation should act as one man with one brain. Those who are partisans before they are patriots may have been shocked, but the very repugnance to which Mr. Asquith referred is proof that neither the Unionist nor Radical leaders are anything of the sort. They at least recognise that the country split into parties would soon be without party, because there would be no country to split.

Wanted, A Deluge of Neuve Chapelles

Mr. Lloyd George is not only Munitions Minister but Munitions Missioner. His Bristol address on Saturday was a veritable call to all that is best in the workers of the West of England. "It was the men of the West who overthrew the Armada. I want you to repeat that exploit. I want you to fill our arsenals, to fill our wagons with the material that will enable our troops to break through the German lines." Germany can be beaten as much by the British worker at home as by the man in the trenches, and Lord Kitchener is even bringing skilled men back from the Army to

enable the munition factory to turn out every ounce that is needed. No trade unionist rule must be allowed during the war to override the necessities of the Army at the front. "You saw what happened at Neuve Chapelle," said Mr. Lloyd George. "We rained shot on them and our men got through, but then we had to pause. We want a deluge of Neuve Chapelles. Let them rain for forty days and forty nights without ceasing." The audience rose to this stirring appeal, and the only thing about it that strikes the reader as amazing is that it should have to be made. But as it had to be made, Mr. Lloyd George was the man to do it. "We want a deluge of Neuve Chapelles": the demand will not soon be forgotten.

Brains in Action

When the Army and Navy of a country are mobilised for war, it is essential that the brains of the country—its thinking men—should also prepare for action. This point seems not to have been unduly emphasised in the present struggle. Ten months of war, and we take the alien question seriously; we begin to realise, like President Lincoln, that men may have to be "fetched"; we discover the value of a large supply of ammunition; and we feel that cotton—the basis of modern high explosives—should be made contraband. Ten months—and even now no real council of the wise men of the nation on its scientific side has been summoned, that we may defy or destroy the devices employed against us, devices well thought out by minds of extraordinary keenness and perseverance. Sir William Ramsay, in a letter to the *Morning Post*, comments pertinently upon our procrastination in the matter of allowing cotton to pass into Germany through neutral countries. He is one of the wise men whose words should be valued and acted upon by those in authority.

Bulgarian Folk-Song

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

IT is quite refreshing to be able to speak of a part of Europe that is not at this moment at war; but in regard to Bulgaria we feel that, though it enjoys this immunity for the present, that condition might at any time pass, and, in any case, the wounds of old warfare are scarcely yet healed. We need not here speak of the country's part in the Balkan wars that were the prelude of this far more extended conflict. Although Bulgarian literature has shown a healthy growth since the liberating war of 1877, and can now boast some names of genuine importance, what may be called formal or regulated literature had been somewhat scanty in the country before that date. The people shared in the general wealth of oral song to be found in Slavonic lands, the copious and unpremeditated outflowing of articulate emotion that flourishes more easily among races of deficient culture than it does amid more advanced civilisations. The gift of song is one of man's primitive instincts, and it usually seems at its best before education has turned an im-

pulse into an art. It need not be denied that literature gains more than it loses by the progress of genuine education, but there is a loss of freshness and spontaneity, which is inevitable when expression becomes self-conscious. We have ourselves gained by the advance from "Beowulf" and the traditional ballads to the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley; just as France gained by passing from the lays of trouvère and troubadour to the works of Hugo and Balzac, Verlaine, de Musset, and Pierre Loti. But in countries like Bulgaria the compensations as yet do not equal the losses, artistic literature being still in its infancy; and the nation's chief literary treasure is the old minstrelsy—just as the "Kalevala" is the glory of the Finns.

Till about the middle of the past century, songs and ballad fragments had floated freely about the countryside, in an uncollected and unedited condition; they were sung at the village firesides, crooned by mothers to their babes, recited by old men and women, with whom much must regrettably have perished. Such songs were an inherent part of the popular folk-lore, the superstitions, historic legends, and semi-pagan religion. Ages of partial barbarism have ever this picturesqueness, this twilight condition of alert imagination and defective learning, very delightful to view retrospectively, and far less perilous when the worst comes to be said, than the barbaric out-breaking and reversion of a generation that has attained high scientific proficiency. "Corruptio optimi pessima"—we have learned that truth only too disastrously in these latter days. Nothing is more deadly than an educated madness.

An immense deal of heathen credulity underlay the thin veneer of Christianity which the Greek Church had been able to spread over the Slav countries. The Bulgars had early their translations of the Scriptures and of the Apocrypha, with versions of the fathers and lives of saints; but the people themselves reached them in a very diluted degree. In 1842 was published at Pesth a collection of Bulgarian national songs and proverbs, which is generally supposed to be the earliest of its kind. The Romantic spirit was in the air, and those who imbibed it were everywhere turning to primitive literatures to find the fresh vigour and native inspiration that had evaporated from perverted classicism. A few years later two brothers, Dimitri and Constantine Miladinov, set themselves more thoroughly to collect the oral treasures of the land. Dimitri was a schoolmaster in Macedonia, Constantine a student of Moscow University. The latter in his preface, tells us that he collected as many as 150 songs from one girl alone, a striking proof of the abundance of material. The book was published at Agram in 1861. Its patriotic spirit and the satire contained in some of the verses won the enmity both of Turks and Greeks; and though the brothers had the sympathetic support of the enlightened Bishop Strossmayer, charges against them were carried to the

authorities by certain Greek priests, whose quarrel seems to have been theological rather than political.

The result was that the brothers were sentenced to life-long captivity. Such strenuous efforts were made on their behalf by Strossmayer, assisted by the Austrian and Russian Governments, that the Turks were induced to consent to their release, with characteristic duplicity furnishing an order for the liberation of those who were found murdered in their cells. Another collection of Bulgar songs was issued at Belgrade by Verkovich, who claimed to have taken as many as 270 from the recitation of one woman. In these days of free and compulsory education, where should we find a peasant-woman with a memory so richly stored? Later deeds of Verkovich, however, did much to discredit his reputation; to say that he proved something of a Macpherson is flattering to him. For an authentic knowledge of Bulgarian folk-song we must go chiefly to the collections of the Miladinovs, of Dozon (1875), and of Cholakov (1875). These are valuable as repositories of folk-lore as well as of folk-song, the two being indeed inextricably interwoven. One very distinctive feature of Bulgar popular mythology, and of Slav myths generally, is the figure of the *vila*, so called by the Serbs, the Bulgar name being *samovida* or *samovila*, probably akin to Norse *vala*. Grimm compares the *vila* to the Teutonic elf, but she is more malicious than our usual conception of anything elfin. She is usually vicious, mischievous, jealous; very rarely benevolent. She carries off children, as well as sometimes youths and maidens, of whose bones she builds weird castles in the clouds. To her belongs the child whom an impatient mother thoughtlessly wishes "to the devil." Three *vilas* are said to have visited the infant Jesus, with what motive or result is not recorded. *Vilas* are the fairies that come to the bedside of the newborn, bringers of fate, conferring unhappy gifts. Lightning is the daughter of a *vila*, and thunder is her son. One of the Miladinov ballads tells of a maiden arrayed for the Easter festival whose eyes are torn out by a jealous *vila*; the *samovila* is particularly fond of tearing out maidens' eyes.

Another song tells how the hero Marko Kralevich wandered thirsting in the forest, and appealed to the trees for water. The forest replied: "Ah, brave Marko, curse not the woodlands of Dimna, curse the old *samovila*, who has taken the seventy springs and carried them to the height of the hills. She sells a glass of water—one glass for a pair of dark eyes." In true heroic fashion Marko conquers this *vila* and gains the seventy springs. Sometimes, like mermaids or swan-maidens of other tradition, the *vila* is captured and taken home: "He caught the *samovila* by her auburn hair. From afar he calls to his mother, 'Come forth, dear mother—I bring you a bride, a *samovila*.'" The strange wife bears a child, but she escapes at last, taking her child with her; "Did you think that you could keep a *samovila* for your love?" It is like the mermaid-wives of legend, who go back to the sea at last. There are dragons also in these folk-songs, who

make love to men and women; in one poem a dragon, whose visit is accompanied by mysterious havoc, carries off a girl: "The forest was laid low without any wind, the village burned without any fire; there was heard a barking though there were no dogs; and Dimitra was carried away." These undesired visitors may only be circumvented by magic, or sometimes by the interposition of a priest. There is also mention of the old semi-classic *Lamias*; and in some early tales are curious distortions of Christian tradition. Such things are not native to the soil; they are alien introductions, like the presence of the Virgin in the *Kalevala*. In one poem we are given a picture of Bulgaria's unhappiness—especially sad because we know that in its worst features it has been paralleled in the present day. "They were cutting to pieces the old and making slaves of the young. . . . Wherever they pass the villages were burnt; the men they enslave, the villages they burn." Worse things have been done lately. In this poem a young Janissary, himself a Wallachian who had been carried away in youth, comes to the invasion of his own land; he leads off a fair maiden as his bride, but discovers her to be his own sister. The girl tells him that "when they came to the Wallachian land the Turks killed the young Bulgarians, and my brother was taken away." "Arise, sister," says the young man, "let us go home; let us go to our mother." Another beautiful ballad tells how a forest-robber, who has made many mothers childless and many orphans, resolves to renounce his outlawed life, that he may go home and "marry the daughter of the priest." He says farewell to the forest, and the forest replies: "Till this time, Voivode Liben, the old mountain was thy mother, the green forest thy bride, adorned with tufted plumage, refreshed by the sweet breeze. The grass gave thee a bed and the forest leaves a covering; the clear waters gave thee drink, to thee sang all the birds of the wood. With thee the forest rejoiced, with thee the mountain was glad. For thee the stream was cool. But now, Liben, thou biddest adieu to the mountain, thou dost desire to go home that thy mother may betroth thee." There is a touch of true poetry in this imagined sympathy between man and Nature, the "pathetic fallacy" that is by no means a modern invention.

These poems give another proof, if one were needed, that poetry may rise naturally, beautifully, spontaneously, in countries of rude culture and distracted social conditions—that oppression, bloodshed, ignorance, superstition, are not the worst nursing-mothers of national song. A new tone comes when education brings self-consciousness, and though we would not surrender the modern, the cultivated, we certainly cannot afford to ignore the primitive, with its strong breathings of the soil, its keen native impulse, its fierce force and unveiled passion. Bulgaria may not wish to give up the poems of Slaviskov or the fiction of Karavelov; but she must still feel that her best contribution to the world's literature has been the wealth of her folk-song.

Aftermaths—VI

A NEW EARTH

SO far, the material issues of the war have been the theme of these articles. What of those deeper things of the spirit which

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing?

When the thunderstorm of war has rolled away from the earth, leaving it drenched in tears and blood, devastated, wrecked, what will new seasons bring to the sons of men? One thing is patent. Great Britain and the world cannot be as they have been of yore. The fiery trial will have brought in its train retribution, consummation, a new heaven, a new earth. Read afresh the journal of the Court of Pumpernickel as Thackeray sketched it in "Vanity Fair," and then turn to that Book of the Beast, in which is detailed the doings of the German armies in Belgium. In sixty years how ghastly have been the decline and fall of the race which to-day, at the bar of the civilised world, stands condemned of systematic infamies that sink it, root and branch, below the verge of redemption. That the men who plotted these brutal crimes should now deny their perpetration but adds to the sense of loathing and contempt in which the authors of the crimes are held by other peoples. The German Chancellor wrathfully appealing to the sanctity of treaties is a spectacle to excite the laughter of Olympus. The modern Teuton has adopted the creed of the gladiator and the buccaneer, truly a degraded, anti-human code. Take the Piltdown man—half-bestial, half-human—endow him with gifts of scientific mastery, and behold the ideal of seventy millions of folk in the twentieth century. A community under which the systematic murder of its own soldiery on the battlefield, when too badly wounded to continue their *rôle* as cannon fodder, is organised and justified, has sunk in the scale low as the cannibals of New Guinea. Let it be borne in mind that, when the trained human knackers have butchered a bleeding wretch of their own nationality, they coolly strip the murdered man of his uniform in the same fashion as a horse would be flayed; the dead carcase is then tossed on to a pile of other murdered folk, to be soaked with paraffin and burnt. It is obvious that shame, ruin and destruction must dog the heels of any race capable of such deeds. There can be no parley, no half-way house of compromise, with perpetrators of such vileness. Politically, they must become extinct. To doubt this issue of the present conflict would be utter apostasy toward the moral government of the world. The economy of mankind has to be purged of the virus of Bernhardt or, poison-stricken, to be blotted out of existence and perish. There was a period in the tide of life when reptiles, each an armoury of atrocious offence, dominated land and sea. They fought their ghastly battles to extinction. It is conceivable that the reptile breed might have continued to hold its own and become gifted with a bastard type of intelligence. Had the

trend of evolution led that way the philosophy of such creatures would have been moulded pretty much on the pattern of Potsdam. But now we dig their bones out of the lias or read their labels in museums.

So far as Great Britain is concerned the resultant of the war obviously will be to free us of many a political incubus. A Cabinet to which is summoned representatives of every phase of civic thought will mould anew the future destiny of a United Empire, even should it ultimately melt asunder into its component groups. Universal service we know to be a matter of the immediate future, a service probably of the Swiss type, avoiding the herding of young men into barracks at the period when they should be acquiring the knowledge of their lives' work. We are to have in some form a representative assembly which shall mirror the aspirations of every part of our wide-flung Empire. Great and Greater Britain will emerge from the struggle one Power, broad-based upon the solidarity of the British Raj. Shall we not perhaps go one step farther? Whether the United States be dragged into the fight or no, is there not sufficient community of ideal between our American cousins and ourselves to render a closer *rapprochement* possible? It is not conceivable that the Act of Independence should be repealed, but Canada, Australia, and South Africa shape their own destinies and still are British to the core. On our side of the Atlantic is the ancient quarry from which the American Republic has been hewn. Let the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples lay their heads together and agree henceforth to act, for exterior purposes, as one State. Thus would half the threatening problems of the future be solved. Germany has not only to be bound in fetters as a convict State, but she has to be isolated within a ring fence of Trade. Her goods must internationally be heavily taxed or boycotted. Every civilised Power will unite in forging a barrier to her future commercial expansion. The world cannot afford to fight Armageddon a second time.

The Latin countries of Europe will, when the struggle is over, blossom into renaissance. The glories of ancient France and Italy, now no longer estranged but sister States, will revive. The root of bitterness the poisoning of the wells, which Germany has systematically achieved, will be of the past. Russia, her deep spiritual forces rekindled at the torch of war and suffering, will attract a Pactolian stream from her Western Allies. This will fructify and change the face of her vast heritage of Empire. In the next twenty years the Balkan States and Greece will have evolved beyond recognition, for they are for ever freed from the main of the Turk. The Turkish Empire is doomed beyond recall. Doubtless the race will accept its fate as Kismet. That reign of savagery has blighted some of the world's fairest lands. It has become an anachronism. The dead hand crumbles into dust. As to the coming fate of China and Japan, this must depend upon the wisdom and political instinct of the leaders of men, mainly those of Great Britain and the United States. If they are true seers, to whom is the

vision of veritable national regeneration, the yellow problem will be slowly solved by freedom broadening within the bounds of law.

Over all the stupendous issues awaiting solution, the conviction of emancipated men, grappling in dire conflict, grows with the lengthening of the struggle the conviction that it is the spirit that quickens, the flesh profits nothing. The future of Europe and the world resembles a countryside ice-bound. The thaw will come and unlock the frozen plains and blizzard-swept heights. When the melted streams are merged in ocean, what will the unshackled land be like? Will it be a Beulah, where the wrongs and calamities of centuries of evil are in fair way of being righted, or perchance a Land of Promise still beckoning on the horizon of endeavour? However it may happen, one thing is clear. The British peoples are at one, ambitions and animosities and the envy of jarring factions are well-nigh still. *La Belle Alliance* is a real thing. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity make up its motto—excluding from the ambit of that motto the German, wrapt in his criminal sin and folly. Surely, surely this will be the vision and the destiny in years to come:

O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

A. E. CAREY.

The Value of Sleep

THE poppies are just now unfolding in our gardens. Great scarlet heads raise themselves to the boughs of the apple-tree bending over them, vivid splashes of colour against the tender green, and the air in their vicinity is drowsy with heavy odour. A letter has just been brought out, come from "somewhere in France," in which the writer speaks of the unspeakable boon of sleep in a little dug-out within sound of the guns, but free from the continual watchfulness of the trenches, in which he has served under incessant shell-fire for the space of ten long days and nights. Sleep and the poppy, inextricably mingled in our minds, and each a thing of enchantment and mystery; the entrance door to the land of dreams, scarlet flowers in the garden of life!

The physiologists have laid the act of sleep under the microscope of science, and reduced it to its component parts of mental and muscular relaxation, but to the individual it remains ever a renewal of wonder, gracious and infinitely comforting to tired minds and limbs when it comes without compulsion, drawing the whole nature softly into its embrace; tantalising and a thing of mockery when it evades the call and deserts us in the hour of need; a state of which no counterfeited stupor, resultant on the use of drugs, can give any equivalent.

The greatest wonders of our existence are those we take for granted, the automatic working of which proceed so regularly as to remain unnoticed—the act of breathing, the pulsation of the heart, the coming and going of unconsciousness brought about by sleep. It is

only some hindrance, some temporary obstruction to the regularity of these functions which gives us to think and to realise their importance. At once we are involved in a conflict between our will and desire and the hidden processes of Nature, when too often we realise (the teaching of Christian Science notwithstanding) how weak is our mental control of the bodily machinery it is designed to govern. Particularly is this true of sleep.

The man who is best equipped to face the battles and hardships of life is the man who can sleep most easily and in the midst of unsuitable conditions, but as a rule the man of highly strung nervous organisation, the best thinker and the most capable administrator, is he to whom mental oblivion comes with greatest effort.

Among the many disturbing features of the war must be placed, to the active participants in it, the loss of natural sleep. Special duty, night guards or marches, trench life, night nursing, mean the displacement of normal sleeping hours, and the substitution, as best can be managed, of rest in the time usually allotted to active occupation. It entails a reversal of old habits and an adaptation to new conditions, difficult to many temperaments. All agree that the most useful soldiers, the best nurses, the most capable commanders of men are they who can snatch hours of sleep at unaccustomed times and in the midst of the least conducive circumstances.

It is now admitted that the need for sleep varies immensely with the constitution. Many can remember being raised on the lines of the historic maxim, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool or growing child," but, like many another cast-iron rule of the Victorian Age, this one has perished before a larger understanding and more liberal outlook. The child, it is conceded, may sleep when it can, and as long as it can, with advantage to itself and those around it; to the mature person is left the onus of deciding the hours of unconsciousness needed to keep him in the pink of condition. The heroic examples of a Wellington, an Alexander, or an Edison are not for all to follow, and in these days of tension and highly strung nerves it is counted wiser to err on the side of over-generosity.

The Victorians were not content to regulate the amount of sleep allowable; they went on to prescribe the hours in which it should be enjoyed. "Early to bed and early to rise" was authoritatively stated to produce wisdom and, above all, that comfortable competence which was the ideal of the last century; but no one has yet satisfactorily demonstrated why the hours before midnight are possessed of such especial charm. Indeed, it is safe to say that in these same still, dark hours much of the most wholesome gaiety and the best work of the world have been accomplished. Burning words have been set down from brains alive as at no other time; stores of learning have been acquired, great tests made, and discoveries that have altered the destinies of men; when the garish life of the world is quiet, when the birds and beasts are still, and the stars

look down from the infinite, the fount of wisdom brims to its highest and the lips of men are touched by the live coal of creative fire. All are creatures of habit, and this same custom of wakeful thought in the night hours may stand many in good stead who are now forced to keep watch the long night through in the silence and darkness of the trenches. It is not alone the lessening of physical disability which counts; it is the companionship of thought, and the power that has been acquired of detachment from material surroundings and communion with the hidden things of wisdom. What memories of books read and arguments sustained far into the small hours in the piping days of peace, what sudden illumination, here in this far-off, death-surrounded corner, of some knotty problem that not all the concentrated thought of those dear old days could bring to a satisfactory solution!

Sleep is a boon, but the abstention from it, like all self-sacrifice worthily undertaken, has often been crowned by blessings far greater than the thing abstained from, not the least of these being the power to do without it, unhurtfully.

But to the weary, they who are wounded in body or spirit, the gift of sleep comes straight from the hand of the gods. Always it has had about it somewhat of the glamour, the mystery of the supernatural. Into what regions is the soul withdrawn in its temporary oblivion, what lands of enchantment does it visit in those dreams which at times seem more real than life itself, nearer to the centre and heart of things? In the ancient cities there was a temple erected to the God of Sleep, where offerings were laid to ensure his protection during those journeys to his kingdom and a safe return to the ways of men. Always sleep has been symbolic of death, the long last journey into the unknown on which the soul adventures, never to return, and beyond the portals of which all is mystery.

Some there have been, brought back from its very precincts, when the doors of earth had apparently closed behind them, who have likened the entrance into death as a falling asleep of the soul; physical effort and agony there may be, but the spirit was in the act of passing gently into oblivion when recalled to life. No one has ever succeeded in capturing the sensation of that moment when knowledge passes into unconsciousness. We try to sleep; it is impossible. We compose our minds to stillness, our eyelids to quiet; but in vain. Thoughts start out like lines of fire in the dark; a hundred impressions occur; then suddenly, and without realisation, the finger of sleep touches us, thoughts merge in dreams or become entirely silent, and our first consciousness is of the waking moment. That instant at which sleep came to us we know not, and the effort to realise it banishes it altogether, should we make that effort.

While writing, the scarlet petals of the giant poppy have fallen, gently, quietly as sleep. The whole garden is drowsy in the hot sun, and dreams hover over it as they do in the gardens of enchantment. Poppies and sleep, never in our fancy can they be dis severed!

Saint-Saens, Voyageur

SAINT-SAENS has just arrived in the United States, whither he has gone to play and conduct his own works at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition. This is but another proof of that extraordinary vitality which has always been an outstanding characteristic of the great musician. Saint-Saëns has, in fact, for years been a musical pilgrim who permitted himself the pleasure of mystifying his friends by disappearing suddenly and turning up at unexpected places. It will be remembered that he paid a visit to the Canary Islands, where, he thought, he should be able to enjoy himself by preserving a strict incognito. But some quick-eared fellow-guest in the hotel heard the effect of the master's fingers upon the piano and the secret was out!

A biographer of Saint-Saëns might do worse than deal with him as a traveller. In the introduction to one of his stories, Balzac contrasts the English and the French. The former travel, he tells us; the latter remain in France. And he adds that there are good reasons for the policy of each. For England is a fine country to get away from, and there is no place in the world like France. The French composer, it is true, very often lives his life on French soil. But if he work in familiar surroundings, his imagination takes wing. More frequently than those of any other country have the musicians of France dealt with exotic themes. But these flights of fancy are not enough for Saint-Saëns. A musician whose versatility and erudition are universally acknowledged, a critic of fine insight, a virtuoso, a man of great culture, he must needs appear from time to time in another rôle. An insatiable curiosity impels him to go abroad to see men and cities with his own eyes. As he is keenly observant, he never returns to France without having added to his store of knowledge, without having noted some interesting feature.

It is said of Liszt that when, upon one occasion, he was urged to visit Paris he showed some surprise, and remarked, "You have Saint-Saëns." In many respects Saint-Saëns is the successor of the Abbé. He possesses something of his great predecessor's personal charm. He has the same deep and yet extensive knowledge of his art. He is a pianist and conductor as well as a composer. Like Liszt, he is not only versatile but wonderfully successful in the exercise of his versatility. But the resemblance may be carried further. Liszt's interests were not confined to music. Religion, poetry, philosophy, these subjects he studied seriously. Fine buildings, the paintings of the great masters, and impressive scenery inspired many of his pages. He knew Europe from Moscow to Madrid, from London to Rome, and he gave musical expression to many of the emotions which were kindled in him by the sight of new and lovely things. Hungary, Italy, Spain, Germany, Bohemia, Russia, and France—the thought and culture, the folk-music and scenery of them all gave to Liszt endless suggestions, stirred him to many a glowing utterance. He was a devout Catholic and a man

of the world, an ardent patriot and a cosmopolitan. The attitude of his mind was aristocratic; his actions were democratic. A tireless worker for the music of the future, he held Bach and Beethoven in the deepest reverence.

In the course of his wanderings, Saint-Saëns has gone farther afield than Liszt ever did, but, like the Hungarian, he puts his impressions into song. In the long list of his works we find pieces which owe something to Brittany, Aragon, Lisbon, Algeria, Africa, Persia, and Italy. Whether the music was inspired by a visit in each case, I cannot say; but certainly Saint-Saëns has travelled from Russia to Spain. Until the war broke out and the Frenchman in him burst forth in one or two passionate denunciations of the hereditary enemy, his works were exceedingly popular in Germany. He has visited Egypt and is not unknown in London, New York, and Monte Carlo.

In ancient days, adventurous spirits were wont to leave the city gates at early dawn and return after the sun had gone down. When they set out, their beasts of burden were laden with good things for the merchants of a far country. They returned with perfumes and spices, fruits and jewels, for which there was a large demand in their own bazaars. Saint-Saëns reminds us of one of these legendary figures. Though eighty years of age, he travels six thousand miles in order to delight the souls of many people. And, were he just a little younger, there is no doubt that he would return to Paris with his portfolio full of interesting sketches prompted by what he had seen in the New World.

D. C. PARKER.

REVIEWS

Russia Interpreted

An Interpretation of the Russian People. By LEO WIENER. With an Introduction by Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace. (McBride, Nast. 7s. 6d. net.)

“**E**NGLISHMEN who wish to study seriously and thoroughly the national character and peculiar historical development of the Russian people must be grateful to the learned Professor for supplying them with a mass of carefully digested material and many valuable suggestions such as they will find nowhere else in the literature of the subject.” So writes Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace in an admirable introduction—which really is an introduction and not a little essay of a more or less irrelevant character such as most introductions are. Professor Wiener, though Russian born, is to-day American, and his study derives a certain piquancy from the fact that he judges autocracy and bureaucracy from the standpoint of republicanism and democracy. But it is not more piquant than Sir Mackenzie Wallace’s contribution. Clearly with certain of Professor Wiener’s pages Sir Mackenzie Wallace is not in entire agreement; yet he cordially commends the

book to the British reader. Possibly Sir Mackenzie finds some measure of attraction and suggestiveness in the extreme views of the Harvard Professor, who seldom fails to indulge in qualifying comments which leave the impression that after all he looks at Russian history, Russian life and Russian Government with as near an approach to the judicial as can be hoped for. To criticise the Tsar, his ministers and all their works is not a difficult matter, but candour compels the confession that if they and their predecessors had been saints on earth, they would have found it hard to tolerate or condone much for which the people and the people’s leaders have been solely responsible. Again and again Russia’s progress has been rudely checked by the excesses of the agitator, the dreamer, and the ultra-humanitarian, and it is because Professor Wiener enables us to observe the forces at work on all sides and in every department that we regard his interpretation of the Russian people as of special value, particularly at this time. His book is controversial as well as interpretative, and Dr. Dillon, than whom none writes with more verve on Russia, is challenged in more than one passage. The charge that Russian morality is of a low order is met by Professor Wiener with the question: “Is it not a fact that Russians gloat over the recitals of their shortcomings and make their foibles and sins ‘visible,’ while other nations, not more impeccable, hide their weaknesses under a cloak of sanctimonious proprieties?” Sir Mackenzie Wallace adverts to “this strange peculiarity,” which, he says, “is explained by the inborn, traditional religious humility of the people, and the author might have added that in the educated classes this humility is intensified by extreme doctrinairism. Having had little experience of practical political life, the educated Russian is in the habit of comparing the native institutions not with what exists in other countries, but with the ideals of his imagination, and the natural consequence is that he has a tendency to criticise severely and depreciate unduly what he sees around him in the real world. This constitutes, I venture to assert, an important element in what the author aptly terms ‘the native spirit of self-castigation.’”

Professor Wiener reviews Russian art, literature, music, politics, religion with a view to show to the Western world in what consists “the Russian soul.” He discovers a striking continuity and identity, going even so far as to suggest “a remarkable parallelism between Vladimirov’s conception of art in the seventeenth and Tolstoy’s conception in the nineteenth.” Again: “Trubetskoy’s art dogmas, if dogmas they can be called, are exactly the same as those of Vladimirov or Vereshchagin or Antokolski or Tolstoy. He copies only what he sees in nature, but he endows his scenes with a deeper meaning than the mere form would suggest.” There is indeed a most impressive unity about Russia in the past and the present, and in the various manifestations of its intellectual, political, social and religious life. The West has hitherto not found it easy to interpret Russia, and the essential

importance of Professor Wiener's work is that it will make much that has hitherto been obscure plain to those who will give him patient hearing. The volume lays bare the influences which have kept Russia in domestic turmoil, explosive influences which have sometimes had to be used to ensure a move forward, sometimes to be repressed in order to prevent the pace becoming hot to the point of recklessness. Everyone who has assisted Russia forward in any department is a bogatyr—an epic hero—to Professor Wiener; some who have had to apply the brake rather ruthlessly are to him often mere reactionaries, brutal in their methods. If his point of view does not commend itself to the bureaucrat, on the other hand he has much to say which will not please the revolutionary. Professor Wiener will at least help the people of Great Britain to understand their new ally, and the most pleasing fact about the lesson will be the consciousness of the gulf which divides "the Russian soul" from German Kultur. The book might well afford the text for a goodly number of essays indicating present-day possibilities in Russia. Tsar and people have never been more in harmony than they are at this moment, and in that respect at least it will be well for Russia if there is a complete break with the past. Russia has arrived at a point where she may make the best, if she will, of both autocracy and democracy.

Well Done, Australia!

Australia v. Germany. By F. S. BURNELL. Illustrated. (Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE stirring events in the nearer theatre of the war, by their number and the mere fact that they are occurring within a few hours' journey from our doors, have set in the background exploits which are making history on the other side of the globe. The taking of German New Guinea, in September last, by the Australians, added to the British Empire a possession which in its extent of about 2,000 square miles embraces a total area almost as large as the island continent, rich in copra, with possibilities in rubber cultivation, gold, and coal, and with districts into which no white man has yet penetrated for more than a few miles. Fascinating indeed is the story told in detail by Mr. Burnell, the special commissioner of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, who accompanied the gallant expedition, and well worthy of a place in the permanent records of enterprise and heroism which should some day be compiled from the course of this giant struggle.

The first point we note is the splendid promptness shown by Australia when war was declared. On August 10, 1914, five days after, the command of a complete battalion of infantry at full strength, two sections of machine-guns, a signalling section, and a complement of the Army Medical Corps, was accepted by Colonel William Holmes, D.S.O., V.D.; by the 17th the force (the majority being raw recruits) had been organised, clothed, armed, equipped, and to some extent even trained. The following day they marched through the

city on their way to the troopship *Berrima*. "At the beginning of the cruise," says the author, "it may be doubted whether 20 per cent. had ever seen a modern Service rifle before, and it is even alleged by some ribald humorists that more than one man was caught trying to load his rifle by poking the cartridges down the barrel!" Keeness seemed for once to make up for ignorance and limited time, and the men soon proved themselves to be good shots and fine soldiers.

Humour is more prominent in this account of small forces and individual action than in the more confused atmosphere of the European conflict. Two torpedo-boat-destroyers stole into Rabaul harbour, hoping to find the *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst*, which were supposed to be not far away; disappointed, they landed a party to dismantle the telegraph instruments at the post office:

Arriving at the building, the officer in charge walked in and beheld a bland German postmaster in spotless ducks, who gazed at the intruder with an expression of innocent inquiry. The postmaster looked at the lieutenant, and the lieutenant looked at the postmaster. Each appeared to experience a certain temporary embarrassment. Said the lieutenant:

"Er—good morning."

"Good morning," replied the official, in English.

"You see, we're here," continued the lieutenant, with the banality of the entirely obvious.

"I had already perceived the fact," returned the other, drily.

"Well," said the lieutenant, "I'm sorry, but we'll have to break your place up a little bit."

"Not at all," magnanimously retorted the philosopher behind the counter. "May I offer you a glass of lager?" And in effect, his fell work of destruction satisfactorily accomplished, the lieutenant accepted the gift of the Danai with gratitude, and left the building amid an interchange of smiles and hand-shakes as though he had been paying a social call.

It was not all so delightfully simple and Gilbertian as this, however. There were long marches through jungle-paths, where they were continually sniped at from dense cover on both sides; weary tramps in torrential rain, other journeys when thirst and fever added to the difficulties.

Crushed against trees in the darkness or trampled by the struggling buffaloes, cuts and bruises were rife, and unhappily pure methylated spirits and a little iodoform were the only drugs available. One man had two ribs broken by a kick from a horse; another's foot was crushed under a wagon; but nobody complained, nobody ceased for a moment to do the very best that was expected from him. Cold, heat, wet, hunger, fatigue, pain—nothing could subdue these amazing Australians.

These Australian "Tommies" were as resourceful as their brothers on this side. Once, in excessive heat, the linguists of a store-carrying party had the brilliant idea of enlisting the services of the mob of natives looking on. "Plenty good feller kaikai" (food), they exclaimed. "You carry him, you get plenty"—and for the remainder of the day the soldiers had an easy time. A curious and extremely interesting point is that the

Proclamation in formal English by Col. Holmes, read by his second in command, Major Francis Heritage, to the inhabitants of Rabaul, at Government House, on September 12, announcing the British Occupation of "the whole Island of New Britain and its dependencies," had to be repeated to the natives of this hitherto German colony in pidgin English. We give a few sentences from this strange but legal document:

All Boys belongina all place, you savvy big feller Master he come now; he new feller Master, he strong feller too much, you look him all ship stop place; he look out good you feller, now he like you feller, look out good along him. . . . You look him new feller flag; you savvy him, he belong British, English; he more better than other feller. . . . Supposing you no look out good along him, he cross too much. . . . Me been talk along with you now, now you give three feller cheers belongina new feller Master.

"It may be added," says Mr. Burnell, "that the cheers were given with surprising vigour."

The book tells of various minor events, small adventures encountered by small parties, all having their special value as separate cogs contributing to the smooth revolution of the wheel. Ten cases of gold and notes handed over to the British were gravely sealed with an English penny—*faute de mieux*—by Lieutenant Sherbon, into whose charge they came. The newly formed garrison at Rabaul found time hang rather heavily, and amused themselves as best they could with football matches (whose teams included some of the best players in New South Wales), impromptu concerts, etc., and with this the actual story of the occupation concludes. In a couple of final chapters Mr. Burnell, among other things, sketches the fine organisation of the Germans in the matters of overcoming disease and of medical provision, and it is pleasing to know that all this, in Rabaul and elsewhere, is being continued under the change of Government. This modest volume, in fact, is the best-written and most significant "war-book" of the many scores we have seen. It is an actual, vivid picture of the process of building an Empire, including the little humorous incidents that mean so much to the general spirits of the men, as well as the big adventures, with cruisers and submarines, landing-parties and "a whiff of shrapnel," which mean the real work, the addition of strange peoples and strange lands to the dominions of the King.

Miss Violet Hunt's New Novel

The House of Many Mirrors. By VIOLET HUNT.
(Stanley Paul. 6s.)

WHEN in due time the literary history of to-day comes to be written, Miss Violet Hunt, we surmise, will hold a very important place among her contemporaries. "Sooner or Later" and "White Rose of Weary Leaf" are novels which no discriminating critic will neglect to mention in reviewing the immense flood of fiction which has caught the attention of its

day—the innumerable clever novels, brim full of clever ideas, written by clever people.

Miss Hunt's work has not always been of even quality. At its worst, "just clever" is the somewhat unpleasant expression that describes it; at its best, such a phrase is about as adequate as it would be, say, of "Wuthering Heights."

As a writer, Miss Hunt has an elaborate technique; she well understands how to convey the colour of modern life, the clash of character and circumstance, the rending and tearing processes in the emotional life of the highly sensitised creatures we most of us are. And she has an intense, electrical observation which plays with a sort of sardonic interest alike on the variegated surface of things and the obscurer depths beneath. No trifle is too minute for her to seize and give to us for inspection—a gorgeous wrap made by a French *couturier*, the red grease which a woman plasters on her lips, the gleaming surfaces of a piece of precious furniture; details, *riens* which are subtly, untiringly woven into the fabric of the whole. It is this knife-like observation, spontaneous and exuberant enough to deceive the unwary into believing that it is indulged in for its own sake, that throws a curious glamour into the author's work. The two novels we have mentioned are good examples of these qualities; "The House of Many Mirrors" is an even better example. In a word, Miss Hunt rises in her latest book to a higher level than she has ever attained before, incidentally a level head and shoulders above any of the women writers of the last decade.

We do not propose to make the mistake of giving an outline of the plot; it would be only too easy and it would be entirely misleading. It is enough to say that the story is told with a concentration that grips like a vice, hurrying the reader almost feverishly through a short retrospect and through the actual episodes of Rosamond Pleydell's life until she departs to Spa. Then we are left with her husband, Alfred Pleydell, an intelligent, fastidious *dilettante*, whose susceptibilities and fine reserves Rosamond has contrived to hurt. Alfred Pleydell is impartially and brilliantly drawn, and it is perhaps going beyond the region of just criticism to say we suspect the author hates him. Well, we all remember the immortal George's treatment of Hetty Sorel, and Miss Hunt is much more just to "Alfy" than the author of "Adam Bede" was to little Hetty.

As usual, the sketches of minor characters are completely successful. Mrs. Gideon, of whom we see very little, is a good example; she is unforgettable.

The weakness of so many modern novels is their end. The opening chapters are often well and easily written; the middle chapters are quite tolerable, and then the interest seems to trail away. Our younger writers appear to lose interest themselves in their stories; a strong ending is out of date, they seem to say, and they leave their characters hung vaguely in the air like marionettes whose *deus ex machina* has fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion. Miss Hunt shows no such weak-

ness. She understands the importance of cumulative effects, of an increasing pace before the curtain. The last chapter of "The House of Many Mirrors" is perhaps the most effective thing she has ever written—strong, bitter, relentless in its naked simplicity.

It is not without purpose that we mention the names of two Victorian novelists (whom fashionable critics delight to neglect). Miss Hunt writes with a fire and passion, a suppressed vehemence and intensity, that link her quite naturally, in spite of Gallic influence and immense differences of style and point of view, to Emily Brontë. And there is something witchlike in the quality of her perception; she stirs in her cauldron, as it were, a heady distillation of life; and inevitably we are reminded of the writer who gave us Maggie Tulliver. Miss Hunt ably maintains to-day the standard of pre-eminence won many years ago by women writers.

Collecting and Contentment

Chats on Old Silver. By ARTHUR HAYDEN. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 5s. net.)

It is a good many years, ten or twelve, since we saw the first of Mr. Hayden's books on collecting, which he, doubtless wisely, chose to call "Chats." We thought the title too slight and unimportant in those days. But since then a long series of these books has been published, many of them so excellent that the name has gained in honour and renown. Certainly Mr. Hayden's latest book will add to the reputation of these useful volumes immensely, for within a fairly narrow space he carries out his expressed intention, and gives us an authoritative outline history of British silver, which will enable all those interested in the subject to learn the salient features of any particular period, the character of the marks, and more or less the market value.

Old silver is a most satisfying hobby, for its collection can be reduced almost to a science, and the usual chances and accidents connected with objects of art can with care be absolutely avoided. Although we have read many books on the subject, it is certain that no such useful and at the same time inexpensive a volume as that of Mr. Hayden has hitherto been published. We can praise it for its straightforward and clear statement of all the well-known facts in connection with English, Irish, and Scottish silver, and also for its admirable illustrations, of which there are at least a hundred full pages. Apart from the design and quality of the ware, the question of marks is always in the mind of the collector of silver plate, and therefore Mr. Hayden has given especial attention to this part of the subject—with noteworthy results. Like many others, he has felt that the reproductions of marks, black on white, do not convey to the reader just that character which the writer intends. He has therefore made a departure in this matter, and produced the marks much as they appear on the actual pieces. We presume that wax impressions have been made, and photographs taken from them; if that be

the case, it is certainly more than half-way to the best possible method of conveying the actual marks on plate in book form to a reader. There is still another stage, but that would be even more costly—and for 5s. the publishers have already done more than enough.

Some of Mr. Hayden's illustrations are already a little too familiar to us, but many are of the highest beauty and value from the collector's point of view. The most engaging of all the photographs are those of two candlesticks of the period of Charles II, with London hall-mark for 1673. The originals were sold at Christie's for £1,420, in 1908. Since then no such beautiful designs have appeared, nor is there much likelihood of others coming into the sale-rooms, for, as Mr. Hayden says, these examples have no forebears and no successors. But these are almost the only specimens of silver illustrated in the book which do not represent types that may with good fortune still be obtained. The very splendid pieces are not shown, but that does not mean that many beautiful things are not reproduced or written of on almost every page. It is not an unknown experience for a reviewer to receive a book on a subject which he has studied and intended writing on for some time. This queer chance has befallen the writer twice lately—once in regard to a book on the Rev. M. W. Peters, R.A., and now in regard to "Old Silver." In this last case we consider it a fortunate chance, for it enables us to say that Mr. Hayden has covered a vast field of research with the greatest skill and care, and has produced a volume that will be of indubitable service to collectors and of value to all connoisseurs.

E. M.

Shorter Notices

"Omar" Fully Rhymed

In the *Asiatic Review* for May 15 appears a set of verses by Mr. John Pollen, C.I.E., translated "line for line, and almost word for word," from the original Persian of "Omar Khayyám." The point noted at once by the reader familiar with the accepted version is that these quatrains have not the unrhymed verse in each stanza; they are also in a four-beat measure instead of pentameters. Once accustomed to this rather hymn-like effect, we can appreciate the skill of this rendering. There are resemblances, of course; we are bound to remember the old music—"turn down an empty glass"—when we read this, for instance:

Friends! when you meet together all
Oh, then with warmth this friend recal;
And when the wholesome Wine you drink
Reverse my glass with friendly clink!

The experiment is of interest to the student of poetry, and we venture two suggestions. The beauty of the English would be much enhanced if Mr. Pollen did not so often omit the definite article, and there is occasionally a too obviously forced rhyme. Stanza 91 is an illustration of both points:

Traditions spurn! Commands forego!
The crumbs that fall on poor bestow;
No heart with pain or anguish wring!
Then I can pledge thee Heaven. Wine bring!

Criticism, however, is easy, and the task of the translator is difficult, so his version is to be accepted with the respect due to an expert.

Classic Waters

On the shores of the Hellespont, centuries ago, Dardanus founded the city of Troy; from its shores Argos sent Jason to find the Golden Fleece; and with its shores the names of the famous Argonauts are for ever associated. "To-day," says the author of "The Dardanelles and their Story" (Melrose, 2s. net.), "the trawlers of Hull are dredging for mines in the waters threshed by the oars of these legendary heroes, and the air that rang with the shouts of Hector and Achilles is racked with the shock of modern high explosives." The fascinating story of the tremendous events which from the dawn of history have taken place where Europe and Asia so nearly meet is unfolded steadily and clearly in this little book—from the triremes of the ancients to the *Queen Elizabeth* of modern England—and with it is woven the founding, the rise and fall of Byzantium, the Constantinople whose final fall means an end of the diminishing Turkish rule in Europe. It is an excellently written volume, a model of condensed history, concluding, as was meet, with the splendid deeds of the Australians and New Zealanders as they landed in April last under the Turco-German fire. The tale is one to rouse enthusiasm, and the author, who, we are told, also wrote "The Real Kaiser," is to be congratulated on his grasp of affairs and his vivid style.

The Theatre

"Marie-Odile"

FOR the fully accomplished artist in any branch of work the difficulties he sets before himself and the overcoming of them are his greatest pleasures. Such joys must have crowned the labours of Mr. Knoblauch, as author, Sir Herbert Tree as producer, and Miss Marie Lohr as heroine in the delicate play at His Majesty's Theatre. Seldom has a writer taken more risks of being misunderstood, not often has an actress on our stage shown so complete a subordination of self in her stage character. Miss Lohr has always satisfied the public, but on the first night she did much more; she must, indeed, have delighted herself, for never has she been enabled to show so completely forth as a perfect artist. We remember her Marguerite at the same theatre long ago, but although beautiful, it was a conventional stage figure, whereas her Sister Saint Marie-Odile is often a very human and divinely attractive being, living under purely artificial conditions. She is a novice in a convent in the mountains of a Continental State. Here, surrounded by a profound atmosphere of piety, she is brought up from her earliest years in a state of complete innocence. She has seen a good old father, made very real by Mr. A. E. George, and she has known the extremely aged gardener, perfectly played by Mr. O. B. Clarence, otherwise she has seen no man nor has she ever been a step beyond the convent gates. Then comes war and terror; the nuns fly, but by a natural

tenderness of her own Marie-Odile is left behind. Soldiers of an enemy State raid the convent for food. Marie loves and is loved. Her perfect purity has to carry the whole situation and make the beauty of the play. Well supported by those actors we have named and by the extremely handsome and convincing and almost equally innocent young lover, Mr. Basil Gill, Miss Lohr lifts the whole weight of the play with infinite grace and virginal simplicity. No light task, for Mr. Knoblauch has relied on the barest means, never adventuring into the rich fields of poetic diction which lay before him, nor attempting passion and tragedy which might easily have won him from the plain statement of his courageous story of the beauty and sentiment of motherhood—*sans peur* if not *sans reproche*. For Marie-Odile, who, with old Peter the gardener, has kept the convent in all its proper state, notwithstanding the incursions of the enemy and the joy of bearing a son, sent, she deeply believes, from Heaven, is doomed to utter disgrace. On the return of the mother and the nuns, a year after their flight, the fact she thinks so pure and miraculous is proclaimed a bitter sin against chastity. Marie-Odile passes out into an unknown world proudly carrying the Heaven-sent child.

Undoubtedly the whole affair requires a firm and subtle touch, and Mr. Knoblauch, fortunate as ever in his actors and producers—he is one of the latter himself—receives every help from all the company. Miss Helen Haye gives us a clearly-cut picture of a rather bitter Mother Superior, not unknown to convention; Mr. Hubert Carter, a jolly enemy sergeant, surrounded by his soldiers. Sir Herbert has given an immense amount of thought to the details of the convent life and produced beautiful scenes and directed a company with Miss Lohr at its head which should delight the audiences at His Majesty's through many a summer month.

"The Green Flag"

MR. KEBLE HOWARD has provided a light, gay, and pleasingly artificial three-act comedy for the Vaudeville, and Mr. Arthur Bouchier has put all his art and cunning into its production and the presentation of the dominating character of Sir Hugh Brandreth, K.C., who certainly gets his own way a little more often than most of us. Perhaps this is because he works, like a true K.C., purely for the good *motif* and the benefit of others, such as his friends Lady Milverdale, Miss Constance Collier, and Lord Milverdale, of whom we hear a great deal, but do not see anything, and especially for the protection and delight of Janet Grierson—a part played by Miss Lilian Braithwaite with great charm and sense of character and some humour.

"The Green Flag" is, we think Sir Hugh said, symbolic of danger—we had thought it was the red—anyway, there is danger for the happiness of many people in Lady Milverdale's bitterness, her husband's

affection for Janet, Janet's desire to be happy, and the jealousy of the beautiful young Lady Brandreth, Miss Kyrle Bellew. With lively dialogue and bright scenes and situations the comedy runs on, never exciting us very much, but always pleasing, especially in a neatly arranged three-door Chambers in Temple scene, where Janet, with the aid of Sir Hugh, scores a considerable number of points above the overwhelming Lady Milverdale.

Neatly arranged, too, are the various minor characters, such as Lady Brandreth's wise and cheerful mother, played most admirably by Miss May Whitty, or the Temple porter of Mr. Heatherley, and the others. Some of the dresses are delightful, particularly those of Miss Braithwaite and Miss Bellew; Miss Collier has, in her character, to be a very over-dressed and unpleasant person, and does not spare herself in the least. If we could believe in Mr. Howard's Lord Milverdale we should be sorry for him, but one of the charms of this style of comedy is that you are not forced to believe in anybody. The whole thing is a happy piece of drollery—with serious moments—vitalised by a splendid company of actors led by the spirited performance of Mr. Bouchier.

EGAN MEW.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE AFTERMATH OF UNIVERSAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Carey has traced the aftermath of the war in its bearing on many parts of the world and the alterations likely to be caused on the map in different parts of the globe. In the same way it would not be amiss just for a moment to consider what might be the result, apart from any gain to the fighting forces, of Universal Service, should those responsible for the organisation of the manhood of the country see fit to introduce this measure. It is many years since Britain has experienced any movement, or been carried by any stream, which has been in any way general. The Feudal System embraced all within its grasp; the Church, previous to the Reformation, could count among its adherents the greater part of the population; but since the Middle Ages factions have been growing and breaches have been widening until, wherever one looks at the present time, little societies are discovered, small communities are revealed, leading their own lives in their own way. Sometimes the fruit of these concerns is good; letters, art, or charity may benefit from the gathering together of kindred spirits, from the intercourse of devotees at the same shrine. But however good the object of all these small bodies—in fact, however excellent may oft-times be the ideals of a single individual leading what is termed in a general way an isolated life—a suspicion of selfishness is apt to creep in, a forgetfulness of other views, other opinions outside the charmed circle, until in time matters not connected with the immediate interests of the company and its members are tabooed—unconsciously, it may be, but at the same time rigorously. The accusation of narrowness, so often hurled exclusively at Puritanical religious sects, could be equally well applied to many factions whose *raison d'être* has no direct connection with religious affairs.

It would seem, therefore, that Universal Service would be just the very measure necessary to unite all sorts and conditions of people, all divisions, into one common whole. No individual taste which was harmless to the community need be sacrificed, no personal preference need go by the board, but there would be a gradual broadening out, a lively interest taken in affairs, without which it is almost impossible for a nation to progress or even to continue. It is only necessary to glance at the results of the polling in various boroughs during a General Election to discover how very many ratepayers there are who will not trouble even once in five or six years to record their preference for a particular member, or seek to influence as far as lies in their power the destiny of their country. A man is not compelled to vote; there is no fine imposed if he does not do so, therefore, sometimes through sheer indifference, at others on account of his inability to grasp the real importance of all measures likely to become law, he refrains where he ought to act, loses his grip on affairs he should hold tightly and make it his business thoroughly to understand.

National Service, by the mere fact of registration, would convince all that they were of account to their country; we should hear no more of "If they really want me they'll send for me," and similar silly phrases. The slacker would be saved from himself, and the question of unfairness, now so frequently and openly discussed, could no longer arise, while the ultimate good to the country generally would be incalculable. Never again, if the spirit were kept up, could the indifference and apathy which it has taken so many months to shake off, and which even now does not seem wholly to have vanished, make its appearance. Whatever political divisions might arise in the future, however far religious schisms might separate men, there would always be the common ground of service to one's country. This accomplished, one's eyes would naturally turn to those of the same race, the same blood in the British Dominions overseas, and the great desire would be to draw these cousins, these intimate associates, within the same fold. Then there could be no question as to Imperial Federation; it would follow as the night the day; and united, not for aggression but for mutual help and support, the British Empire could stand for what she has always stood—honesty, fairness, chivalry, and truth; but her power would be so great, her influence so strong, that blood need not be shed to enforce her just claims.

Tankerton.

Yours very truly,
M. F. H.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—We are a long suffering people, and one of the wonders to me is that we have tolerated our most idiotic orthograpy so long. Why our commercial magnates, and more espeshaly scool teechers, submit to it, I cannot comprehend; for they cud shake themselves free from its shackles wer they determind to doo so. Without eny boasting I am glad to say I took this stand meny yeers ago, and emplotid certain abreeviated formz ov speling in my biznes letterz without the slihtest opozishon or objecshon from enywun. I don't say my frendz aproovd ov my orthograpy, they certainly did not reproov me for my unorthodox speling. I had and hav az much riht to leev out useless letters in a wurd in my correspondens, just as much as a rich man haz tu ride in a motor-car rather than in a dog-cart in voeg in hiz father'z day. If our speling iz a hindrans to us in eny way it aut to be alterd to suit the groing needz ov the peepel. It iz neither hevenly nor sensibel in its make-up, and shud not excite

our regard in the slightest. Let us get rid of its many incumbrances before the War terminates, that we may have less lumber to carry when we shall have to fight harder and harder for our commercial supremacy, when the tumult and shouting is over. A needless handicaps should be snapt before the race commences. Perhaps the Simplified Spelling Society may give us a lead. Yours, etc.,
 Brook Villa, Hetton-le-Hole. H. DRUMMOND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Your correspondent, J. Montagu, quite loses sight of the etymological value of our spelling. We are not a nation of shopkeepers, to be overwhelmed by arguments regarding commercial efficiency. An understanding of the derivative meaning of words is absolutely essential to those who wish to write a good nervous English style.

The æsthetic argument is another one your correspondent, wisely perhaps, does not touch. We may not be able to explain our æsthetic principles in spelling; that does not prove they do not exist. How many æsthetic principles are capable of explanation? Yours, etc.,

F. DAVIS.

48, Grafton Road, Acton, London, W.

June 12, 1915.

NOTES ON KING HENRY VIII, PUBLISHED IN LONDON AND 1817.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The Bodleian Library has just acquired a very rare book, known at the British Museum from the heading "Henry VIII". The title is, "Favorites, Beauties, and Amours, of Henry of Windsor. An Historical and Biographical Apicula. By a Verderer of Windsor Forest. In Three Volumes. London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row. 1817." It concerns not K. Henry VI, who was born at Windsor; but K. Henry VIII, who was born in Greenwich. Is it known who was its author?

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

Oxford, June 12, 1915.

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Notes of the Week

The War

RUSSIA has been compelled to retreat further in Galicia, and the Germans and Austrians have not been entirely alone in their belief that Lemberg was again about to change hands, as indeed it may yet do. But a great deal too much importance is attached to Russia's retirement, and that the German-Austrian forces have not by any means secured the mastery is shown in the heavy reverse inflicted on the Austrians, who have been thrown back across the Dneister as the result of a six days' battle. People inclined to pessimism would do well to study the Russian rather than the German and the Austrian reports. Germany has made a supreme effort, and after wasting vast quantities of ammunition and tens of thousands of men, she is strategically no better off than she was three weeks ago. On the West she is much worse off. The British have captured trenches near Hooze, while the French north of Arras and in both Lorraine and Alsace have made important advances. They are now east of Metzeral, and the enemy's most determined efforts to dislodge them have been unavailing. In more than one sharp fight in the Gallipoli peninsula the advantage has always rested with the Allies, though Mr. Churchill's crushing triumph seems as distant as ever. Only in Galicia have the enemy gained ground, and that at a cost which might almost have been thought prohibitive. We misread the signs of the times if Germany's confidence is not a little shaken, whatever the official Press may say to the contrary.

Sir John French and his Men

One of the happiest and most pleasing side incidents of the war has surely been the little speeches which Sir John French has made to the men after a spell in the trenches. The other day it was reported by "Eye-witness" that the Field-Marshal gave them an idea of the object they had served in holding a particular line, and so far as he could, without affording information which it would obviously be unsafe to publish, he indicated the general scheme of things. There is no remark so frequent on the part of the soldier as that he knows even less about what is happening and what is in the programme than his friends at home. We can imagine nothing better calculated to hearten gallant men than

to be permitted a certain amount of information as to the end in view. It helps them to feel that they are something more than brainless cogs in a wheel. Sir John French has introduced a touch of democracy into the Army without in any way relaxing stern discipline. Such speeches as that delivered to the cavalry, who have done fine work in the trenches—a work for which they were never intended—is a reminder that the General has a quick eye for all who render special service. He congratulated the men heartily on their pluck and endurance in very trying circumstances, and condoled with them on their losses—losses which only serve to throw their achievements into sharper relief. No wonder the men love Sir John French.

Democratic Finance

As with the Generalissimo of the army in the field so with the generalissimo of the exchequer at home. The war has brought with it a remarkable move towards the democratisation of finance. Mr. McKenna's first important act as Chancellor of the Exchequer has been a great departure from conventional methods. He has had to prepare a new war loan scheme, and he has taken the unprecedented step, while leaving the amount of the loan open, of making it possible for the working man as well as the capitalist to subscribe. All told it is estimated that £900,000,000 will be wanted by the end of the financial year next March. This huge sum is to be raised by the working man's 5s., and the small investor's £5, not less than by the rich man's £5,000 or £50,000. It is to be a national loan in a sense never hitherto dreamed of, and the working man is tempted by 5 per cent. whilst the rich man will have to be content with 4½ per cent. The idea is as ingenious as are the measures by which it is hoped to save further loss of capital to those who hold Consols or the previous War Loan. It will be peculiarly interesting to note the response made by the man to whom 5s. may mean as much as £5 or even £50 may mean to others. Will the working man bother? We think he will.

Victory or Ruin

Mr. Bonar Law struck the exact note in his speech to the boys of Shrewsbury School. Victory or Ruin—they are the alternatives for Great Britain. He might have added that they are the alternatives also for Germany. But Germany has only herself to thank. That she can win is unthinkable. If Europe shows her no mercy, the responsibility rests with herself. Yet how different the prospect might have been had she learned to play the game. Germany has violated every canon of morality and of humanity. But she has also shown a courage and a resourcefulness which, in a better cause and on worthy lines, might, as Mr. Bonar Law said, have won the admiration of the world. As it is, the world now understands that Germany's courage is that of the man-eating tiger, her resourcefulness that of the snake in the grass. Her triumph would herald the eclipse of the civilisation and freedom for which men have fought and bled during a thousand years.

Footprints of English Poets in Italy

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

THERE is an Italian proverb which says *Inglese italianato è un diavolo incarnato*—"the Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate." Being their own expression, it may be quoted without offence to our gallant allies; of course, it simply means that the Englishman is likely to exaggerate those vices that are especially Southern, and to push them with the dogged energy born of his cooler blood. During many centuries Italian travel has been popular with us, and it is interesting to note that in Elizabethan days such travel was considered anything but conducive to the moral well-being of young Englishmen. Roger Ascham, who knew Italy well, regarded it as an actual garden of Circe in its blending of charms and temptations; and Sir Philip Sidney, in a sentence which reads curiously now, says: "I am quite sure that this ruinous Italy would so poison the Turks themselves, would so ensnare them in its vile allurements, that they would soon tumble down without being pushed." We can smile at this to-day, when the tumbling down of Turkey is likely to be assisted by a different kind of "pushing" from the Italians; and we have to remember that there was already a certain element of puritanism in the England of that day, which, before it became accentuated into a conventional manner and frigidity, was in itself noble and preservative, and there may have been good reason why the finer minds of the Elizabethan Court dreaded the enervating and dissipating influences of Italy in its gayer aspects. But what England has owed to Italy—and at this moment we are speaking especially of literary England—is something of a much higher value than any increased keenness in self-gratification. It would take many volumes to deal adequately with what English poets have owed to the Italian, even omitting the profound and enduring influences of classic Rome; but it may be possible, in a single short sketch, to allude to the personal visits of great Englishmen to these shores. The record is a long one and contains many of our best names. It may begin with Chaucer, who in 1372 was at Genoa on a diplomatic service for his government. On this occasion he is supposed to have visited Petrarch at Padua, but the point is not quite clear; it is certain that Chaucer's literary debt to Italy was immense, and fitly to estimate it we should have to open up the whole question of the Italian Renaissance, with its pregnant bearings on our literature. Spenser does not appear to have reached Italy, nor did Shakespeare so far as record goes; yet we can know nothing of either without learning the vast nature of their indirect debt.

With Milton, however, we know that his Italian journey is one of the most important and striking features in his biography; and he is an example of those finely strung minds that, as Ascham admitted, might sojourn among Italian lures without receiving taint.

Milton, of course, went as a Protestant, at a time when to do so needed some discretion, and he never stooped to equivocation, as some did, when the matter of religion came forward. He tells us that his practice was "not of my own accord to introduce in those places conversation about religion, but, if interrogated respecting the faith, then, whatsoever I should suffer, to dissemble nothing." He visited Siena, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples. In some of the Florentine academies, which in some degree resembled our modern clubs, he found a strong though secret antagonism to the degeneracies and tyrannies of the Church in that day; and he recited to gracious hearers some of his own Latin and Italian verses. That he by no means bore himself as a rigid puritan we know, from the fact that he heard Leonora Baroni sing at a concert in the Barberini palace, and recorded his enthusiasm in epigrams of warm glowing eulogy. On the musical side he was ever susceptible of swift impression, and it is clear that he was never cold to the allurements of physical beauty. At Rome he met Manso, the generous friend of Tasso and Marini; and at Florence he visited the blind Galileo, whose crime was in discovering the earth's motion. To both he paid a fine poetic tribute. He left Italy at the stern call of his own troubled country, but he bore much away with him that was bound to temper the rigidity of his later religious attitude; at times even to set him, artistically, at cross purposes. After Milton even the name of Crashaw seems a small one, but it is interesting to remember that this admirable poet and zealous convert to Catholicism ended his days in Italy, as a canon at the church of Loretto. His poetry had always been Italian in tone and inspiration. Poetically, it may be a still greater drop to mention Addison—though Addison's poetry is never despicable, and has some genuine flashes of good quality. It was in 1701 that he wrote his versified "Letter from Italy" to Lord Halifax, and the following verses show at once his easy fluency and the species of fulsome compliment then common:

Oh, could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

Addison's stay in Italy was of great use to him, and through him to English literature; he was fully alive to the force of classic memories and associations, he had some true discernment of art and architecture in days when both were often misjudged; and from the outside he had a ready appreciation of natural beauties—always as a picture, and never with any sense of the "pathetic fallacy." But it was more important for our literature when, some thirty-nine years later, the poet Gray started on his famous tour with Horace Walpole. Gray, susceptible to music as Milton was, and perhaps more keenly impressed by plastic and pictorial art, was one of the earliest of our Continental travellers whose observations retain any critical value. He is said to have been the first to bring the music of Pergolesi to England, and he himself took lessons on the

harpsichord from the younger Scarlatti. Much, but by no means all, his time was spent at Florence. It was at Reggio that the notorious quarrel took place between the two companions—a quarrel that has left no stain on the names of either, for Gray clearly was not in the wrong, and Walpole candidly acknowledged that he himself was. It is only owing to the constant "frugality" of Gray's literary utterance, that this Italian sojourn figures so slightly in his published work. It was really potent in forming his opinions, enriching his imagination, fostering his remarkably fine critical faculty.

Neither Dryden nor Pope took the Grand Tour, though both might have been the better for it. After a gap of some years, we come to a cluster of great names, all intimately associated with Italian memories, and all betraying rich results from familiarity with Italian scenes and Italian influences. Byron had travelled much of Europe before he touched on Italy; he does not reach it till the last canto of his "Childe Harold"; but any apparent neglect is repaid afterwards by long residence, generous recognition of what was best in the Italian character, and a living sympathy with its craving for liberty. In the carefully and wisely expressed epistolary preface to this Canto, the poet says: "That man must be wilfully blind or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, the facility of their acquisition, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched 'longing after immortality'—the immortality of independence." It is a glowing and noble tribute, worthy both of Byron and of Italy; and we know that the poet was quite prepared to second words by actions—that he would practically have assisted Italian liberties had the moment been ripe. But it is sufficient to leave Byron's memory to the loving remembrance of the Italians themselves, who never forget that long before the days of their Garibaldian struggle this English poet, not blind to their faults, was an eager friend. At this very moment of conflict, we owe something still to the name of Byron, as linking us with our ardent and impassioned allies. But there is no space for lingering over Byron's residence in Italy; his name suggests that of a greater poet, and we have to think of Shelley. The last four years of Shelley's short life were spent in Italy, and their chronicle lies in his own exquisite letters as well as in his poetry. The fact is brought home to us that

Shelley was supremely a poet—Byron was really a man of action. While the one craved the actual, the other pursued the visionary, a changeful yet constant ideal. It was the man of lesser yet abundant genius who powerfully impressed himself not only on Italy, but on the entire Continent of Europe; while Shelley, out of his own country, is only known to the literary scholar.

It is to Rome that we go for the grave of our finest English lyricist, finding there also the grave of that younger yet equally gifted poet who came to Italy only to die. These two resting-places, of Keats and Shelley, must bind us close to Italy even were there no other tie. After speaking of these, it seems a bathos to mention Leigh Hunt, who had intimate associations with both; but he, also, in his degree, gave something and reaped something from Italy. The same may be said of Rogers, whose "Italy" is his best poetic work—that may not be great praise. A more potent name is that of Landor, who brought his ardours and passions, his warm temper and irrepressible impulse, to puzzle and provoke Italy as they had already puzzled and provoked England. "All Englishmen are mad, but this one more so!" said his Italian neighbours; but it was in many respects a fine madness, and few Britons have understood or appreciated Italy better than Landor. There is ample proof in his prose and verse. Unhappily, this can be little more than a catalogue of names; we must pass from Landor to one whose gifts his keen eye quickly recognised, Robert Browning. It is hardly possible to mention either of the Brownings without thinking of Italy. "Italy was my university," said Browning; and except that he wrote in English, the Italians might almost claim him as their own, so rich and varied were the inspirations that he drew from her soil and her traditions. With his name and that of Swinburne this hasty and incomplete grouping might have reached its end; but there is one, greater than all but, perhaps, one or two among those already named, to whom a place must be given—especially as, in these troublous days, his serene and noble genius is best fitted to bring us consolation and healing. It was late in life (1837) that Wordsworth accomplished his old desire to visit Italy. Not at that time could his genius be fired by a new inspiration—Italian influences had long done all they could for him through the magnetism of literature; yet we find in the aging poet a ripe receptivity, and a ready sympathy for the down-trodden country in which he journeyed.

What thou dost inherit
Of the world's hopes dare to fulfil; awake,
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

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The awakening came to some purpose; the life of Italy is now a throbbing reality. It is good to remember that our poets have been her friends in the past, as we ourselves are her eager friends to-day.

The Commissariat

BY SOPHROSINE.

THERE are few communities or individuals at the moment in possession of more money than they know how to spend, yet such was the enviable position of a village not far from the metropolis until a few days ago. Always provident, the village at the commencement of the war raised a fund among its inhabitants to meet the probable distress contingent on the emergency which had befallen it. Up to date, no such distress has arisen; all its young men are serving their country, and there is ample work for their elders, while women and girls are earning as never before in the remembrance of the most aged "granfer." Field work, railways, shops, factories, have claimed them; allowances from the Government aid those dependent on the soldiers; and still the fund remained in reserve.

Meanwhile, much was happening. There are few cottagers who have not given their quota to France or to home training, and the horizon of village thought has widened in a way scarcely recognisable to those concerned in it.

The weekly letter from the front is an event of communal importance. Did the Press but know it, the real heart of the war, its burning questions, its momentous problems, are contained, not in the accounts of "Eye-witness" or the fulminations of special correspondents, but in the letters that reach anxious mothers and sweethearts, the length and breadth of the countryside, week by week. For, in warfare, what makes or mars the battle but the attitude of the individual soldier, and what affects the individual so greatly as his comfort, matters relative to which are the gist of the innumerable epistles which scatter themselves over the country?

The Censor may obliterate the name of the place where Tom Clark's regiment is billeted, the details of the last encounter in which he was engaged, but the fiercest official has never been known to run his pencil through a request for one of mother's home-made cakes. Friends have found that the most well-meaning inquiries as to Tommy's actions, his whereabouts, and the number of Germans he has killed, meet with scant response; but to the query of what would be useful to his commissariat there comes an instant and joyful answer. In the bitter winds of March, soups and chocolate—anything warm and quickly made—were in great demand; now the soldier, dug in with his bully beef and his army rations, craves for fruits and cake, for the fancy side of life, for sweets and the airy trifles that no amount of ingenuity can concoct in the trenches.

Mother in her cottage reads these appeals, and her heart warms to them; she is proud to show her skill in

cake-making, and the family finances can often rise to a tin of "real hothouse pine," while even the children have been known to offer Saturday pennies to swell the hero's sweet-bag; but, once the collection is made, Tom Clark's folk are face to face with a problem that bids fair to wreck the whole edifice of their cookery and self-sacrifice—it is the cost of carriage on that parcel.

Doubtless the Post Office and the Government know their business best, for certainly they know best the side affecting their own balance-sheets; but to mother in the village the charges of the parcel post are exorbitant, and prevent many a homely delicacy finding its way to the spot where her heart is, "somewhere in France." And from time to time tales leak through of how differently they manage things in that same France, once the haunt of the "furriner" and the frog-eater, but now so poignantly familiar; how, over there, not only are all letters free, garnished with that magic legend *Service Militaire*, but parcels of whatsoever size are sent without cost by a paternal authority to an army three times the size of the little British host.

Some weeks ago the village was in a state of ferment. More than any munition scandals or conscription scares did this postal tax anger them with a Government that called itself the People's Friend, and many still fondly cling to the hope that among the earliest of grievances to be remedied by the Coalition will be that of the parcel post to the B.E.F. In the meantime, in this particular village a Good Fairy has arisen to suggest that the Emergency Fund, or some part of it, could be laid out to no greater advantage than in paying the postage of Tommy's parcels, in cases authentically proved to be unable to meet it without indubitable sacrifice of Tommy's comfort. More than that; her point carried, the Good Fairy undertook to pack any such parcels, a work which should arouse the gratitude of the Post Office equally with that of Tommy, since packing is not one of mother's strongest points, and many and herculean have been the struggles of authority to prevent the utter collapse of such parcels, or their arrival in a condition battered and dilapidated beyond recognition. This Good Fairy could a tale unfold of village economies, of shifts and ingenuities that the boy in the trenches may not go short of his little luxuries, which would add to the annals of the great war's pathos, of its ever to be unknown deeds of heroism.

For it is hard to persuade mother at home that the men she knew as so helpless and dependent on her housekeeping can do other than starve when left to their unaided devices. The wounded, the men on leave, are subjected to a fire of cross-examination by their womenfolk on their return. Of this the larger half relates to the subject of meals, a subject on which both sides are equally and keenly interested. Whatever else Tommy leaves behind when he starts out for the front, he takes with him his appetite! And to hear the tales he tells his curious feminine admirers of the rations he consumes—their magnitude, unfailling

regularity, and variety, wonderful in the circumstances—it is evident that among the powers who rule the War Office there is a highly efficient Minister to the Interior.

And mother, listening with pride to the ingenuity displayed in getting the best results from these same rations, realises that Tommy has inherited a virtue for which she gave him no credit in the past, the power to cook amid the most disheartening conditions and with the most primitive utensils. If appearances be anything in the men who return, the British Army gives all praise to the commissariat, and, if there be anything in forecasts, it is safe to predict a rise in the general standard of English cottage cookery at the termination of the war. For in matters pertaining to the menu the British soldier has found himself.

The parcel from home affords him the luxuries impossible to the billet or the trench, while sentiment is fed equally with the love of sweetness on the cake from home or the goodies from the village shop, but of the solid fare necessary to the art of keeping fit, of soups and stews, of the management of the frying-pan and billy-kettle, Tommy is now past-master. Such things will have their consequences in the future, and the girls at home must look to their laurels.

Music and the Latin Revival

THAT painstaking and erudite musician, M. Vincent d'Judy, has recently been lecturing in Paris upon French and German music. He exhorted his hearers to be confident, for the French, in his phrase, "held the right end of the scroll." The fervour with which he spoke reminds us of the old days in which the epithet *tedesco* was pressed into service to express a feeling of unbridled contempt. But quite apart from this, M. d'Judy's remarks provide a fitting opportunity for reviewing the present musical situation in so far as it concerns the Latin nations.

Politicians assure us that a new spirit has been born in France. Listlessness has disappeared. The people look the future in the face, conscious of the glorious rôle imposed by destiny. Such facts in themselves give us ample justification for expecting much from the French composers within the next few years. It has never been disputed that they are a group of exceedingly clever and imaginative writers. But it has often been asserted (and there is more than a grain of truth in the assertion) that many of them are hardly more than clever, and do little else than toy with some of the effects beloved of the modernist; that they are too sophisticated and incapable of spontaneity. M. Romain Rolland tells us, in his inimitable way, that the Germans generally consider French music frivolous. This, however, is to do it scant justice. We may or may not like the works of Bruneau and Charpentier, Leroux and Dukas, Debussy and Ravel, but there is in their art much which the critic cannot lightly dismiss. For example, the score of "Pelleas and Melisande," with its shadowy orchestration and endless

syncopations, may have little effect upon us. It is, nevertheless, a landmark in operatic history, for the reason that it is a decided revolt against the Wagnerian music-drama. The modern Frenchman will have none of the Wagnerian yoke, and in this he is like the modern Russian. Again, the scoring of Charpentier, of Ravel, and of the younger men generally is proof of their imaginative gifts and of their independence. French music has lately been in a state bordering upon chaos. We can say this while agreeing that to the modern school we owe many fine works. Fortunately, it seems as though the day of hesitation and mere experimentalism had passed, and that the French composers, fortified with a new faith in themselves, would pass to fresh triumphs.

The musical situation in Italy is invested with a novel interest. It must not be forgotten that Italy's struggle for freedom was associated with the growing popularity of Verdi, who was regarded as a national asset. Of late years the country of Garibaldi and Mazzini has contributed little to modern movements. Puccini is a gifted writer with a fine sense of the value of the voice, and Wolf-Ferrari has given us a series of delightful works. But in many cases young composers have been hailed as masters only to be speedily forgotten. It is natural for the Italian to sing of his joys and woes, and it will be curious indeed if the great part which their country is playing is not reflected in the music of some of the rising men. The energy displayed in those countless shouts of "Evviva l'Italia!" must make itself felt in song.

Signs of a revival in the musical life of Spain are by no means lacking. The clever "Triana" of Albeniz—a picture of life in a suburb of Seville—has passed into the repertory of many pianists, and the "Danzas Españolas" of Granados prove that an accomplished composer can find much in the music of the people to inspire him. Pedrell has paid appropriate homage to the Pyrenees, and in his *suite pittoresque*, "Sevilla," Turina, a pupil of d'Judy and Moszkowski, artistically portrays various aspects of Spanish life. Quite recently, too, Manuel de Falla's opera, "La Vida Breve" won a considerable measure of success in Paris. The prospects are bright. Let us hope that Spain may soon regain some of the glory that was hers when her composers were serious competitors to the best of the Italians.

In the last few years the name of Enesco has become known through his Rumanian rhapsodies. They are charming works which exhibit great resource in the choice of themes and scoring. Rumania is rich in folk music. And it will be a matter for congratulation if the example of Enesco stimulates other gifted Rumanians to explore the artistic treasures of their country.

Indications point to the fact that the Latin world is on the eve of a revival. France, Italy, and Spain may well look with pride upon their past. We shall rejoice if the next few years bring us a good harvest of fine

music bearing eloquent testimony to the culture of the Latin mind and having its roots in the fertile soil of the smiling South.

D. C. PARKER.

REVIEWS

The Need of the Nation

Ordeal by Battle. By F. S. OLIVER. (London: Macmillan. 6s. net. 1915.)

MR. OLIVER makes a contribution to the literature of the world crisis, through which we are now passing, which is notable in many ways. It is notable for its vigorous writing, notable for its information, notable for its sterling common sense, but chiefly it is notable for the sense of humiliation which we venture to think it will leave on the mind of every reader who is not hide-bound in the conceit of his own prejudices. The views he enunciates are not in the main new views. They are the views of Lord Roberts. Mr. Oliver was one of the men who did his best to help Lord Roberts in the most devoted propaganda for which a patriot soldier has ever made himself responsible. Had Great Britain listened, there might have been no war; had Great Britain thought out the problem for herself as Lord Roberts thought it out, had the men who have so long claimed to be Britain's leaders had the courage to say what Lord Roberts said and what they must have known to be true, there certainly would have been no war. Leadership is unfortunately the last thing to be had under the democratic régime; the leader so called is the follower in fact, and he derives his strength only by conforming to the massed predilections of ordinary men who have seldom two ideas beyond self-interest. Lord Roberts was a national hero; yet directly he placed himself in conflict with the views of the mob, just as he had so often placed himself in conflict with the enemies of his country, he was denounced as an octogenarian alarmist, and there was never a man among the pseudo-chiefs of the people to admit frankly that he was right. The people wished to believe he was wrong, and the popular statesman, dependent upon the mob for his power, made it his business to prove that mob prejudice was more worthy than the instinct and the knowledge of the great soldier.

Will any honest Briton deny to-day that, had we listened to Lord Roberts, we should have been spared untold miseries? Democracy is on its trial, and the issue of that trial depends to a very large extent on the leaders. That is indeed a commonplace, whether a nation be run on autocratic or democratic lines. "The nations of the world," says Mr. Oliver, "have one need in common—leadership. The spirit of the people can do much, but it cannot do everything. In the end that form of government is likely to prevail which produces the best and most constant supply of

leaders. On its own theories, democracy of the modern type ought to outdistance all competitors; under this system, capacity, probity, and vigour should rise most easily to the top." Mr. Oliver points out that a highly centralised system enjoys certain natural advantages both for attack and defence, and, in view of what Germany is doing against enemies who have not been brought up under the same iron conditions, "the considerable part of the world" which is "not wedded to popular institutions" may see reason for breaking Germany without embarking on the other extreme of government. To justify itself, democracy has to win right through in this war, and we believe it will win through at a cost which it might have avoided if in practice independence in leadership were compatible with the theory of popular self-government. Mr. Oliver does not hesitate to say that "defeat in the present war would shake popular institutions to their foundation in England as well as France—possibly, also, in the regions which are more remote than either of these. But something short of defeat—anything, indeed, in the nature of a drawn game or stalemate—would assuredly bring the credit of democracy so low that it would be driven to make some composition with its creditors."

Mr. Oliver's book is at once an examination of British and German policy and a plea for national service; his reflections on our party methods and on the military system which pays a few individuals to do the fighting of the whole manhood of the nation should make a return to the old bad ways impossible. "Will the generation which is fighting this war—such of them as may survive—be content to go back to the old barren wrangle when it is done? Will those others who have lost husbands, sons, brothers, friends—all that was dearest to them except the honour and safety of their country—will they be found willing to tolerate the idea of trusting their destinies ever again to the same machines, to be driven once more to disaster by the same automatons? To all except the automatons themselves—who share with the German supermen the credit of having made this war—any such resumption of business on old-established lines appears incredible. There is something pathetic in the sight of these huckstering sentimentalists still crying their stale wares and ancient make-believes at the street corners, while their country is fighting for its life. They remind one, not a little, of those *Pardoners* of the fourteenth century who, as we read in history books, continued to hawk their *Indulgences* with unabated industry during the days of the *Black Death*." It would be well if whole pages of this book could be learned by heart by the men who have votes, and kept as texts to be acted upon by others who solicit these votes in order to carry on the affairs of the British Empire in Parliament.

"Choosing Kit," a practical guide to Service requirements, which all officers should find useful, will be published in a few days.

The Napoleonic Romance

The Little Corporal: His Rise, Decline, and Fall.
By M. M. O'HARA. (London: McBride, Nast.
2s. 6d. net.)

MR. O'HARA, so far as we are aware, has not hitherto made a bid for public favour as a writer of books. We misread his gifts if we do not discern in this admirable account of Napoleon's rise and fall a guarantee that some noteworthy contributions to history are destined to come from his picturesque and vivid pen. Books on Napoleon—small books, big books, gossipy books, weighty books, some of little value, others of great value—have poured from the press in the last few years. Nowhere shall we get in such limited compass so lively a narrative of the Little Corporal's romantic career as in Mr. O'Hara's pages. The volume appears opportunely in this Waterloo centenary year, and that it may not be wanting in actuality we are reminded in the preface that some authorities have traced the developments of Prussian militarism to Count von Wartenburg's "History of Napoleon as a General." From the familiar story we get at Mr. O'Hara's hand more than one new thrill: possibly because the Irishman in him knows exactly how to extract the whole romance without embarking on any complicated or unnecessary detail. When Napoleon finished his military education in 1785 his outlook was assuredly not bright. He was sixteen, poor, without influence, fatherless.

His mother was fearfully hard up. His own pay was seventeen and sixpence a week. If all went well, in six years he would be a full Lieutenant, after six years more he would be a Captain, at middle life he would retire on half-pay—with just enough to keep him in food and clothes. But before twelve years he had won the victories of Montenotte, Mondovi, Ceva, Lodi, Lonati, Castiglione, Roveredo, Bassano, Arcola, Rivoli, he had smashed old Wurmser, Alvinci, Davidovitch, had humbled the Empire of Austria, had taken up his quarters in the splendid Castle of Mombello. Within these twelve years he crowded all the glories of the Italian command—"one of the classic pieces of the military art"; he had become one of the great commanders in the history of the world.

We do not purpose following Mr. O'Hara through Napoleon's brilliant meteoric career. It is only necessary to say that the interest of the book is as unfaltering as were Napoleon's triumphs till Moscow lured him to destruction. When Europe sent him to Elba, his day seemed to have ended, but the end was not yet. There was to be another and still sharper meteoric outburst.

The most amazing adventure in history has now to be narrated—Napoleon's resurrection; his escape from Elba; his invasion of France; his downfall at Waterloo; the tempestuous tragedy which ended up on board the British man-of-war from the deck of which he had his last look at the land of whose glory and disaster he was for all future time to be an integral part. History has many surprises, many startling transactions, many astounding escapades,

to recount; it has nothing comparable with that last majestic bid of Bonaparte for victory and imperial power. No other man that ever lived could have performed the prodigy. And the wonder of it all is, not that it failed so completely, but that it went so extraordinarily near to success. Dumas was no bad hand at the construction of an historical novel. His luxuriant fancy and romantic invention built up the most extravagant hazards into the height of probability. He never dared to imagine an adventure comparable with the series which Napoleon crowded into a few months of the year 1815. Between February and July in that memorable year the Corsican Titan eclipsed all epics, all romances, all tales of risk and daring, that have flowed from the human pen. When you are tempted to doubt Homer or Herodotus or any of the old seers of antiquity, pull your mind back to remember Napoleon's last adventure one hundred years ago. On March 1, 1815, he placed his foot once more on the soil of France, and on July 15, 1815, he stepped on the deck of His Majesty's ship *Bellerophon*. In the short space of four months and a half he had enacted the immense tragedy of his positively last and final appearance as Emperor, statesman, soldier, adventurer, and wizard, if you will.

Napoleon is not the only figure who lives and moves in Mr. O'Hara's pages. Wellington and Bernadotte and a host of others are there in sharp relief, and the book has at least the special value of having been written after a study of all the latest authorities.

Fresh Light on the Romantics

A Neglected Aspect of the English Romantic Revolt.
By G. F. RICHARDSON. (University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal.)

THE student of English literature, becoming an enthusiast by the increasing fascination of his theme, too often fails to trace the developments and manifestations which he scrutinises so carefully to their first causes. He examines the flower and the leaves, admires, tabulates, criticises, but forgets the spreading, hidden roots which began their work before the first pale bud became visible. His efforts may be of great interest, but they would be much enhanced in value if they were more thorough. We may admit that most of the critics of the day who should attempt this task of research might achieve only a triumph of dryness and learning; but in some cases, at any rate, fortune might favour the brave, and their labours would prove a veritable stronghold, *turris fortissima*, against the thousand questioning and questionable writers who attended merely to the superficial aspect of affairs.

The author of the treatise before us, keen and capable though he undoubtedly is, does not completely escape from the pitfall we have mentioned; unrelieved by any sparkle of wit, his absolute earnestness, his anxiety to prove his thesis, compels us to accuse him of an occasional effect of labour and strain. He has not the gift of the happy touch, the little, shining phrase that lightens the monotony of the profound literary essay. On the other hand, his sheer pertinacity at last strikes the spark from the flint, and the

whole effect is illuminating, even though the actual process seems a trifle gloomy. His purpose is to show that in the industrial struggle and revolution of the later years of the eighteenth century and the opening ones of the nineteenth, the germs of the glorious "Romantic Revival" lay concealed with the beginnings of what we now term "Socialism." "Was there," he inquires, "a logical and closely knit relation between these various movements? . . . It is truly a Ptolemaic system of change, cycle upon epicycle. The investigator who enters upon its labyrinthine mazes may well be modest." Tracing, in other words, the connection between art and social and economic conditions (a labour, truly, for a Lecky), he describes in a steady, cumulative preliminary section the position of the classes and the masses at the period chosen. His style here and there is excellent when he makes good his points; for example, discussing the interactions of ideals and the surrounding influences, he says:—

An ideal may meet with success if a too great economic need does not oppose it; it will be accepted when it appeals to the reason and sympathies of the majority, and the majority does not have to sacrifice much to realise it. To illustrate: it was comparatively easy to abolish slavery in those regions where slavery was not profitable; but in regions where it was profitable, the popular religious, political, and ethical codes undertook to justify it.

The social state of England in those days had its delightful side. The cottager was independent; he had his rights to pasture on the as yet free commons; he could gather in a week fuel enough to last the year; he could ply some trade at home before the great mills, towers of centralised industry, came into existence; and he could glean the fields after harvest before machinery reaped them. Thus emphasising—rather heavily—the hardships that began to press upon the poor, Mr. Richardson passes on to consider the new phase of literature then striving for expression. The state of stress, of upheaval, of emotional tension, was favourable to art, and, he points out, Goldsmith sounded the note of discontent in the "Deserted Village." "As we pass on down the century and into the next, and the social situation becomes ever more and more alarming, the tone of sentiment becomes ever more and more intimate and stern. Cowper, Crabbe, and Burns appear, each with his own individual but sincere note, and then the lava-flood of emotion comes pouring forth, more anxious often that it shall utter itself than that its utterance shall have the prescribed conventional forms; nay, vivid emotion spontaneously creates new forms." Here the author assumes the mantle of criticism, and wears it with dignity; his work begins to round itself into effective and pleasing symmetry; he is as a sculptor who perceives his idea glimmering from the hitherto shapeless marble. Continuing, ever with an eye on the evolution of the Romantic, he gives on his way an acute and clever analysis of the "movements"—especially of Methodism—that foreshadowed and assisted the change, and, as might be anticipated, finds in Shelley, Byron, and Wordsworth much illus-

trative material. We are tempted to quote a passage towards the close of the book which pleased us much from a critical point of view:—

Radicals played with social problems as with abstract mathematical propositions; consequently much of the declamation of romantic literature is mere rhetoric. Even the most sincere and ardent of the reformers—for instance, Shelley—were inspired by dreams of the Golden Age (which eighteenth century pastoralism had transmitted to them) instead of by grasp of concrete social problems. They saw more or less clearly what the matter was, but they wished to solve the problems kid-glove fashion, by educating the sensibilities of mankind until all oppressors should be too tender-hearted to oppress. Consistency did not much trouble them. Many were the golden-age moralists who were capable of spouting magniloquently about tyrants and slaves and inequalities, who could at the same time with little compunction draw their rents regularly and lead lives of leisure or unpractical activity. Even Shelley, sincere and generally consistent as he was, preferred to elevate the masses from a distance, had sensibilities and tastes too acute and aristocratic to permit him to mingle freely with his kind, accepted his inheritance and kept a large part of it in spite of his philanthropic schemes, and never earned (to the best of my recollection of his life-story) a shilling by manual labour.

Mr. Richardson is inclined to blame Shelley; but we are willing to accept his inconsistency, for Shelley the "manual labourer" does not appeal to us—he would probably have lost sight of the stars.

We have said enough to show that the author of this very interesting essay is an earnest student, with an impressive style and a clear conception of his argument. The work has pleased us greatly; it is, of course, a picture of a certain well-known aspect of English literature, but the picture is examined from a fresh point of view and in a different light. The result is satisfying, even though we may not wholly agree with the writer's conclusions.

Fiction

MR. GUY THORNE is evidently a bold man, for in "Love and the Freemason" (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.) he fearlessly tackles that "best of passions" which has ever been the perplexity of philosophers, and the mystifications of a world-wide secret society that none but the initiate should wot of. After all, there is much in common between the two. Each is mysterious beyond the range of ordinary knowledge, with affection and goodwill for a common basis. The language of lovers and the jargon of the Masonic fraternity appear equally absurd to the outsider, but they are, no doubt, the all in all to those who indulge in them, and are often the happy hunting-ground of novelist and playwright. Mr. Thorne has contrived a clever blending of two subjects which at the first blush seem as far apart as the poles, and without a pause to ask himself:

How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?

How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

He appears to know all about it, and the result is a dramatic story quite out of the common, with a strong flavour of realism—the latter, perhaps, a little too overdone, for intemperance and sensuality do not go well with love and Freemasonry.

Lena Hale. By C. M. THEOBALD. (Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

HERE we have the career of a woman from her birth. She is of German-Jewish extraction, and the reader is spared few, if any, of her successive emotions as she grows from infancy to womanhood. Indeed, there is quite unnecessarily much of sexual problems about the story, which in other respects, particularly the earlier part, is a good and careful study of youth and development. The amorous adventures that befall the heroine add, no doubt, a zest to the tale; but she ends by encountering her affinity and becoming an altogether different woman from the one the reader was led to expect, and this gives a note of unreality which jars somewhat unfortunately in the sense of a perfect study.

Hyssop. By M. T. H. SADLER. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

AFTER the second volume of "Sinister Street," we imagine that the average novel-reader will beware how he embarks on yet another story dealing with Oxford undergraduates. The nerve-strain of reading some hundreds of Mr. Mackenzie's closely printed pages, all about youthful prigs who, when they have finished dogmatizing about the Arts, start to "see life" by patronising prostitutes in Leicester Square, was a thing to be remembered and guarded against in future. It will be a pity, however, if Mr. Sadler's book has to suffer for the sins of its predecessor, for it is in quite a different and far more deserving category. Its pages (it must be admitted) contain a good deal of the parade of culture, which seems to be inseparable from any novel about undergraduates; but the book as a whole is intelligent and inoffensive. A curious quality of "niceness" runs through the story, which lends it much charm. Most of the characters are unpretentious, agreeable people—the kind of men whom it is good to remember, and pleasantly evocative to read about. Instead of the mass of meticulous detail collected by Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Sadler gives us Oxford in a series of vivid pictures from which everything superfluous has been cut away. His dialogue, though a trifle too "phonographic" for print, is lifelike, amusing, and spontaneous.

Of the characters, the hero is very attractively drawn; his friend "Laddie" is a charming creation; while Mr. Sadler is particularly happy in the mothers, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Wake are both excellent. The episode of Daisy would be a little unreal were it not for the admitted fact that the "interior" Oxford man *must* sentimentalise about prostitution. He can't help it; probably he never will be able to help it; but Mr.

Sadler's hero gets through this form of distemper far more agreeably than did the insufferable Michael Fane. We congratulate Mr. Sadler on the success of his effort; though whether young men at the University are worth writing novels about is a question on which it is possible to hold two opinions.

Vainglory. By RONALD FIRBANK. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE *noir luisant* of Mr. Firbank's cover, the dingy pale green of the tops of the pages, and the reproduction in colour of a drawing by Rops, which serves him for frontispiece, are all indications of what we are to expect in "Vainglory." Mr. Firbank manipulates his amusing puppets, all of whom are "arty" and epigrammatic, with considerable skill; but the complete artificiality of the book makes it, for all its cleverness, difficult to read through at a sitting. A page or two at a time, read whilst dressing for dinner, might, however, have a stimulating effect on the reader's conversation. Miss Compostella, Mrs. Asp, Monsignor Parr, Winsome Brookes, and Mrs. Henedge, "who lived in a small house with killing stairs, just off Chesham place," are among the characters. Others are Lady Georgia Blueharnis (with nice children); a maid called Sumph; and Mrs. Shamefoot. "Just at the beginning of Sloane Street, under the name of Monna Vanna, Mrs. Shamefoot kept a shop. It was her happiness to stop, delicately, at monotony by selling flowers." In 1895, had Mr. Firbank lived and written then, his cleverness would probably have been poisonous; perhaps it is just as well we live in a hygienic age. Taken, as before suggested, in small doses, "Vainglory" should prove a useful antidote to the war news. It is good to remember that we enjoyed jokes like this—centuries ago—last June.

Follow After. By GERTRUDE PAGE. (Hurst and Blackett.)

GERTRUDE PAGE is of the robustious, colonial-adventure school of novelists, with Rhodesia as her special *mise-en-scène*. She inclines to manly heroes whose shirts, open at the neck, reveal muscular chests. That those heroes are to the taste of the great reading public is revealed by her large sales; and her latest novel, from this point of view, should excel any of its predecessors. Not only is there the same Rhodesian background, but the tale has the additional excitement of opening in the early days of the Great War and of terminating on the battle-fields of France. The description of the fighting on the border of Nyassaland is graphic and thrilling, and Miss Page's admirers will doubtless follow the adventures of Cyril and Joe Lathom, of Desborough and of Evelyn Gray, with breathless interest.

The old-established publishing firm of Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier is to be known henceforth as "Oliphants Limited." "Oliphants" was founded in 1806. The chairman of the company is Mr. W. Oliphant, great-grandson of the founder.

Shorter Notices

Children and Crime

The problem of the juvenile offender has always been a grave one, and such a contribution to its solution as Mr. Douglas Pepler's "Justice and the Child" (Constable, 3s. 6d. net) is exceptionally valuable. In a series of well-arranged chapters the author deals briefly but capably with the whole subject; the duties of public authorities, the "Remand Home," the "Institution," the responsibilities of police officers and education officers—which vary in different towns—and, in short, most issues inseparable from the theme, are treated clearly. We miss one thing: although Mr. Pepler occasionally alludes to the work of the American Courts in the matter of child-criminals, he does not give any pages to an explanation of their methods. Such an explanation might easily have found a place in this little book—a page or two, brief and to the point, could have been spared for it with advantage. Apart from this, the volume is systematic, reasonable, and helpful, and should be in the hands of all who have to consider the most delicate, pathetic problem of the police-court—the child-thief and rebel.

War Medals

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing a handsome volume on "War Medals and Their History," by Mr. W. Augustus Steward, who is well known for his interest in this and cognate subjects. There is no doubt about the educational, the sentimental and the patriotic value of the War Medal. Mr. Steward supplies excellent summaries of the great fights in which the decorations he illustrates were won. The book covers certain continental and foreign medals, and contains much miscellaneous information, such as how medals are named and sale prices. The industry which has produced this book is that of the true collector.

Buchan's Monthly

Nelson's History of the War, by John Buchan, issued in monthly shilling volumes, loses nothing of its fascination as it progresses. The Fifth Volume, just issued, brings us down to the end of January, covering the war of attrition in the West, the campaigns in the Near East and the fighting at sea to the time when Germany proclaimed the blockade of Britain. The interest of this volume is not merely military. There is a remarkably neat chapter on the past of Egypt and another on Economics and Law.

The Theatre

THE advice of managers to critics is usually as little followed as advice in general, but it is a pleasure to carry out Mr. Arthur Bouchier's ideas this week and merely praise the light pieces which have been presented.

THE AMBASSADORS'

The true revue has made its home here more completely than in any other London theatre. The amusing personages and the gay, free wit of "Odds and Ends" are made even livelier by the introduction of many new satiric touches and the welcome humour of the charming Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. Boris Harvey.

In "More" Mr. Harry Grattan has provided these artists and Madames Delysia and Hanako and Monsieur Morton and Mr. Campbell with no end of fun. The result is an entertainment compact of laughter—just the right sort of thing to amuse a somewhat overwrought audience in these days of stress. Good as was "Odds and Ends," "More" is infinitely better. Everyone with a night or two off duty must be cheered by the Ambassadors' revue.

THE CRITERION

Mr. Harold Brighouse provides plenty of laughter, too, in his farcical comedy, "The Road to Raebury." Amusement is evidently the one thing that the public desires in their stage plays just now, so that even if so clever a tragic actress as Miss Irene Rooke happens to be in the cast, all has to be turned to fun. This idea is carried out most admirably by Mr. Milton Rosmer, Miss Dorothy Ripley, and the rest. The plot does not matter, and merriment is the only thing of any importance. How this excellent ideal is brought to perfection, notwithstanding the rather impossible character of the Lady Rae of Miss Rorke, you must go to the theatre to see. To tell the story again would do nothing to add to your enjoyment.

THE GARRICK

Everyone remembers Miss Yvonne Arnaud in "Mam'selle Tralala." Under the new title of "Oh! Be Careful," the light musical play will again be immensely welcome. For Miss Arnaud is more lively than ever, and is splendidly helped by Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Tom Shale, and Miss Pollie Emery. There are new songs, new dances, costumes, and choruses, and the whole three acts now run with a gaiety and lightness that shows that the good company is completely at home, and with a freshness that makes us forget we saw the play some years ago, when it was far easier to be amused. EGAN MEW.

Royal Auction Cut-Throat

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

A KNOWLEDGE of "Cut-throat," or three-handed Auction should be part of every Bridge player's equipment. It so often happens that one defaulter at a party will spoil a whole table, whereas three people can derive just as much pleasure from the game as a quartet. I am, of course, speaking personally when I say "just as much pleasure." I would always as soon play "Cut-throat," as four-handed Auction, and anyone who likes a sporting element in cards should prefer it. Then there is the satisfaction of depending entirely on one's own judgment and skill, instead of being at the mercy, perhaps, of an indifferent player. The rules are not difficult to acquire. Judgment in declaring will come with experience.

The three players cut, the lowest card securing the deal and the first bid, and the player cutting the second lowest sitting on the left of the dealer. The bidding

proceeds in the ordinary way, Dummy's cards not being touched until the highest declaration is passed. The highest bidder then takes the dummy for that hand, and the other two players become partners against him, the one on the left opening in the usual way, after which Dummy's cards are exposed. Only the tricks made by the player of the two hands are scored below the line, and thirty points score the game, and two games to any of the three players is the rubber. All tricks below a contract count fifty to *each* of the adversaries above the line, and honours are counted separately to each player. Thus, if one player holds three aces in a No Trump call, he will score 30, and the player holding the fourth ace will add 10 to his score; or, again, in a heart declaration, if the declarer holds three, he will score 24; and, if his two opponents have the remaining honours between them, they will both score 8; and so on. Chicane is scored only by the player who is void of the trump suit. Otherwise the scoring is the same as in four-handed Auction.

The novel feature of "Cut-throat" Auction is, of course, that none of the players is permitted to look at the dummy hand until the bidding is completed. There is thus no guide to the composition of the hand except what has *not* been called. For instance, if the bidding has been restricted to clubs, diamonds, and hearts, the assumption would be that Dummy held some strength in spades. Or, again, if two of the players have passed, third player would be entitled to make the deduction that Dummy had a strong hand. On this supposition he might elect to go a No Trumper, although his own hand would not justify the declaration. This is where the sporting element comes in. And it is surprising how frequently these blind bids come off. The plunger must expect, of course, to come to grief sometimes, but, on the whole, reliance on these assumptions will be found to pay.

At the end of the rubber the highest scorer receives the balance in his favour from each of the other players, whose respective totals are deducted from his, and the lowest also pays the difference of his total to the second player in the same manner. It will be gathered that a rubber at "Cut-throat" Auction may be a very long business; indeed, it may continue through an average sitting and not be finished. A good alternative I would suggest for a friendly bout is to score 100 points for each separate game and to add up the scores at the end of four rounds, settling the differences in the totals.

"The Statesmen's Year Book," 1915 (Macmillan, 10s. net) has been produced this year under more than usual difficulties. Many essential statistics are, owing to the war and the dislocation of ordinary trade, not available. So far as possible the volume has been brought up to date, but on such questions as imports and exports, population, etc. the compilers have in many instances necessarily been compelled to fall back upon last year's returns.

CORRESPONDENCE

ECONOMY RAMPANT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In their place and under the right conditions many things are excellent; out of their sphere some, by reason of their novelty of surroundings, are interesting, while others, should they break away from their boundaries, their set limits, become boring and wearisome to a degree. The daily Press has recently given us a surfeit of advice with regard to economy, not sparing any in its denunciation of the particular vice—extravagance. Months—even years—before the war an economic policy was advocated by a certain clique in the House of Commons with regard to Navy Estimates, and had it not been for a few Imperial Liberals, most important of whom it is hardly necessary to say was Mr. Churchill, it would probably not now be possible for the majority of the hotels and boarding-houses on our Eastern coast still to be able to entice visitors to come and spend their holidays at their hospitable dwellings. If these short-sighted Little Englanders had had their way, by this time not only would the East Counties have been ravaged by the Huns, but most likely some force of the enemy would have found a means of landing at one part or another of the North Sea coastline. With the Army, unfortunately, economy played its fatal part, with the pathetic results all could see when war was declared in August last.

The newspapers, however, now mostly turn their attention to matters of more or less domestic economy. Never, apart from our spiritual pastors and masters and the dear mother at home, has so much advice, warning, and persuasion been showered on an ungrateful public. A popular Sunday journal devotes a lengthy correspondence to the question as to whether it is extravagant to keep a dog in war-time. Mr. George Moore is to the fore in his condemnation of those who love their canine friends, and is for putting a prohibitive tax on them. It is good to see that this form of economy is vigorously condemned by the Secretary of the National Canine Defence League, who not only utterly disagrees with Mr. Moore's opinions, but also challenges some of his statements.

A woman writer relates how she called her hostess to account for giving her too large a lump of sugar in her coffee, and, after drinking more coffee than she wanted in order to use up the large piece of sugar, suggests that sugar-clippers should be purchased. One wonders does a firm dealing in sugar-clippers pay for this advertisement as does the restaurant for the poster inviting one "to eat less meat" and dine at that particular restaurant, which happens to be one of the vegetarian variety.

The French housewife is held up to her English contemporary as the model of everything economic: her vegetables are dreams, her soups are superb, and all made from what any Englishwoman would throw away. "Tommy" will probably have several tales to tell when he comes home, if he should have been located in a French hospital, of the economy practised over the "bit o' bacon" he maintains he was entitled to for his morning meal.

The truth most likely is that the people who made the best use of the means at their disposal before the war will do the same if circumstances are more straightened now. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, in his book "Evolution and the War," studied the animals at the Zoological Gardens before writing it, and if before starting on our economic campaign we were to look around and see how Nature is managing in her domain, we should find that she is ever generous, ever abundant, as year by year the fruits of the earth ripen and the harvest is gathered in. A good

tree does not carefully spread its leaves to hide its naked branches; they grow in clusters, attesting to the bounty of their source. Bearing in mind the present terrible human mismanagement of the world's affairs, it does not seem, after all, that man is in a position to dictate one set of rules while Nature, with all her beautiful force, is proclaiming another.

London, N.

Yours truly,
S. A. L.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It was bad enough when Napoleon stigmatized us as a nation of shopkeepers, and taut his countrymen to *deprive* us of our shopkeeping; but when an Englishman, or Welshman, hurlz the epithet at us it is not so good to bair. It may be a vile thing to be a shopkeeper, perhaps viler to support wun. I am glad few ov my family ever sunk so lo az to stand behind a counter, either becauz they had not brainz, muny, imajinashon, enerjy, and enterprize, or that it waz too degrading for even remote memberz ov the hous ov Perth "to go into trade." We wud sooner hav suckt the blud from utherz than soil our hands by degrading toil! To trade we wer ashamed. We had no truk with peepel hu labord with thair handz. We never even *enterd a shop, an establishment, or an emporium* for a haaf-peny wurth ov tape, a loaf ov bred, or a motor-car. Theez and thouzandz ov uther thingz came to us from the far reejonz ov the skiez, when we dwelt on the etheereal shorez ov No Man's Land. Even THE ACADEMY waz printed, publisht, and posted to us without the aid ov man. We never new or saw a newz-agent, not even wun ov Smith's baskets which seem to bair so meny boyz to the ground. You see, you English peepel, we wer *not* az you ar, a nation ov shopkeeperz! We livd apart.

Having livd so long in those realmz ov the blest we never trubeld about spelling, but often wunderd why you spelt "*ghost*" with an "h," permitted "c" to trespass upon your "*victuals*," or "g" to despoil your "*sovereign*." We never could understand why in that litl word "*could*" "l" was allowd to creep in, or—which did not in your more primitiv days—allow "c" to blunt the edj ov your "*scythes*." We obzervd not a few "*coxcombs*" waukt your streets without being "x-communicated," and that sertain ov your riterz and poets rote "*rhymes*" containing both "h" and "y," altho in erlier days they simply letterd it "*rime*." Whot "*psalms*" we sang never containd a "p" to spoil them. In our tiht litl "*isle*" we new no "s," simply becauz we luvd to be etimolojical. We wer not "*disdainful*" as sum hu put the "g" in "*deign*" but leev it out in "*disdain*." We had litl waste at our tabelz, not reseiving our bred from *shops or bakers*, yet we seldom allowd eny "b'z" to creep into our "*crumbs*." We preecht the pure "*gospel*" without the sound or sign ov a "d." Yet you rite about your etimolojical spelling. Verily, blind leederz ov the blind. Wun ov our noted men wuns said: "If it iz difficult to say whot constitutes historical spelling, it is equally perplexing to define the real meening ov *etimolojical* spelling." This riter waz so ignorant ov your English sistem ov spelling that he ventured to ask: "If enybody wil tel me at *whot date etimolojical spelling* iz to begin, whether at 1500, or at 1000, or at 500 A.D., I am willing to discuss the question." Perhaps sum ov your literati hu rite *nervus* English wil inform him without shaking or the sign ov a tremor. Another ov our riterz haz gon so far az to say: "The tradishonal and *pseudo-etimolojical* spellings ov the last few senturies (ov the English peepel) ar the DIREST

FOEZ with which *jenuine etimolojy* haz to contend; they ar the *very curs ov the etimolojist's labor*, the thornz and thistles which everywher choke the *golden grain ov truth*." We had another riter, perhaps az noted as eny ov your etimolojists, hu dared to say: "*In the interests ov etimolojy, I wish the comon spelling wer utterly smasht*." If eny English riter had said enything whot those riterz hav said about English spelling, you wud not hav beleevd them. Perhaps shot them. You wud rather reed Dean Alford's "*Queen's English*," possibly becauz it iz *not tru*, or becauz he had to withdraw whot he said about American spelling, and had to eet humbel pie at the handz ov Washington Moon.

The esthetic prinsipelz in your spelling strongly appeal to me, altho I hav not the slihtest idea ov thoz prinsipelz. I simply soar in the seventh heaven when I see you uze "*phthisic*," altho poor Milton woz content to letter it sumthing after this fashon, "*tizzic*." My "*fancy*" iz never ov a "*phantom*" character. If I giv a "*receipt*," it iz never ov a "*deceitful*" nature, even tho I may send a "*telegram*" or a "*programme*" by or to the Kaizer. When we take to "*labour*" we ar alwayz careful not to be "*laborious*." If we had to "*fill*" enything we jenerally "*fulfilled*" it to the "*full*." Our esthetic feelingz wer never disturbd when we saw you uze "*emperor*," whilst you clung more tenashusly to "*labour*" than to the Decalog! That waz becauz ov your superfine esthetic exactitude, which, az wun ov your correspondents haz truly said, iz "*incapabel ov explanashon*"!—Yourz, etc.,

H. DRUMMOND.

Brook Villa, Hetton-le-Hole.

ENEMIOUS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—*Enemious*, from French *enemieux*, is registered in the Dictionary: but without quotations shewing this spelling of the word. It is illustrated by specimens from the years 1529 and 1547 only, and in both places it was written "*enmious*." It is, therefore, worth while to note that Hugh Broughton (1549-1612), a graduate of Cambridge, who dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, in 1588, "*A Concent of Scripture*," wrote on p. 2 thereof: "and became an enemious company, and slaundersers of God."

EDWARD S. DONGSON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The History of Miletus.* By A. G. Dunham, M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)
- A Study of the Social and Constitutional Tendencies in the Early Years of Edward III.* By D. Hughes, M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Searchlights: A Play in Three Acts.* By Annesley Vachell. (John Murray. 1s. net.)
- A Woman Alone: A Play in Three Acts.* By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d.)
- Hope.* By Cunningham Graham. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Armageddon: A Modern Epic Drama.* By Stephen Phillips. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Story of Alsace-Lorraine.* By Leslie F. Church. (C. H. Kelly. 1s. net.)
- Success in Business.* Edited by H. Simonis. (C. A. Pearson. 1s. net.)
- The Billy Sunday Book.* By W. T. Ellis, LL.D. (Vir Pub. Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

Advertisement : A Play in Four Acts. By B. M. Hastings.
(S. French. 1s. net.)

WAR BOOKS.

Documents Relating to the Great War. Selected and Arranged by Guiseppe A. Andriulli. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

Pacifist Illusions : A Criticism of the Union of Democratic Control. By G. G. Coulton, M.A. (Cambridge : Bowes and Bowes. 6d. net.)

Watching the War. Part IV. By C. L. Maynard. (H. R. Allenson. 6d. net.)

Ordeal by Battle. By F. S. Oliver. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)

The History of Twelve Days, July 24th to August 4th, 1914. By J. W. Headlam, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Germany's Crime Against France. By J. L. Weston. (D. Nutt. 3d. net.)

The Secrets of the German War Office. By Dr. A. K. Graves. (T. Werner Laurie. 1s. net.)

Nelson's History of the War. Vol. V. By John Buchan. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)

THEOLOGY.

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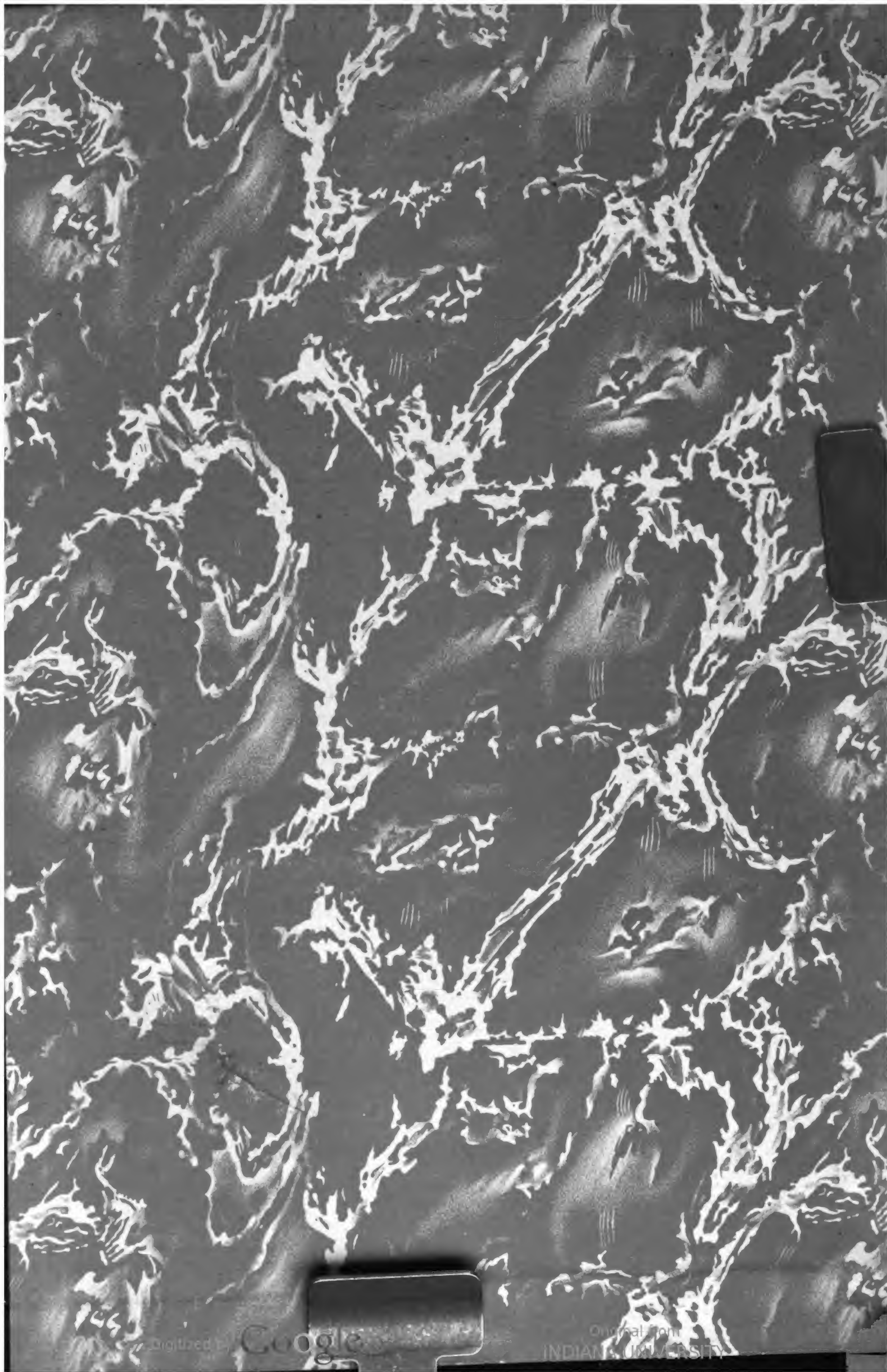
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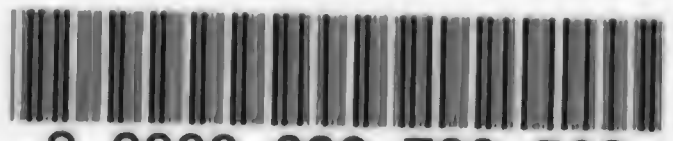
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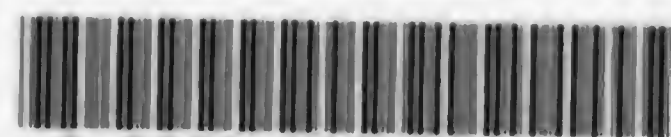






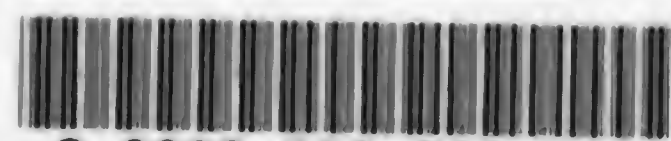
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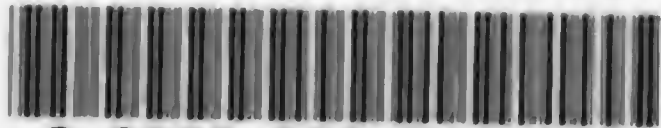




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